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# THE VARSITY

page numbering 119-128. 129-138. 221-239. 237-240. 247-248, 250-4, 251/6,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY THOUGHT AND EVENTS.

Vol. VI.

University of Toronto, Oct. 24, 1885—

No. 1.

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## THE VARSITY.

The Varsity is published at the University of Toronto every Saturday during the month of October to May inclusive.

Annual Subscription, including postage, is \$2.00, payable before the end of January, and may be forwarded to THE TREASURER, J. EDMUND JONES, University College, to whom applications respecting advertisements should likewise be made.

Subscribers are requested to immediately notify the Treasurer, in writing of any irregularity in delivery.

Copies of VARSITY may be obtained every Saturday at the Post Office Book Store, corner of Adelaide and Toronto Streets; and at J. P. McKenna's, 80 Yonge Street.

All communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

## Topics of the Hour.

OUR readers will doubtless be pleased with the change in form which the VARSITY assumes in this number. The new form is more convenient for handling and more suitable for binding. Our sheet is now of the same size as that of the old *White and Blue*, the first paper issued from Toronto University. In the other particulars of the "make-up" of the paper we have followed the lead of several of the best English and American literary journals.

WE are pleased to announce that we have received the promise of contributions during the current year from the following well known University men—William Houston, T. Arnold Haultain, Charles Whetham, Robert Balmer, F. H. Sykes, Arch. MacMechan, E. J. McIntyre, H. L. Dunn and W. H. Huston. Many of the undergraduates will also contribute, but in deference to their characteristic modesty we omit their names at present.

THE old editors congratulate themselves on the additions that have been made to the editorial staff: Mr. Irwin's vigorous pen contributed several articles to our columns last year. Mr. Miller is the author of the University prize essay on Matthew Arnold which was recently published in the *Educational Weekly* and favourably referred to in the *Boston Literary World*. Mr. Stewart is a University prize poet, and his productions have appeared in the *Chicago Current*. Such poems as "The Death of the Year," and "An Ancient Rondeau," which appeared in the VARSITY last year, speak of themselves for Mr. Healy, who is also a contributor to the *Current*.

OUR fellow-students need to be constantly reminded that education is not rank in the class-lists, nor scholarships nor medals. It is development and cultivation, and this—not simply in one direction, but in many. Hence it is a vain delusion for a student to confine all his energies and time to his books with the idea that he is thereby receiving the highest education. Far better would it be for him to become an active member of at least two or three of the various clubs and societies, physical and intellectual, and to attain that breadth of culture and knowledge that always marks the highly educated man.

Since our last regular issue about seven hundred volumes have been added to the Library. Among them are many works of interest to the general reader. In poetry we notice Wm. Morris, Gray, Lowell, Holmes, Swinburne, Browning, and others. In Biography some of the new works are Hake's, Gordon, Leslie Stephen's Dictionary of National Biography, Vols. I. and II., and Max Muller's Biographical Essays. There are several volumes of Freeman's Historical Essays, and two of Milman's works. Not least is a complete edition of Ruskin, illustrated. A list of the more important volumes appears in our columns.

THE first meeting of the Modern Language Club this year marks an epoch in its history. Then for the first time in the history of the students' associations of University College were women admitted into membership. It will be remembered that last year the Club invited the lady undergraduates to attend their meetings. This request was gratefully acknowledged, and it was decided to act upon it at the beginning of the new academical year. A hearty welcome was given them on their first appearance, and there is every indication that this infusion of new life into the club will make that institution even more successful in the future than it has been in the past as a centre of intellectual activity and progress.

A REMARK made by Mr. Vandersmissen the other day at the meeting of the Modern Language Club is deserving of the serious attention of all students. Referring to Wordsworth's poems the speaker said that the best advice he could give his hearers was that if they wished to appreciate Wordsworth or any other author they could do so only by reading his works. Too many people are satisfied with reading the opinions of critics and annotators, and do not trouble themselves very much with the authors themselves. But such second-hand knowledge is a delusion. It serves no end whatever. The acquisition of it is merely a memory exercise. For the rest, the process is mechanical and deadening, and the result is flat and most unsatisfactory. There is the supposition of culture without the culture. Let us study literature and not opinions about literature. It is of more real value to the student that he be self-

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saturated with the work of one good original writer than that he should know the views of twenty critics on as many authors.

THE literary project which was undertaken recently by the 'Varsity Company is without a parallel in the history of University journalism. We refer of course to the publication of a volume of high class literature, the production in the main of the undergraduates of Toronto University. In the highest sense the enterprise has been an undoubted success. The book has received the warm eulogium of the press and of its readers. Through this means an interest has been excited in our native literature among university men which will not soon subside. The columns of the 'Varsity for the year now opening will show in no uncertain way the beneficial result of the new stimulus. It is, however, somewhat to be regretted that so far the financial outcome of the project has not been very satisfactory. The publication of the book was purely a literary enterprise, and in no sense was it a commercial speculation. It is fitting, then, that in the case of a project so creditable to the University and all who are connected with it, the committee should not be allowed to suffer any financial loss. If the men of the first year give their assistance, this result will be averted.

THE President's Convocation address is worthy of careful perusal by all who have taken an interest in the discussion on University federation. Dr. Wilson reviewed the situation in a dignified and dispassionate way that must commend itself to all. He said very truly that the splitting up of the already small teaching body of University College would be a narrow and unstatesmanlike policy. But the main argument of his speech was an able and exhaustive statement of the secularizing tendencies of the age, in the matter of education. Principal Grant's address, which appeared next day, is in curious contrast to this, when he lays stress on the fact that Oxford and Edinburgh are denominational Universities. The learned Principal of Queen's seems to miss that clear perception of the spirit of the times he emphasizes so strongly, if he does not see, as his address would warrant us in concluding, that all the larger Universities of Great Britain are, in spirit, secular now, and are fast becoming so in reality. The strength of Dr. Wilson's argument is that he does see this; and he enforces it emphatically though temperately. That University College has little to gain by the proposed affiliation is amply evidenced by the unusually large Freshman Class of this year.

## Leading Articles.

### THE 'Varsity.

THE 'Varsity enters upon its sixth year with a prosperous outlook. All its old friends have been retained and new ones are being constantly added. It is the hope of the present management that during the current year the 'Varsity may attain the very first position in the ranks of college journalism. An end so desirable can only be reached by the vigorous co-operation with the editorial staff of all who have at heart the best interests of Toronto University and its affiliated institutions.

The 'Varsity is not the organ of any college, or any set or party. It is conducted entirely in the interests of the graduates, undergraduates and friends of our university. It is maintained simply as an organ for the free expression of opinion on all intellectual matters by any of these persons who choose to write for it. Apart from the restraints of space limitation the only conditions of entrance to our columns are that the writer have something to say and that he say it in a fairly readable manner.

We wish it to be distinctly understood that the editorials are at all times open to challenge. They, no less than the contributions, are merely the views of individuals, and must go for what they are worth. We make no pretension to oracular deliverance. We invite criticism and discussion of all topics touched on by the editors, as well as on the articles of contributors or correspondents. Our duty will not have been performed if such results do not follow our management. Earnest and vigorous dissent means life, energy, progress. Civilization has advanced, and only can advance, when men do something that others do not do, think something that others do not think, say something that others do not say.

If only one tenth of our friends could be induced to tell us what of genuine original thought they themselves have developed or could develop on various matters, entirely apart from what any other or all others may think, the 'Varsity would become one of the most successful papers in existence. It would be a delight and a wonder—the organ of a perpetual Renaissance.

\* We shall welcome to our columns not only the greatest variety of matter of a discursive or didactic nature, but also original poems and light sketches.

If this earnest request for co-operation and sympathy receives its proper consideration from our readers, we shall be able to lay before them a journal which will reflect credit not only on them, but also on the noble institution with which we are connected.

### THE NEED OF A POLITICAL SCIENCE CLUB.

We have in University College a very flourishing Mathematical and Physical Association and an equally flourishing Modern Language Club. That these two societies are doing a good work for their members we believe, and therefore we venture to advise the earnest students of political science to organize a similar society for their mutual improvement. They have the more need to do so inasmuch as there is no member of the College staff charged with the duty of teaching either Political Economy or Jurisprudence, both of which are on the present curriculum, and will undoubtedly be on the next.

One way of making up for the want of lectures in this important branch of university work is to meet frequently for the discussion of matters dealt with in the prescribed text-books. Especially is this practice calculated to be useful in Political Economy, in which there are many unsettled problems of great difficulty and of surpassing interest apart altogether from preparation for University examinations. What we recommend is essentially the German "Seminary," which has been transplanted to American soil, and flourishes there with all the vigor of an indigenous growth. The "seminary," as it exists in Johns Hopkins or Cornell, may be described as a free-and-easy meeting of the teacher with the members of his class, amongst whom he is for the time only *primus inter pares*. One of those present—sometimes the teacher, more frequently a student—reads a paper or delivers a prelection on some point connected with the course, and the freest possible discussion and criticism, alike of the views of the essayist of the evening and of all others who advance anything on the subject, are indulged in. No better substitute for College teaching could be devised, and no College lectures can be thoroughly effective unless they are supplemented by something of this kind.

Though Political Science has never received its fair share of prominence in the University curriculum and has always been completely and unnecessarily neglected in the College teaching, it has always had a large number of devotees. This is not surprising in view of the nature of the science. It has man in his social relations for its subject matter, and it deals with the whole problem of human civilization, both analytically and historically. The origin and growth of institutions, the nature and sanction of positive law, the relation between subject and sovereign, the various theories of the state and of the family, the laws which govern the production and distribution of wealth, the tenure and ownership of the land, the proper objects and best methods of taxation, the never-ending struggle between individualism and collectivism, the part played by religious systems in social progress, the theory and practice of representative government, the political and economical value of colonies, the possibility of substituting other arbiters for war in the settlement of international disputes, the relation between ethics and politics—these and scores of equally important matters, affecting the well-being of our own and every other people, must always attract thoughtful students whether their attention is called to them by formal lectures or not. That the College has neglected its duty in the premises is not to its credit, but there is all the more reason for the students taking steps to supply its defects.

### REV. JOHN CARRY AND DR. WILSON.

The Rector of Port Perry has lifted up his voice like Jeremiah of old, and has uttered his lamentations. But unlike the prophet of sacred history, the reverend doctor does not divine unerringly nor prophesy faithfully. Dr. Carry laments that Dr. Wilson should glorify the secular character of University College, and professes to see in it "awful and most blasphemous atheism." But Dr. Carry lets his pen run away with him. He does not appreciate the true meaning of the word 'secular.' To his ecclesiastical ears it is most objectionable. There is, however, a great difference between 'secular' and 'atheistic' education. By using the word 'secular' Dr. Wilson meant—and so any candid reader would credit him with meaning—that the instruction in University College is confined to those branches of learning and to those modes of teaching which, though they are entirely apart from, are not therefore antagonistic to theology, religion and morals. In fact such a system of instruction is the only one which is practicable in a college which



calls itself 'national.' For, where the constituency to which University College appeals, is composed of adherents of widely different, and at times conflicting faiths, it would be utterly impossible to introduce a religious element of sufficient strength and consistency to satisfy every one and at the same time be true to its name as religion. Better no religious element than an emasculated and hybrid compound of theology, which by reason of the trimmings and parings necessary to bring it into a seeming conformity both with evangelical and sacerdotal beliefs, would be little less than a name; and which, instead of being a rallying ground, would degenerate into a battle field upon which would be fought theological battles, worse than useless, and most certainly harmful in their results.

Dr. Carry seems to take it for granted that because University College is secular, therefore its president and professoriate take delight in aiding the onward march of theism, and hastening the coming of the kingdom of the Prince of Darkness. In fact, one would imagine from Dr. Carry's remarks that the staff of University College felt it their duty to do this. Those who have taken the trouble to satisfy themselves as to the illusory character of such implied charges, are best able and none the less willing to testify this to their incorrectness.

Dr. Carry takes occasion to charge Dr. Wilson with disingenuousness in regard to this question of secular *versus* religious education. But when it is remembered that Dr. Carry is a high churchman, and Dr. Wilson a low churchman, the meaning and force of this charge is as apparent as it is unworthy. We would conclude by reminding Dr. Carry that it is the duty of the Church and of the Home to do that which Education can not and should not be called upon to do. Let the church and society be faithful to their divinely commissioned charge, and there need not be any fear of 'secular' education landing us in 'dreary agnosticism.'

#### THE ENGLISH CURRICULUM.

We publish to-day the first instalment of a draft curriculum in English, prepared by William Houston, M.A., for submission to the Senate. The portion published, it will be seen, covers only the pass course; the portion covering the honor course will appear in the next number of the VARSITY.

That some improvement of the English curriculum is greatly needed has long been felt by all thoughtful students of the subject, and the shape taken by the French and German sub-departments in the new curriculum, makes the immediate consideration of the question imperatively necessary. So much any one can see at a glance, but it is not so easy to see just what form the revised course should take. We have no doubt Mr. Houston has given the matter a sufficient amount of attention to warrant him in laying his proposals before the Senate with some hope of seeing them accepted. But it would facilitate the comprehension of his scheme, and perhaps elicit suggestions for its improvement, if he would publish a statement of the precise objects he seeks to accomplish by the different changes he proposes to make.

The new curriculum looks formidable, and it certainly is both comprehensive and thorough, but some explanation is needed. A good English course is a means to an end; what end does Mr. Houston aim at, and is this particular curriculum the best way to reach it?

#### WOMEN AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

Five years ago Miss Charlotte Agnes Scott, the daughter of an English clergyman, was examined in the mathematical tripos at Cambridge in the final year, and stood eighth in the list of Wranglers, or would have taken that position had a woman been allowed to take a degree. At that time Miss Scott was only eighteen, and she accomplished the above intellectual feat not merely without injuring her health, but without the aid afforded by attendance at college. After the completion of her Cambridge course she held the position of mathematical lecturer at Girton, until her recent arrival in America to fill the chair of mathematics in Bryn Mawr College, a rising institution near Philadelphia. Before leaving England she took the degree of D. Sc. in London University, taking for her subject pure mathematics. In this department she has but one fellow-graduate belonging to her own sex, and that one has taken only an arts course. Miss Scott has the honor of being the second woman who has taken the London D. Sc. degree, her precursor by a few months being Mrs. Bryant, one of the staff of the North London Collegiate School for Girls. The students at Girton testified to Miss Scott's popularity there by making her a presentation of the academical robes which a London D. Sc. is required to wear.

There were 349 graduates in Michigan University at the last commencement, and in every faculty the gentler sex was repre-

sented. In law there was only one woman, but she adequately represented her sex in the matter of attainments as well as popularity. The Dean of the Law Faculty in Michigan is ex-Chief Justice Cooley, one of the most eminent of living jurists, and he has been, from the time when the question was first raised in the University, a warm advocate of the admission of women to all its privileges. The first application was made in 1870. The applicant was advised by influential members of the university not to press her request, which could not legally be refused because Michigan University, like University College, is a State institution. She persisted, however, and in spite of discouragements purposely inflicted upon her, she took the entire course and a degree. It is worthy of note that the severest ordeal she had to pass through was the social ostracism decreed against her by the women of Ann Arbor, who seemed to think that she had in some way brought discredit on her sex. The male students took a different view, however, and public opinion has become so changed that the female students are now one of the institutions of Ann Arbor society.

### Literature.

#### KEATS.

Immortal wand'rer from the Grecian shore!  
Thou who did'st lay thine heart at Nature's shrine  
Breathing a noble praise in song divine,  
Making melodious rhymes that sweetly pour  
Enchantment like the Lesbian Isle of yore  
And dreams of Dryads, amber honey, wine,  
And flow'ry wreaths the white-limbed nymphs did twine,  
These sadly thou did'st leave and sing no more.

In crumbling Rome, beneath Italian skies  
Where memories of Virgil haunt the spot,  
Thou sleep'st alone, and Time's great ruin lies  
About thy grave, Young dreamer who once sought  
Parnassian heights and bore a precious prize,  
Thy golden reed of promise lies forgot!

PHILLIPS STEWART.

#### FOOTBALL.

In *Basilicon Doron*, James I., after expressing his utter abhorrence of all "rough and violent exercises," condemns especially "that of the football," as being, in his royal opinion, "far meetter for the lameing than for the making able the users thereof;" and that the gentle Solomon of Whitehall was moved to speak thus by aught else than solicitude and concern for the well-being of his loyal subjects, and care to prevent needless bumps and abrasions of the cuticle, we have no cause for believing; as in one of the minor poets of that time, he that hath eyes may yet read a genial invitation:

"To play at loggets, ix holes or x pinnes,  
To try it out at footballe, or by ye shynees."

Though it appears, however, that James was content with merely damning and "counterblasting" football, using against it no other weapon than his quill, it is certain that more vigorous efforts to do away with the game were made by its earlier royal oppressors. We find Edward III. enacting that "the football chasers," like modern criminal lunatics, be "imprisoned during his majesty's pleasure." Football, it was thought, and other rough sports might be with advantage replaced by archery. The game, in those days, seems to have been very rude, there being neither goal nor side—simply an uproarious undisciplined rabble,

"With many a merry shout,  
In riot, revelry and rout,  
Pursued the football play,"

kicking before them a bladder partly filled with peas and horse beans; the play giving out when the crowd dwindled away from sheer exhaustion. Primitive, however, as it may appear to have been at that time, football then was, in fact, no new thing; being well advanced—although the attempts to suppress it greatly retarded its development—in its evolution from the game played by the Roman soldiery; for to their *harpastum*, or ball stuffed with flock, we may trace back the modern

"Thing of leather, heavy, round,  
Wherein the wind is prisoner bound."

Is it not in the historic record—to say nothing of the not infre-



quent football seen in the rough carvings of times prehistoric—that after a hotly contested match, the Britons, in 217, defeated a Roman team, from the garrison at Little Chester? “And thereafter,” says the historian, “a yearly game was played in memory of that victory.”

It does not seem that the Briton who plays football nowadays has degenerated from his ancestors who defeated the soldiers from Rome; we doubt, indeed, that these struggled against the Romans as manfully as their descendants now struggle among themselves. In his last book Max O'Rell paints for us a highly colored picture—*more suo*—of the English youth athletic, in a football match; telling us in the end, how, battered and bleeding, when the day is won, after having shown hardness and stubborn tenacity well-nigh sublime, he dies with a smile on his lips, in the arms of Victory. It would seem that in the great Republic, too, the carnage at some of the inter-collegiate battles of late years has been truly Homeric. And in council sage the college authorities are fain to think, with Waller, that

“When a sort of lusty players try  
Their force at football, care of victory  
Makes them salute so rudely, breast to breast,  
That their encounter seems too rude for jest.”

Thus—though Professor Sargent, of Harvard, said recently that it is too strong a game to be done away with by the faculty—football, at one time accounted a princely sport, is once more out of favor with the powers that be.

That the playing of this game was esteemed a princely sport, and a diversion not unbefitting the haughtiness and loftiness of mien of your man with a title and a pedigree, is made plain by the old author who tells us of a rare match played at Florence with all pomp and splendid circumstance, after the marriage feast of their Serenities Ferdinand Prince of Tuscany, and Violante Beatrice of Bavaria, in the year of grace 1688. After the bull-fight in the Piazza di Santa Croce, the square having been cleaned and swept for the *giuoco del Calcio*, or “game of the kick,” a solemn procession bore to the centre of the Piazza a football not to be profaned that day by contact with a plebeian toe; for princes only and nobles might disport themselves before the long galleries from which dame and damsel, “beauties of every shade of brown and fair, in colors gayer than the morning mist,” glanced about the revels. Twenty-seven clad in yellow played against an equal number in red. The names of all are set down in the chronicle with a particular account of how they played. The yellows won the first goal, but the winners in the end were the noblemen in red; and at every fresh start was fired a salvo of artillery.

W. J. HEALY.

#### PAN REDIVIVUS.

The mere fact of having to start at our usual dinner-hour, and the prospect of having to travel on a Grand Trunk train confessedly slow would be enough, I humbly submit, to make angels cross. And we were not angels, but only a company of very ordinary mortals, whirled fortuitously together from the four winds into a rail-road car to journey there together for a brief fragment of time. Everybody seemed to have hurried to catch this train, been worried and vexed by the number of parcels or valises he had to carry, and then to have grown angrier and angrier as the minutes slipped by and we did not start. It seemed to be one of those trains that *have* no definite time for starting. There we stuck motionless as a painted ship, on a siding on the Esplanade, freight-cars, baggage-cars and coach, no engine in sight and no prospect of one, apparently. Added to this it was one of our hottest July days; the ugly boat-houses shut out the lake and any breeze that might be stirring; and sky, rails, buildings, seemed to raise, radiate and concentrate heat upon that musty oven of a car. The hush that pervades a public conveyance not in motion, when no one wishes to talk for the benefit of twenty critical unsympathetic strangers, reigned here and added to the horrors of the scene.

Then to this stuffy cage of broiling, suffering mortals, enter—Pan! For they speak false who say the old gods are dead. In outward semblance he was short, bandy-legged (the goat-thighs, doubtless) red-faced and—thus does the hard-hearted prosaic nineteenth century degrade the very gods—disguised in a flaming blue tie and an ordinary mechanic's second-best clothes. His advent was mysterious as fitting. This only I know; I saw it with my own eyes; with two attendant satyrs, he actually came in at the low door and seated himself on a dusty red plush seat as if he were even such a one as ourselves.

The next thing I was aware of was that somewhere, somehow, the oppressive hush of that heated car was gone. The coach was full of a hundred bird-voices, chirping, twittering, warbling, carolling in the gayest and clearest of trebles. Where had the song-flock flown from, in at the windows, in at the doors, bringing on

their wings the freshness of spring woods and early summer mornings, lapping gentle rains and light breeze-borne spray? I turned to look, there sat Pan, graced-faced as befits a god, cheeks inflated and both hands spread before his lips, concealing a somewhat. A human music contrivance, wood and metal? Never! Pan and the pan-pipes, the loving, sorrowful, sweet-voiced nymph Syrinx, the breath of the wind bowing and rustling the tops of the reeds and the river-ripples whispering against their sides. The magic of the goat-foot god! Then he tuned his pipes to the joyousness of young life, such strains as set the fauns and dryads circling on the green lawns of Arcady.

Upon us the baking, the constrained, the uncomfortable, the effect was wonderful. Everybody began beating time to the music, chatting to his neighbour, and smiling in brotherhood and recognition of our common humanity. The Irishwoman (I knew she was Irish before she spoke; for she dressed in black and had a turned-up nose) turned round to speak to the dandy. “Shure I could dance to that!” said she. And the dandy unbent, smiled benevolently, forgetting to be formal. Three men, cleaning a parlour-car on the next track, ceased their work to listen. One, a poor human musician, produces an elaborate black and silver instrument, wishes Pan to try it. Goat-foot descends, examines it not incuriously, tries it, shakes his head. Then comes the humility, worship and despair of the mortal. “I am going to play this once more and then throw it in the Bay.” Poor human futility! Pan remained impassive, came back to us and went on playing, enjoying in a sedate way his own music, our wonder and his power over us. The train started, I believe, and he must have ceased and got out sometime, but I cannot tell when or where. He remains to this day, a mystery.

BOHEMIEN.

#### SONNET.

This year the whisper of the dying leaves  
Comes with a sadder murmuring than last;  
The wind has not, so soon, with bitter blast,  
Hurried from tapering limb the tint that weaves

Bright glories with the grayness of the trunk.  
But, lasting long, the leaves are paler than  
If quickened to decay; and sad and wan  
And sickly-hued the sight, and sorely shrunk.

Yet murmur not for beauties, forest leaves,  
Which, to possess, is death and quick decay,  
The barten glories of the fading year.

Our chiefest pleasure is that still the ray  
Of stranger sunlight, shadowing you, deceives  
Us to the hope that springtime lingers here.

PRO GREGE.

#### THE 'Varsity Book: PROSE AND POETRY.

It is to be hoped that every student will take note of the 'Varsity Book.

No matter how ambitious an undergraduate may be, he should have a time for quiet reading and meditation. The fear of examinations should not always be before his eyes. Indeed, it ought to be a high object in every man's ambition to read high-class literature continually, for the purpose of keeping his mind refreshed in human kindness and heroism. It widens his sympathies and enriches his life more than can be said.

Now, as a publication purely literary, this Book is one of the most select that has lately appeared. The best of the contributions to the 'Varsity since its beginning are collected into one volume. The collection has all the merit of excellence, variety, and of brevity in the pieces.

So much learning has lately been brought to bear on the question of permanent popularity in poetry that one does not like to approach it. But it can readily be seen why some people are more delighted than others with any given poem. Take a piece of poetry in the 'Varsity Book called “Indian Summer,” the last stanza of which runs—

Now by great marshes wrapt in mist,  
Or past some river's mouth,  
Throughout the long still autumn day  
Wild birds are flying south.

There are many, I suppose, really good judges of poetry who might have no sympathy with this, farther than the melody of the words,



and phrases, and their own fancy might move them ; but there are others in whom this would awake the liveliest feelings. It would recall to their mind vivid scenes. The crimson forest, the anxious call of the wild birds ; the tame ones, too, moved strangely by impulses that came from heathen times ; the hills and fields bare ; the winter at hand ; then—here comes the application of ideas to human life—old faces, old affections, old hopes and scenes come again and are fondly welcomed : all unpleasant things have been lost in the lapse of years, just as discordance becomes, at a distance, musical, and ugly details disappear from a beautiful landscape. To such, these words are highly poetical. But no two are alike in their opinions in matters concerning poetry, and it is well, perhaps, that they are not. For my own part (though I have no doubt such a statement will horrify many), I like a simple lyric of Heine's better than all the storm and stress and serenity even of Goethe.

The poetry of the 'VARSITY BOOK excels in merit the prose. I do not like to read pieces in prose that are purely sentimental. In actual life we shrink from intruding on heart-felt emotion, for we realize full well "the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddeth not with its joy," and for our own part we take good care that our deepest and truest emotions are hidden away from the vulgar world. So that whenever we see a display of feeling we suspect affectation. It seems to me that this has a bearing on our dislikes in literature, that in what we read and in what we see in actual life, we are influenced much the same way. If a man makes a lugubrious confession to us with sighs and many "ah's," we turn away, but when in another case some little incident or a look in the eye reveals to us that the remembrance of sorrow, though dimmed by the lapse of time, is beautifying a human life, then our sympathy and our imagination are kindled, and in our minds such things linger. Now, I take it that the same thing holds in literature. No piece should have a purely sentimental purpose. The sentiment should be unobtrusive and reasonable.

There is another style that is far from good which, though the 'VARSITY BOOK is tolerably free from it, I may as well mention. Its causes are probably three :—Inexperience in writing, some little vanity, and Carlyle. These are the symptoms :—ideas naturally remote are brought together without sufficient explanation : epithets are formed by compressing metaphors into compound words ; odd turns of expression and dislocated words continually exasperate you ; quotation marks are freely used, and at last the writer indulges in all sorts of moods—irony, indignation, familiarity ; and in the end perishes miserably.

Of course there are degrees of this, but it is a shame for any one to carry much of it beyond his first year. The subtlest, as well as the most powerful, thinkers have not departed widely from a good, plain, lucid, flexible style—beautifully unadorned. The essay on Forgetfulness—the best piece of prose in the book—is as good an example of English composition as will readily be found.

It is not surprising that there are not many contributions of a humorous nature. Very few pieces intended to be humorous are, on a second or third reading, good enough to please ; but those in the 'VARSITY BOOK are really good. "Ye Clyppe" is a neat, quaint conceit ; "The Ancient Rondeau" and "On a Christmas Card" one remembers often with a smile ; and "The Ancient University" is a piece of fine academic humour. In this last, however, you cannot help but think that the writer is once or twice too academically clever.

How rare a good sonnet is ! Perhaps it is no wonder that the most difficult of poetic compositions should be rare. There are four in the book, all of high merit, the best being one "To M——."

I shall mention only two pieces more, or else I shall have to mention all. These two have been running in my mind ever since they appeared in the 'VARSITY. One is "Rosy-fingered Morn," the other is an adaptation from Heine—the sweetest little poem I have ever read.

Now I do not see why the 'VARSITY BOOK should not circulate widely, and exhaust several editions. There is not an inferior piece in it from beginning to end. To anyone interested in the University or in any of ourselves, a copy of this book would be a most suitable present. The type, the paper, the form, are all good and neat. The price may seem large but I believe it could not be helped, for the edition was small and the engravings were all of them special. Indeed, I am told that the members of the Committee are out of pocket in the matter.

E. J. MCINTYRE.

The destruction of half a hundred street cars in St. Louis, the breaking of half a dozen heads in a general melee between striking street car men and half-hearted policemen—a reign of terror resulting in the general interruption of business till a citizens' committee step in and compel a compromise between company and men—these things are indeed of little account. Has not the governor troops at hand, and can he not stamp out such turbulent rebellions

against law and order? Yes, to-day he can ; but to-morrow he cannot ; and in the nineteenth century to-morrows come quickly. Desperation is getting to be quite the fashion. There is no wrecking of property without somebody's property being wrecked ; there is no breaking of heads without somebody's head being broken. It is time for capital to make concessions to labour.—*The University.*

## University and College News.

### PROPOSED ENGLISH CURRICULUM.

BY WILLIAM HOUSTON, M.A.

#### JUNIOR MATRICULATION—PASS COURSE.

1887. THOMPSON, The Seasons (Winter and Hymn) ; Castle of Indolence (Canto I.) ; Britannia ; Rule Britannia ; Happiness ; The Happy Man ; Hymn on Solitude.
1888. COWPER, The Task (Book III.) ; On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture ; John Gilpin ; Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk ; The needless Alarm ; Yardley Oak ; Sonnet to Mrs. Unwin ; The Castaway.
1889. SCOTT, Lay of the Last Minstrel ; Cadyow Castle ; Helvellyn.
1890. BYRON, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage (Stanza 73 of Canto II. to Stanza 51 of Canto III. inclusive) ; Prisoner of Chillon ; The Isles of Greece ; Darkness ; Saul ; Song of Saul before his Last Battle ; Destruction of Sennacherib.
1891. LONGFELLOW, Evangeline ; Hiawatha ; Paul Revere's Ride ; King Robert of Sicily ; Psalm of Life ; Resignation ; The Builders ; The Village Blacksmith ; Ladder of St. Augustine ; The Day is Done.
- Grammar, Philology, Rhetoric, Prosody.
- Composition :—The Examiner will allow a choice of subjects, the themes for composition being based on the following selections, with the substance with which the candidate will be expected to have a general acquaintance :—
1887. SOUTHEY, Life of Nelson (last three chapters).
1888. COLERIDGE, Life of Sir Alexander Ball (last four Essays in "The Friend.")
1889. GOLDSMITH, Essays (Citizen of the World, Preface and Nos. 13, 14, 23, \*25, 26, 30, 36, 37, 49, 50, 55, 60).
1890. ADDISON, Essays (Spectator, Nos. 21, 23, 26, 47, 50, 69, 93, 115, 159, 162, 169, 195, 225, 381, 387, 458, 483, 574, 583, 598.)
1891. JOHNSON, Rasselas, and Letter to Lord Chesterfield.
- For Reference :—The following works are not intended to be used as text-books :—
- ABBOTT, Shakesperian Grammar.
- HODGSON, Errors in the use of English.
- WILLIAMS, Composition and Practical English.
- ABBOTT AND SEELEY, English Lesons for English People
- MINTO, Manual of English Prose Literature.

#### FIRST YEAR.

1887. SHAKESPEARE, Timon of Athens.
1888. " Julius Cæsar.
1889. " As You Like It.
1890. " Coriolanus.
1891. " Hamlet.
- Grammar, Philology, Rhetoric, Prosody.
- Composition :—The Examiner will allow a choice of subjects, the themes for composition being based on the following selections, with the substance of which the candidate will be expected to have a general acquaintance :—
1887. DE QUINCY, Recollections of the Lakes and the Lake Poets.
1888. JOHNSON, Lives of the Poets (Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope).
1889. IRVING, Oliver Goldsmith.
1890. OLIPHANT, Sheridan (English Men of Letters.)
1891. MACAULAY, Essays (Bacon, Milton.)
- For Reference :—The following works are not intended to be used as text-books :—
- ABBOTT, Shakesperian Grammar.
- ABBOTT AND SEELEY, English Lessons for English People.
- MINTO, Manual of English Prose Literature.
- BAIN, English Composition and Rhetoric.



## SECOND YEAR.

1887. MILTON, *Paradise Lost* (Books II. and III.); *Il Penseroso* ; *L'Allegro*.  
 1888. " *Paradise Lost* (Books IV. and V.); *Lycidas* ;  
                     *Hymn on the Nativity*.  
 1889. " *Paradise Lost* (Books VI. and VII.); *Sonnets* ;  
                     *Epitaph on Shakespeare*.  
 1890. " *Paradise Lost* (Books VIII. and X.); *Comus* ;  
                     *Arcades*.  
 1891. " *Paradise Lost* (Books XI. and XII.); *Samson*  
                     *Agonistes*.

Grammar, Philology, Rhetoric, Prosody.

Composition :—The Examiners will allow a choice of subjects, the themes for composition being based on the following selections, with the substance of which the candidate will be expected to have a general acquaintance :—

1887. MILL, *On Liberty*.  
 1888. MORLEY, *On Compromise*.  
 1889. SMITH, *Letters on the Subject of the Catholics*.  
 1890. JUNIUS, *The letters over this signature in the "Public Advertiser."*  
 1891. { BURKE, *Reflections on the French Revolution*.  
           { MACKINTOSH, *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*.

History of English Literature from the French Revolution to the present time, inclusive.

For Reference :—The following works are not intended to be used as text-books :—

- ABBOTT, *Shakespearian Grammar*.  
 LOUNSBURY, *History of the English Language*.  
 MINTO, *Manual of English Prose Literature*.  
 BAIN, *English Composition and Rhetoric*.  
 CRAIK, *History of Literature and Learning in England*.  
 WARD, *The English Poets*.  
 CHAMBERS, *Cyclopedia of English Literature*.  
 "English Men of Letters" Series.

## THIRD YEAR.

1887. DRYDEN, *MacFlecknoe* ; *St. Cecilia's Day* ; *Alexander's Feast*.  
           POPE, *Duninad*.  
           COWPER, *Task* (Book I. and II.); *Yardley Oak* ; *Sonnet to Mrs. Unwin*.  
 1888. DRYDEN, *Hind and Panther* ; *Religio Laici*.  
           POPE, *Moral Essays*.  
           COWPER, *Task* (Book III.); *Tirocinium*.  
 1889. DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel* ; *The Medal*.  
           POPE, *Essay on Man*.  
           COWPER, *Task* (Book IV.); *Conversation*.  
 1890. DRYDEN, *Death of Cromwell* ; *Astræa Redux* ; *Threnodia Augustalis* ; *Britannia Rediviva*.  
           POPE, *Essay on Criticism* ; *Rape of Lock*.  
           COWPER, *Task* (Book V.); *Friendship* ; *On My Mother's Picture* ; *The Castaway*.  
 1891. DRYDEN, *Annus Mirabilis* ; *Epistles to John Dryden, Sir Robert Howard, and Sir Godfrey Kneller*.  
           POPE, *Eloisa to Abelard* ; *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*.  
           COWPER, *Task* (Book VI.); *Table Talk*.

Grammar, Philology, Rhetoric, Prosody.

Composition :—The Examiner will allow a choice of subjects, the themes for composition being based on the following selections, with the substance of which the candidate will be expected to have a general acquaintance :—

1887. BURKE, *Speeches on the American Revolution* (April 19, 1774 ; March 22, 1775 ; Nov. 16, 1775 ; Nov. 6, 1776 ; Feb. 6, 1778 ; Dec. 14, 1778).  
 1888. GRATTAN, *Speeches on the Parliamentary Independence of Ireland* (April 19, 1780 ; Feb. 22, 1782 ; April 16, 1782 ; Feb. 1, 1790 ; Feb. 26, 1790 ; Feb. 8, 1791 ; Jan. 15, 1800 ; Feb. 5, 1800 ; March 19, 1800 ; May 26, 1800).  
 1889. PEEL, *Speeches on Canadian affairs* (March 9, 1835 ; May 16, 1836 ; April 14, 1837 ; April 21, 1837 ; Jan. 16, 1838 ; Jan. 17, 1838 ; Jan. 23, 1838 ; Jan. 25, 1838 ; Jan. 26, 1838 ; March 7, 1838 ; April 3, 1838 ; July 11, 1839).  
 1890. DISRAELI, *Speeches on the Corn Laws and Agricultural Distress* (April 25, 1843 ; March 17, 1845 ; Jan. 22, 1846 ; Feb. 20, 1846 ; May 15, 1846 ; March 8, 1849 ; July 2, 1849 ; Feb. 19, 1850 ; Feb. 11, 1851 ; March 28, 1879 ; April 29, 1879).  
 1881. COBDEN, *Speeches on England's Foreign Policy* (June 12, 1849 ; Oct. 8, 1849 ; Jan. 18, 1850 ; June 28, 1850 ; June 6, 1861 ; August 1, 1862 ; Oct. 25, 1862 ; Oct. 29, 1862 ; Nov. 23, 1864).

History of English Literature from the Commonwealth to the French Revolution, inclusive.

For Reference :—The following works are not intended to be used as text-books :—

- ABBOTT, *Shakespearian Grammar*.  
 MORRIS, *Historical Outlines of English Accidence*.  
 MINTO, *Manual of English Prose Literature*.  
 BAIN, *English Composition and Rhetoric*.  
 CRAIK, *History of Literature and Learning in England*.  
 WARD, *The English Poets*.  
 CHAMBERS, *Cyclopedia of English Literature*.  
 GREEN, *History of the English People*.  
 HALLAM, *Literature of Europe*.  
 "English Men of Letters" Series.

## FOURTH YEAR.

1887. SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, Book I., (Cantos I. and II.); *Shepherd's Calendar* (Januarie, March, June, December); *Epithalamion* ; *Prothalamion*.  
 1888. SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, Book I., (Cantos III. and VI.) ; *Sonnets*.  
 1889. SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, Book I., (Cantos IV. and V.) ; *Astrophel* ; *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*.  
 1890. SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, Book I., (Cantos VII. and VIII.); *Hymne in Honour of Love* ; *Hymne in Honour of Beautie* ; *Hymne of Heavenly Love* ; *Hymne of Heavenly Beautie*.  
 1891. SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, Book I., (Cantos X. and XI.) ; *Ruines of Time* ; *Tears of the Muses*.

Grammar, Philology, Rhetoric, Prosody.

Composition :—The Examiner will allow a choice of subjects, the themes for composition being based on the following selections, with the substance of which the candidate will be expected to have a general acquaintance :—

1888. MORE, *Utopia* (Arber's Reprint).  
 1888. BACON, *Essays*.  
 1889. CARLYLE, *Sartor Resartus*.  
 1890. RUSKIN, *Seven Lamps of Architecture*.  
 1891. THACKERAY, *The Four Georges*.

History of English Literature Prior to the Commonwealth.

For Reference :—The following works are not intended to be used as text-books.

- ABBOTT, *Shakespearian Grammar*.  
 MARSH, *Lectures on the English Language and Literature*.  
 EARLE, *Philology of the English Tongue*.  
 MINTO, *Manual of English Prose Literature*.  
 BAIN, *English Composition and Rhetoric*.  
 CRAIK, *History of Literature and Learning in England*.  
 WARD, *The English Poets*.  
 CHAMBERS, *Cyclopedia of English Literature*.  
 GREEN, *History of the English People*.  
 HALLAM, *Literature of Europe*.  
 "English Men of Letters," Series.

(To be continued.)

## MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The opening meeting of this society was held in Moss Hall on Monday afternoon, Oct. 12th, the President, Mr. Thos. A. Rowan, in the chair. A large number of undergraduates, among whom were several ladies, were proposed for membership. Mr. J. Squair, B.A., the honorary president, delivered his inaugural address, briefly referring to the history of the society from its foundation till the present, when, after the general society, it was recognized as the largest and, in fact, as the only purely literary society of the College. Exceptionally well prepared essays on the works of Wordsworth were read by Mr. Burkholder, Mr. Kelley, Mr. Shearer and Mr. A. F. Chamberlain. These essays all showed marks of careful preparation during the summer, and gave evidence of independent thought. If essayists would endeavour to give a little more attention to the reading of their productions, the pleasure of listeners would be greatly increased. A large number of graduates were present and participated in the general discussion of the Life, Works, and Influence of Wordsworth upon this country. The following gave short addresses: D. R. Keys, B.A., Wm. Houston, M.A., W. H. Vandersmissen, M.A., A. Stevenson, B.A., and J. H. Cameron, B.A. One of the greatest improvements noticed in the management of the club, after the preparation of essays during vacation, is the introduction of nearly all the popular French and German airs and national songs, which will be sung at subsequent meetings in French and German. Mr. J. E. Jones has been appointed conductor of the Glee Club and great interest is being taken in the songs, by all the members.



The second meeting of the Club was held on Monday afternoon, Oct. 19th, the President in the chair. The business and programme were conducted in French. Essays on "*La Vie et Les Oeuvres de Victor Hugo*," were read by Messrs. Ferguson, Kent, and Jeffrey, and readings from "*Les Feuilles d'Automne*" were given by Miss Eliza Balmer and Mr. Jones. The songs of the evening were "*Vive la Canadienne*" and "*A la Claire Fontaine*." The election of officers from among the Freshmen then took place, the complete staff now being:—

Honorary President, J. Squair, B.A.

President—Thos. A. Rowan.

Vice-President—T. Logie.

Recording Secretary—J. E. Jones.

Corresponding Secretary—C. J. Hardie.

Treasurer—G. C. Biggar.

Councillors—Fourth Year, F. F. McPherson, A. F. Chamberlain; Third Year, J. A. Garvin, N. Kent; Second Year, W. Hodges, J. N. Dales; First Year, H. J. Cody, T. C. Des Barres.

#### NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The first regular meeting of the University College Natural Science Association was held on Tuesday evening, the 13th Oct., in the School of Practical Science. Prof. Wright addressed the Society on the Development of Amphioxus, a most interesting subject, from the position in which this form stands in regard to the other vertebrata. A series of models recently received from Germany was used to illustrate the various stages, and the great service they rendered makes one regret that the Department is not better equipped in this respect. Mr. Brent then exhibited a number of preserved specimens of the fauna of Trinidad, giving an interesting account of the habits of each. Owing to the new plan of working the Society, the meetings are expected to be alike profitable to students of all the years, and a large attendance is hoped for at the next meeting.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

At the meeting last night a large number of Freshmen were received into the membership of the Society.

The report from the Curator, called for by Mr. Hunter's motion, led to a reconsideration of the order for reading-room supplies made by the Society last spring. The result was not altogether creditable to the intelligence of the Society. The "Proge" was preferred by the majority of members present to "Forest and Stream."

Mr. F. J. Roche read an essay on "Public Speaking." This was the first read before Society this term. It is to be hoped that this part of the Society's work will not be so much neglected this year as it has been hitherto.

The debate on the resolution that Copyright and Patent Right laws should be abolished was carried on by Messrs. Bradford, Sparling, Jones and Fenton on the affirmative, and by Messrs. Cameron, Maclean, McWilliam and Rogers. Messrs. Fenton and Rogers are new speakers to the Society. Their performances last night shewed that these gentlemen bring a considerable contribution to the speaking talent of the Society. Mr. Ross occupied the chair, and showed himself the right man for his important position.

#### MEETING OF THE SENATE.

The Senate met last night, the members present being Vice-Chancellor Mulock, chairman, Dr. Wilson, Dr. Sheraton, Mr. O'Sullivan, Rev. Father Vincent, Prof. Chapman, Mr. Foster, Dr. Macfarlane, Prof. Loudon, Dr. Caven, Prof. Galbraith and Mr. Houston.

A communication was received from F. W. Merchant, Secretary of the High School section of the Ontario Teachers' Association, relative to local examinations, to English in the arts curriculum and Natural Science at the junior matriculation examination.

An application was received from Knox College, asking for the affiliation of that institution. The matter was referred to a committee consisting of the vice-chancellor, Dr. Wilson, Prof. Loudon, Col. Gzowski and Rev. Father Vincent.

The degree of M. A. was conferred on L. H. Alexander, and that of B. A. on H. J. Haviland, G. E. Morphy, W. M. Walker and J. A. Creasor.

On motion of Dr. Wilson, seconded by Dr. Caven, a resolution was passed expressing profound regret at the death of John Milne Buchan, M. A., late principal of Upper Canada College and a member of the senate, testifying to the appreciation with which his educational abilities and personal character were regarded, and

conveying assurances of sympathy to the bereaved widow and children.

The Vice-chancellor gave notice that at the next meeting he would move that the moneys hitherto appropriated for scholarships at the senior matriculation examination be devoted to establishing additional scholarships at the junior matriculation; also that he would introduce a statute providing for the abolition of the first year classical scholarship and for the establishment of the Moss classical scholarship.

Dr. Wilson gave notice that he would move that honor men in the class lists be arranged in three divisions instead of in two as at present, and that a successor to the late Mr. Buchan be appointed on the board of arts studies.

Prof. Loudon gave notice that he would move that a new prescription of subjects be made for the Blake scholarship and that the Senate appoint special examiners on those subjects; that at the May examinations, 1886, the examinations in second year pass physics be conducted according to the new curriculum, and the examinations in third and fourth year pass physics according to the curriculum of 1880; that in the opinion of the senate it was inadvisable to prescribe a complete course of political science until instructors in that department had been appointed in University College.

Mr. Houston gave notice that he would introduce a statute making certain changes in the English curriculum; that he would move a resolution recommending the establishment of a lectureship on political economy, and that he would move that it is inexpedient to spend university funds for prizes, scholarships or medals.

Mr. Kingsford gave notice that he would introduce a statute relative to the degree of LL.D.

Dr. Macfarlane gave notice that he would move to allow fourth year medical students who entered under the old curriculum to take their degrees under the same.

The senate adjourned till Friday, Oct. 30.

#### KNOX COLLEGE.

All the available rooms in the college are again taken up.

The theological students number upwards of fifty, sixteen of these being in the junior class.

The graduating class of '85 is already widely scattered.

Rev. J. A. Jaffray, B.A., is in charge of a mission field at Sault Ste. Marie.

J. C. Smith, B.A., is stationed at Newmarket.

Rev. W. L. H. Rowand, B.A., is in the North-west.

James Hamilton, B.A., is on his way to Scotland to complete his theological studies.

Rev. W. A. Duncan, M.A., has been inducted as pastor of the congregation at Innisfil.

We are pleased to note that J. McKay, B.A., has again joined his class, which will graduate next spring. Mr. McKay was obliged to leave his mission field last summer owing to ill-health. A trip to Europe has been attended with most beneficial results.

The football club sustains a loss in the absence of Mr. J. Robertson, who will not return to college this session.

Mr. Andrew Beattie, B.A., '84, is slowly recovering from a severe attack of typhoid fever.

#### TORONTO SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

During the past vacation many alterations and additions have been made to the School. A new wing has been added, containing in the lower flat a large laboratory for microscopic work and a museum. The new dissecting-room, which occupies the whole of the upper flat, is probably the airiest, best lighted, best ventilated, and most thoroughly equipped in the province. The old building has been re-modelled in such a way as to give a new lecture room, chemical laboratory, library, and reading room. The action of the Faculty in providing separate apartments for the library and reading room cannot be too highly praised.

On the evening of Thursday, Oct. 1st, the new buildings were opened with a most successful conversazione. The programme consisted of an opening address by Dr. W. W. Ogden, followed by a concert under the able direction of Mr. Theo Martens. A number of the ablest artists of the city performed.

On the following Monday lectures were resumed. The freshman class is the largest in the history of the school, and includes many graduates and undergraduates in arts in Toronto University.

#### ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

The customary Association game on Convocation Day, Friday, Oct. 16, was in no respect less interesting or exciting than usual.



Matches had been arranged with both the Trinity and Toronto Medical Foot-ball Clubs, and those games were expected. The Toronto Meds and 'Varsity faced shortly after 3 p.m., 'Varsity being represented by Garrett, Jackson, Wright, Malcolm, Owen, Palmer, Elliott, Crystal, Thomson, Lampert, and McCollough. The 'Varsity boys were too much for the Meds, winning by 3 goals to 0. Trinity's turn came next, but fared little better, being beaten by 2 goals to 0. Both games were conducted with the utmost good feeling, and were enjoyed by both players and spectators. The prospects of the Association Club in the College were never better than at present. Four matches have already been played and all won, resulting in 18 goals won and 1 lost, so that the boys have every reason to be satisfied with themselves.

#### RUGBY FOOTBALL.

On Convocation day the 'Varsity played its first game in the series for the championship with the Agricultural College Club. The 'Varsity was represented by Mustard, Marani, Senkler H., Senkler E., Ferguson, Cronyn, Nesbitt, Richardson, Elliott, Mill, Bayly, Scott, Smith, Robertson, and MacLean (capt.): the Agricultural College by Madge, Parker, Paget, H. Donaldson, Calvert, Brown, Geffrey, Walser, March, Poe, Fee, Sturge, Hirsch, and Donaldson (capt.). Smith of the 'Varsity distinguished himself by dropping two goals from the field, and the 'Varsity ultimately won by 67 points to 0. The Agricultural College boys were very much out of condition; in fact, we believe it was the first time they played together, which robs the 'Varsity victory of some of its significance.

The second match in the series for the College championship was played on the University lawn yesterday afternoon. Mr. M. Denistoun was chosen referee and gave satisfaction to both sides. In the first half the game was pretty equal and at the end of it the score stood 8 points to 0 in favor of "The Varsity," resulting from a try obtained by Elliot. In the second half, want of condition told on Trinity and "The Varsity" had the game pretty much its own way, gaining 13 points more, consisting of 2 goals dropped from the field by Marani and Senkler H. respectively, and a rouge which made a score of 21 points to 0. Nesbitt, Senkler E. C. and Elliot played a splendid game for "The Varsity." On the opposite side the best playing was done by Cayley, Jones and Morris. "The Varsity" was represented by Mustard, Marani, Senkler, H., Senkler, E. C., Ferguson, Nesbitt, Bruce, Richardson, Elliott, Mill, Robertson, Bayley, Smith, Scott and Maclean (Capt.). On the 31st the "Varsity" team will go to Ottawa to play Ottawa College and it is to be hoped a liberal response will be made to the appeals of the committee for funds, as the "Varsity" never had a better chance of winning the championship.

#### BASEBALL.

College sports have for years been confined within the narrow limits of football and cricket. The former game has indeed found able exponents among our undergraduates, and the cricket team has met with fair success. But it was always painfully evident that these two games did not count as sympathisers one-half the number of our athletic students. Many of those who had trained at the oar, on the baseball diamond, the cinder path, or the lacrosse field, did not choose to go into training to play games with the laws of which they were perfectly unfamiliar. A move in the right direction was made a few weeks ago by the formation, in connection with the college, of a baseball club. The chief credit for this innovation is due to Mr. Schultz and Mr. Wood, both of whom have been unremitting in their efforts not only to organize the club but to put it on a creditable footing. Before the players had had sufficient practice really to warrant their engaging with any club of old standing, a match was arranged with St. Michael's College. The game was played last Saturday on the St. Michael's College grounds, and contrary, it must be said, to general expectation, resulted in a victory for the 'Varsity boys by 8 runs to 7.

St. Michael's College have long been considered one of the finest amateur baseball teams in the province, so that our boys cannot be complimented too highly on their success.

The return match was played on the lawn on Wednesday afternoon. Upwards of 500 spectators witnessed the game.

The weather was rather chilly for really good baseball, but notwithstanding, a good game was played. Owing to the superior fielding of St. Michael's College and the comparatively poor batting of 'Varsity, the former won by 10 runs to 8.

A word as to our players. Wood, the pitcher, has lately completed a successful engagement with the Buffalos. He has been obliged, in the two matches played, to pitch slowly, owing to the comparative weakness of his support, but the manner in which he

has captained the team has been admirable. Galloway, behind the bat, has done well. Somers, at first base, has been a host in himself, as also has Schultz at second. A specialty of Edgar's play on third is his fine throwing. Garrett, as shortstop, and Senkler, Chisholm and Gourlay in the field have played uniformly well. With a little more practice all round, both at the bat and on the field, our players will certainly give a good account of themselves.

The reputation of the St. Michael's College team is too firmly established to require much comment. It is to be hoped the friendly relations already established between the two teams may be continued.

#### LIST OF BOOKS ADDED TO LIBRARY SINCE APRIL 10TH.

Elementary Treatise on Physics, by A. Garrot.  
Creation of Manitoba or Red River Troubles, by A. Begg.  
Water Analysis, by E. Frankland.  
Aristotle Politics, trans., Weldon.  
Thucydides, trans., Crawley.  
Cicero, Select Orations, ed. King.  
Cicero, Philosophical Writings, Lectures On, by J. W. Levin.  
Pliny, Letters, Bk. III., ed. Mayor, with Life.  
Aeschylus, ed. Sidgwick.  
Homer, Iliad I.-XII., ed. Monro.  
Lucretius, I.-III., ed. Lee.  
Lucretius, Atomic Theory of, by Jno. Masson.  
Manual of Mythology, 2nd ed., by A. S. Murray.  
Chronological Tables of Greek History, by Carl Peter.  
Manual of Geology, by Jno. Phillips.  
Elements of Histology, by E. Klein.  
Text Book of Zoology, Mollusca to Man, by C. Claus.  
History of England Under Henry IV., Vol. I., by J. H. Wylie.  
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History of Greece, by Max Duncker, VI.  
Earlier Life of Coligny, by E. Bersier.  
Impressions of the United States, by E. A. Freeman.

(To be Continued.)

#### PERSONALS.

J. A. Collins is in a law office at Brantford.  
H. J. Hamilton, Gordon Hunter, R. O. McCulloch, and W. W. Vickers, are all in Mr. McCarthy's office in this city.  
A. Weir and Miss M. B. Bald are teaching at Essex Centre.  
H. E. Irwin is in Mr. Mulock's office.  
S. J. Barton is teaching at Seaforth; J. Blackstock at U. C. College.  
F. H. Sykes and F. P. Riddell are at the Training Institute at Kingston.  
R. Balmer is Modern Language master in Kingston C. I.  
J. Short is teaching at Chatham.  
R. R. Cochran is headmaster at Port Arthur.  
D. C. Little is at Ridgetown.  
A. R. Barron, A. J. McLeod, J. C. Tolmie, J. J. Elliott, and C. A. Webster are pursuing divinity studies at Knox.  
"Dan" McKay is headmaster at Elora H. S.  
J. A. V. Preston, R. P. Dougan, J. A. Creasor, and A. B. Thompson graduated with honors at Cut Knife.  
Miss E. Gardiner is teaching modern languages in Albert College.



## THE 'Varsity ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the shareholders of THE 'Varsity Publishing Company was held in Moss Hall on Tuesday evening, October 20th. Mr. W. F. W. Creelman, B.A., occupied the chair. About twenty-six shareholders were present. The minutes of the previous yearly meeting were read and approved. Mr. W. H. Irving, B.A., in the absence of the treasurer, Mr. F. W. Hill, read the financial report of the Company, which was the most satisfactory one yet presented; it showed a large surplus in cash. A report from the 'Varsity Book Committee was also presented. Both reports were, on motion, approved. The election of officers resulted as follows:

President—W. F. W. Creelman, B.A.  
 Vice-President—W. H. Blake, B.A.  
 Editor-in-Chief—A. Stevenson, B.A.  
 Associate-Editors—H. E. Irwin, B.A., F. B. Hodgins, J. O. Miller, W. J. Healy, T. B. P. Stewart.  
 Business Manager—W. H. Irving, B.A.  
 Secretary—J. S. MacLean.  
 Treasurer—J. E. Jones.  
 Directors—A. D. Crooks, J. McD. Duncan, W. H. Hunter, J. A. Garvin, T. A. Gibson, F. McLeay, G. A. H. Fraser, G. C. Biggar.

On motion of Mr. Hodgins, seconded by Mr. Gibson, a vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. F. H. Sykes, B.A., and the retiring Directors, expressive of the obligations of the Company for their past labors on behalf of the paper. After a few words of advice to the new Directors from the President, the meeting adjourned.

Following is a statement of the financial position of the 'Varsity Company, as presented at the annual meeting:

RECEIPTS.		DISBURSEMENTS.	
Subscriptions.....	\$ 618.50	Printing and other expenses.....	\$ 891.52
Advertisements.....	316.75		
Bal from 1883-4.....	200.44		
Other Items.....	23.80	Balance.....	267.94
	<u>\$1,159.46</u>		<u>\$1,159.46</u>

In addition to the above there are outstanding—

Unpaid, Advertisements.....\$ 80.00  
 Subscriptions.....301.00  
 bringing the total assets of the Company up to \$648.94, as against a liability to stockholders of \$500.

## Communication.

## THE FIVE DOLLAR DEPOSIT.

DEAR 'Varsity,—When I was admitted as an undergraduate of Toronto University, and my name was printed in such beautiful letters at the head of the list, I never imagined that the Senate of that Institution was about to submit me to the indignity, insult, and injury which I have now received at their hands.

It seems strange that the heir to the throne of England and the Imperial Crown of India should be refused permission to take a volume out of the University Library without the humiliation of depositing a miserable pound as the pledge of his honour.

Were I one of the ordinary herd of undergraduates who attend the medical schools; were I one of those low-minded, soulless individuals who esteem lucre more than honour, and, having their honesty guaranteed by a company, enter a degraded counting-house, I might endure this. But I am Albert Edward, and has not the Senate sufficient hold on me without submitting me to the loss of my honour and sixpence halfpenny interest on my deposit?

Right glad am I to see that many of my fellow undergrads have addressed a petition to "The Council"—of their native town, I presume—calling upon it to resent "this apparent slight to the honour of undergraduates," to condemn the Senate to the Tower, and to repeal this iniquitous regulation which would drive even me to get Ma to sign me an application to the Free Library.

I remain, Dear 'Varsity, your humiliated friend,

ALBERT EDWARD, P.

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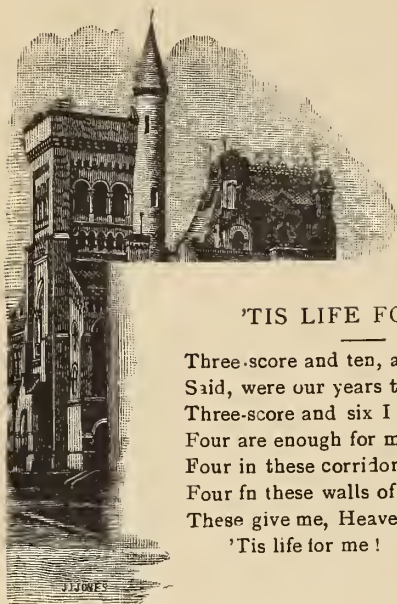
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Or drunk the spirit-haunted pages here;*

*To wake again the memories of days,  
The vision of the happier days gone by,  
To wake again the murmur of the pines,  
To show the grey towers rising in the gloom.*

*And so when days are wan and hearts are cold,  
These songs may bring again the joy of youth  
A glow that rises in the flaming west,  
That lingers last when the sweet sun has gone.*

The book is a valuable one. And from this point of view :—it is the production of graduates and undergraduates of the University of Toronto, young men actively engaged in the cultivation of their minds; with their thoughts employed on a variety of subjects; looking forward with hope into a future in which they shall be able to use these thoughts and bring that cultivation into play. The 'Varsity Book is a sample of what they are now doing and thinking about; is a test of the culture at which they have arrived; a clue to their standard of taste, and a general index of their line of thought and mode of expression. On this account we assert it is by no means a work to be thrown lightly aside by the older members of the reading public as of no value, because merely the product of youthful minds. It is amongst these youthful minds that we must hereafter look for our leaders of thought, progress, and government, and what is the bent of these minds cannot but be a question full of interest to all.—*The Educational Weekly.*

may be mentioned the VARSITY, a weekly journal published by the undergraduates of Toronto University. From small beginnings it has risen to a foremost place in the ranks of College journalism and much of what has appeared in its columns is worthy of preservation. Realizing this the publishers have decided on the collection in book form of a number of the most meritorious productions in prose and verse which have appeared in THE VARSITY since its inception.

It constitutes a neat *souvenir* of the University, and every graduate should encourage like enterprise in the future by providing himself with a copy.

Its contents are highly creditable to their different authors, indicative as they are of good taste, poetic feeling, and finished sentence making.

The love song is of the old standard description. Cupid still figures with his old time-honoured artillery and the Mistress' eyebrow still commands the sonnet. But love is not lord of all even with the verse-makers. We wish the "little book" a wide circulation and many successors.—*The Mail.*

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
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# 13. VARSITY

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY THOUGHT AND EVENTS.

Vol. VI.

University of Toronto, Oct. 31, 1885.

No. 2.

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## THE VARSITY.

THE VARSITY is published in the University of Toronto every Saturday during the Academic Year, October to May inclusive.

The Annual Subscription, including postage, is \$2.00, payable before the end of January, and may be forwarded to THE TREASURER, J. EDMUND JONES, University College, to whom applications respecting advertisements should likewise be made.

Subscribers are requested to immediately notify the Treasurer, in writing, of any irregularity in delivery.

Copies of VARSITY may be obtained every Saturday at the Post Office Book Store, corner of Adelaide and Toronto Streets; and at J. P. McKenna's, 80 Yonge Street.

All communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

## Topics of the Hour.

WE beg to call the attention of the proper authorities to the want of a sidewalk between the Gymnasium and the road leading to the University. This has been required for over a year, but so far nothing has been done. In wet weather this path is simply impassable, and makes a long detour necessary in order to get from the Gymnasium to the University. We hope the University authorities will have this matter attended to at once.

IN order that every Society be properly represented in THE VARSITY, and reports of all meetings regularly inserted, it is necessary that some one person should undertake this small duty.

Will each Society kindly appoint some one to do this, and will the individual appointed kindly send in his report by Wednesday afternoon at latest. This will ensure a fair amount of space in our columns to the various student organizations in connection with the College.

THE Business Manager and the Editors of THE VARSITY are gratified at the universal expression of approval of the appearance of the College paper. The general opinion seems to be that, in appearance, THE VARSITY is now unsurpassed among College journals. The Editors, however, would remind their friends that success depends very largely upon the subscription list, and they would urge upon every undergraduate the advisability, both for his own culture and the good of the paper, of subscribing at once.

THE Literary Society could undertake no better enterprise this winter than a series of high-class lectures and concerts in Convocation Hall. The experience of last year would suggest that these should be in reality managed by the students and not fictitiously so, through the management of an outsider. Social reformers, humorists, poets, eminent scientists, and divines all take the lecture platforms now-a-days and we should not be so slow as we have been in taking advantage of this proclivity. The society should authorize the committee to open correspondence at once with eminent American or Canadian lecturers, or Europeans who purpose visiting this continent shortly.

THERE is, we believe, a strong desire amongst the undergraduates of University College to have a dinner, which, while confined to and controlled by themselves, will not, therefore, exclude any graduate who may wish to take a seat at the festive board. Heretofore the undergraduates have been altogether overshadowed at the annual banquets. What the undergraduates wish is not so much a "banquet," as a "dinner," which, while as informal as possible, will be in keeping with the traditions of the past. We should be very glad to have an expression of opinion from the undergraduates upon this question, as we are sure that there is no element which needs more cultivation in and around our College than the spirit of sociability.

THE University College Glee Club has got under way again, and promises to be a most successful organization this year. The Club is to be congratulated upon its selection of a President. To no one, excepting perhaps last year's President, is the Club more indebted for the admirable position it has assumed as a musical society during the last few years than to Mr. A. G. Morphy. We understand that the Club does not at present contemplate the production of any work of as extensive a kind as was produced last year. They intend to confine their efforts to part singing, which, with the material in the Club, ought to be a most successful departure. We



understand that the Club is in great need of tenors, and as the membership is not limited, those undergraduates who are musically inclined are very strongly urged to identify themselves with our musical society at once. The Club has our best wishes for a most successful season.

It is within the power of the professors of University College to perform a gracious and beneficial service to the Province other than the duty which is discharged in their college lecture rooms. They might become the apostles and missionaries of culture and the higher intellectual life to the people. During the winter months they might occasionally visit the towns and larger villages of our province and deliver well-prepared addresses there on intellectual topics in the public halls. The benefits which might result from such a course are inestimable. The intellectual level of the whole body of their listeners would be elevated. Indirectly the strongest possible influence would be brought to bear in favor of university education, and the increased growth of such a sentiment means increased attendance and life and progress at our colleges. But the benign influences would not fall alone upon the people. A share would come to the professors. Their intellectual horizon would be widened and their sympathies deepened by such a course. In some cases race prejudices might be eliminated. Altogether then the outcome of such a movement could only be good and we should much like to see it in some measure adopted.

## Leading Articles.

### OUR INTELLECTUAL LIFE.

The *Educational Weekly*, one of our most valuable exchanges, had in a recent issue, a suggestive article on "University College—Its Intellectual Life." The writer shewed that the intellectual activity of University College was due entirely to the students themselves, who were not under any obligations to the Faculty, Council, or Senate for any real encouragement in their literary and scientific enterprises. That this is a just statement is only too evident. That the success which has attended the various independent undertakings of our undergraduates is due altogether to their own efforts is a source of pride and gratification to them. But this does not relieve the Council of the blame—to use no stronger word—which must attach to it in consequence of its inactivity and lack of practical interest in the highest welfare of the students. The general rule seems to be that no Professor thinks it worth while to do anything outside that special work for which he is engaged. True, there are one or two exceptions, but the spirit of enterprise and progress—at least so far as outward manifestation is concerned—does not pervade the Professorial staff of University College. What work is required of them is done, and done as well as at any other college, but beyond that—nothing, at least so far as helping to stimulate the progress of literary culture and scientific research amongst the students.

The Literary Society, in times past, made some efforts in the right direction, but with the graduation of those who were the promoters, the spirit of enterprise seems to have slumbered. The Society cannot be said to have been much profited by the experience of last year, which we hope will not be repeated.

What is wanted to quicken the intellectual life of our college is a course of vigorous lectures on social or literary topics—say one every month, or oftener, to be delivered by distinguished lecturers, resident or foreign, and by as many of our own Professors as are able and willing. Let the lectures be free to all, whether student or stranger, who may feel an interest in the subjects discussed.

As our contemporary pointed out, it is very strange that Professor Goldwin Smith, throughout the course of his long residence amongst us, has never been invited to deliver a series of lectures to our students upon those subjects of which he is the acknowledged master; while he has annually, without fee or reward, lectured to the students of Cornell University. Surely it is time that this reproach were done away.

It is humiliating to be compelled to acknowledge that the students of University College are indebted to the enterprise of various church organizations for the means of acquiring whatever literary culture they may possess. To what more natural source should they come than to their *Alma Mater*? Alas, to what more unresponsive guardian can they turn!

We trust that this state of things will not continue, but that in certain quarters there may be an awakening from the lethargy that

at present seems to hang over those in authority, and that the reproach to which we have briefly referred, will be speedily and forever removed.

### THE SCHOLARSHIP QUESTION ONCE MORE.

WE had thought that Toronto university had outgrown its long clothes and that the academical nursery methods which had been so long in vogue in that institution were rapidly falling into disuse and oblivion. But the proposition of the vice-chancellor, now before the Senate, to increase largely the scholarship fund for matriculation rather breaks the illusion.

The principle of all such measures is undoubtedly wrong and it is to be hoped that the senate will not endorse it.

The motive of this particular proposition is obvious enough. The increase of scholarships is designed simply to lure high school students into the university. If there are no higher motives sufficient to cause candidates for matriculation to present themselves in larger numbers, then they are to be hired to come, out of a scholarship fund. This appears to be the simple truth of the matter.

Such a proceeding is entirely beneath the dignity of Toronto university. Minerva bribing the multitude with money is a spectacle for gods and men to weep over.

There is a better way. Let the university course in itself be made more interesting and intellectually profitable and many more students will crowd into it without the vicious inducement of scholarships.

Scholarships are vicious in their influence because they set up unworthy ideals before students, because they place a premium on dishonest study and because they discourage originality and independence of mental effort.

Let the notion miserably perish that the object of higher education is to make money or to acquire scholarly or professional distinction. There are those who have these things and yet are failures in the world. In all the essentials of the higher life of character, taste, and feeling, they are woefully lacking.

If any student who is naturally low-minded, finds that in Toronto university fame and money are to be his reward there is little likelihood that he will ever reach a higher ideal afterwards.

Even upon students of the higher minds the scholarship system has a pernicious influence. Their education becomes a matter of mere memory cultivation. They neglect weightier topics for the trifling multitudinous minutiae which count so well on the papers of incompetent examiners.

If a university has one function more than another it is certainly to encourage original research and individual and intellectual development. But to acquire scholarships students must usually sink individuality. Attainment of a scholarship may mean simply a judicious self-adaptation by the student to the individuality of the examiner.

In a worse way even than this the scholarship system tends to intellectual immorality. It may award the premium to words rather than to ideas, to the pretension of knowledge rather than the reality. A scholarship student need not care whether he understands the subject or not, so long as to the examiner he may seem to understand it. So that if he merely commit to memory a large and judiciously selected portion of his texts he cannot fail of the coveted prize.

The principle of scholarships was condemned a short time ago by a large majority of the vote of the graduates and undergraduates. Why does the vice-chancellor seek to perpetuate the system, especially when the funds can be applied to more legitimate purposes elsewhere and are urgently needed there?

### HOW POLITICAL SCIENCE SHOULD BE TAUGHT.

In a valuable article contributed to a recent number of the *Varsity*, on "University Education in Germany," reference was made to the success of Dr. J. W. Bell, a Toronto graduate, at Leipsic, and to his subsequent appointment as Professor of History and Political Economy in the State University of Colorado. This institution is a new one, but it is influenced by the progressive spirit of the far west, and is already doing good work in the cause of higher education. Through the kindness of a friend we are permitted to produce part of a private letter in which Dr. Bell recently outlined the method of instruction which he pursues. It throws some additional light not merely on "the historical or comparative method" referred to in the article above mentioned, but also on the mode of teaching adopted by that greatest of living political economists, Roscher of Leipsic. Dr. Bell says:

"The study of Political Economy brings one into relation with all science, but especially with those sciences that treat of man. It is



impossible to study it alone; yet my work was chiefly on Political Economy, its growth in history, and its relation to the wider social science of which it forms a part, and less on its legal and legislative aspect. The 'plan' I follow here is to take a text-book (the worse the better in many respects), and spend six months at four hours a week going over it, questioning, discussing, arguing, in half-recitation, half-lecture fashion. The students have now grasped the general principles and learned to apply them, and this they do in original essays that are criticised by the class and summed up by myself. Next year they can profitably take up Mill's 'Principles' and Cairne's 'Leading Principles,' with reference to other works on certain topics. The third semester, and the last provided for in my plan, so far, I intend reading with the class such works as George's 'Progress and Poverty,' Spencer's 'Sociology,' anything indeed to test previous training and compel independent thought. Original essays are read from time to time all the way through, and in informal lectures, whatever the text, I add a great deal of historical matter, *à la* Roscher, showing the growth and transformation of theory and practice. History and Political Economy go hand in hand here, for, before entering a class in Political Economy, pupils must have taken History at least two and a half hours a week for four years in the preparatory school, and will probably have done advanced work in the College. Other features are still wanting to make this a complete course in Social Science, but I think it fair for its age, and it seems popular even among the gentler sex."

There is a striking contrast between this feature of the young University of Colorado and the treatment which Political Science receives in our comparatively venerable institution. Nothing like an adequate curriculum has ever been prescribed by the Senate, and when the latter recommended the creation of a lectureship in Political Economy the College Council objected because the teaching of that science might be the means of introducing party politics into the institution.

## Literature.

### NOVEMBER.

SUMMER is fled, its fervid joys are over,  
The winter days draw on;  
No more we hear the bees among the clover,  
The birds are gone.

The blue and golden autumn flowers are dying,  
Dead leaves are falling fast;  
Through the bare limbs the dreary winds are sighing  
A requiem for the past.

Oh, gladsome past, thy joys we all remember,  
Thy smiles and happy fears;  
But now, alas, has come life's sad November,  
A time for tears.

For spring shall soon restore the birds and flowers,  
Green fields and sunny streams.  
What power can bring again those vanished hours,  
And youth's fond dreams!

A. STEVENSON.

### A CHILD'S WORDS.

I remember once walking in the afternoon of a hot dusty day along one of the streets of a large city. It was a poor quarter; the street was narrow, and the reflected heat of its high bare walls came down without obstruction. As I passed a shabby house, I heard words and saw a sight I shall never forget. A ragged little girl of eight or more was sitting on the door step; and near her was playing a little boy of about the same age. The little girl as I passed, was sitting with her hands folded in her lap, her head thrown dreamily back, and her eyes looking up with childlike longing into the sky above, while over all her face shone the light of a vague hope. Half conscious of the boy at her side she breathed out the longing within her in words, simple baby words, which have branded themselves on my soul. "What if you was as high as the sky — and all of us!" The little face still looked upward, the boy romped on, and a stranger passed, soul-saddened for ever by these simple words. God bless thee, child. Unawares thou'st

done a man good to his very soul, cleansing him of much petty meanness, and kindling in his heart the fire of thine own holy ambition. Thou'st made a better man of him. Oh, may thine own lot be a fairer one than I foresee; may thy pure upward longing ne'er be beaten down, rudely trampled in the mire; may it survive fair and pure that foul atmosphere in the midst of which thou livest—fair and pure as lilies of heaven. I thought it would be an awful thing if that flash of dear illusion were thine all, and advantaged only me. That thought, and the memory of those pure uplifted child-eyes, makes the brain almost tremble in madness.

We cannot fill those simple words fuller with meaning than the child did. To her they were the spontaneous expression of her longing after the high, the pure, the perfectly noble—that same blind longing that stretches out arms to heaven the world over—simple, undeniable fact that gives the lie to all systems of cold, selfish calculation—and yet, after all, inscrutable, thought-paralyzing mystery. Do we not all feel at times this longing after some absolutely pure and beautiful? Oh, "what if you was as high as the sky — and all of us!"

But the blasting misery of it is its hopeless futility to so many. The small compass of this world is full, heaped with ruined ideals, eyes that no longer see, hearts that no longer feel, lives whose ruin was extinguished before the dawn. What can it all mean?—or is it meaningless?—and the night of blackest despair closes in about the soul—until once more shines out like a star this inborn longing, and I hear as the watchword of highest duty that child's simple words: "*What if you was as high as the sky — and all of us!*"

R. BALMER.

### IN AUGUST.

Wearied with chasing the butterflies,  
And gathering wild flowers in her play,  
The tired child rests by the lilled pond;  
Breathless, her hair tossed over her eyes,  
She hears them with a pleased surprise—  
Her playmates in the woods to-day,  
Calling to her from far beyond  
The brook, that murmurs its dreamy rune  
Through the drowsy afternoon.  
And resting on the grassy marge,  
She views with well-pleased eye,  
In a small harbor, anchored nigh,  
The water-fairies' lily barge,  
Which the little helmsman dragon-fly,  
Perched on the stern, hath in charge;  
And holding by the tufted grass,  
And by the wild vine's trailing strand,  
She stretches out her eager hand,  
Wishing to take the shining bowl  
On which the longing of her soul  
Hath settled like the dragon fly,  
Whose slender, azure body's rest  
Shows, against the lilywhite,  
As might a blue vein wandering by,  
Upon the child's own soft white breast.  
She woos it nearer still to glide,  
And just her finger-tips  
Can touch its silvery side,  
But on the touch adown it dips,  
And over the little waves doth slide,  
As riding at their anchors ships,  
Upon the drifting of the tide,  
Swing slowly 'round in circlings wide....  
With smiling lips she looks and sighs,  
The light of longing in her eyes,  
And reaching forth again she tries.  
It circles out, the fairy boat,  
'Mid the large leaves that round it float,—  
Just sailing on so lazily,  
That not the drowsy dragon-fly  
Moves at his perch, nor stirs a wing  
Into a moment's quivering.

W. J. HEALY.



## PROGRESS OF MATHEMATICAL SCIENCE.

*Inaugural Address delivered before the University College Mathematical and Physical Society, by President I. M. CLARK, M.A., October 13th, 1885.*

Our Constitution says that the objects of the Society shall be the encouragement of original research in Mathematics and Physics, and the preservation of the results of such research. Many commence the study of the Higher Mathematics with the very mistaken idea that it is a perfectly developed and rigid science, and that the whole field of enquiry has been thoroughly explored. Of course no one who has studied with any degree of attention any one branch of Mathematics, would be guilty of such a gross misconception. Those of you who were privileged to hear the remarkably able paper read by Prof. Young, before this Society, last year, will entertain no doubts about the applicability to the present state of Mathematical science of Newton's statement, that we are merely gathering pebbles on the shores of the vast ocean of truth. Though the solution of equations has occupied the attention of men like Newton, Descartes, Fourier, Sturm, Lagrange, and Sir W. R. Hamilton, Prof. Young has succeeded in making a very distinct and valuable addition to our knowledge of the subject. As the result of patient investigation and study he has succeeded in discovering and proving a remarkable law of great simplicity governing the relations between the roots of rational irreducible equations of the higher degrees. Equally brilliant have been the discoveries of Prof. Young in regard to the solution of quintic equations. He has ended the debate as to the possibility of the algebraical solution of equations of the fifth degree, by determining a criterion of their solvability, and by effecting the general solution of all quintic equations which satisfy the criterion. In this connection I may also refer to the valuable work of Prof. Loudon, in applying geometrical methods to the discussion of the theory of thick lenses. Those of you who have mastered, or attempted to master the intricate algebraical investigations of the subject as given for instance by Parkinson, will appreciate what Prof. Loudon has done. His ingenious discovery is likely to effect a revolution in the teaching of the subject. These instances indicate the wide tracks of undiscovered territory yet to be explored by the mathematician and the physicist, and the rich treasures which reward patient investigation and research. Many of the departments of even pure mathematics are yet in their infancy. The physicist who has the most profound insight into the mysteries of nature, must still acknowledge in the language of Tennyson, that he is but—

"An infant crying in the night,  
An infant crying for the light,  
And with no language but a cry."

Even Geometry, one of the oldest of the sciences, and one of the "richest with the spoils of time," is yet capable of almost indefinite development. Notwithstanding the immense advances of recent years, one of the most pressing necessities of Mathematics is a more powerful calculus. Many of the processes of nature are so subtle and complicated that the resources of our present calculus are utterly incompetent to grapple with them. Here there is great need for the work of another Leibnitz, another Euler, another Bernoulli, another Wallis, or another Boole. And why, gentlemen, should not he be produced by University College? Astronomy, perhaps the grandest and most fascinating of the sciences, a science which has occupied the attention of many of the noblest minds of the past and is occupying the attention of many of the keenest intellects of the present, still offers scope for the untiring labours of future generations. The constitution of the sun is yet, to a large extent, a profound mystery. The unflagging industry of Kepler and the genius of Newton have made known to us many of the laws governing the solar system, and the history of the discovery of a new planet by Dr. Adams shows the advanced stage reached by Astronomical Science, yet treasures as rich as any yet found are waiting to reward the patient and bold explorer. What I have said of Pure Mathematics applies with equal force to the department of Physics. Marvellous as have been the advances made during the past hundred years, there is every reason to expect much greater advances during the coming century. Many problems in Acoustics remain unsolved, and many of its most interesting phenomena remain unexplained. For instance, no complete explanation of the action of the telephone, an instrument of great scientific as well as practical importance, has yet been given.

Notwithstanding the work of Rumford, Joule, Clausius and Maxwell, the Theory of Heat is yet incomplete. Above all does the intensely interesting subject of electricity offer magnificent opportunities for discovery. Not only is the successful study of this sub-

ject of immense importance from a purely scientific point of view, but it is in this direction that we may reasonably look for the most useful inventions of the future. In this connection Bacon's maxim that knowledge is power, is emphatically true.

I have said sufficient to impress on you some idea of the wide scope for original research offered by Mathematics and Physics. Allow me to add a few words as to the motives which should actuate us to engage in such research and investigation. First of all let me mention the love of truth for its own sake.

Every discovery in Physics tends to give us greater control over the forces of nature, and thus enable us to utilize the vast and apparently unlimited stores of energy laid up in Nature in ministering to the wants of mankind, and consequently in ameliorating their condition. The history of invention shows that the popular idea of the conflict between the theoretical and the practical is an illusion. In almost every instance an advance in theoretical knowledge has preceded and in fact rendered possible, the great useful inventions. As Lord Rayleigh said in his address to the British association in Montreal, last year: "Increasing knowledge brings with it increasing power, and great as are the triumphs of the present century we may well believe that they are but a foretaste of what discovery and invention have yet in store for mankind."

Work such as I have been referring to affords the most valuable mental discipline. The student who thoroughly masters some one point, who arrives at definite conclusions on any subject by the independent exercise of his own reason, does much to develop those qualities of mind, and I may add of heart, which are most necessary not only to the successful student, but also to the truly successful actor in the drama of life, Madame de Stael, to the contrary notwithstanding. Gentlemen, the problems of Mathematics are very like the problems of life. The patience, the perseverance, the quick perception of logical sequence, the distinctness of conception, and the habitual concentration of all the powers of the mind which are required and developed in the solution of Mathematical problems place their privileged possessor on high vantage ground in the battle of life.

Having said so much about the objects of the Society, let us discuss shortly the means by which those objects may be attained. The most important part of our proceedings should ever be the reading and discussion of papers written by members of the Society.

I have no hesitation in saying that the careful preparation of a paper discussing exhaustively some one point, and following out boldly to its legitimate conclusion one line of thought, is greater training, will do more to give one a liberal education, than the studying of half-a-dozen text-books with a view merely to examinations.

To those of you who excuse yourselves by saying that the present curriculum is so extensive, that the pressure of work is so great that no time is left for matters of this kind, I would simply say that where there's a will there's a way. In reference to the objection that it is difficult to select a subject for a paper which is not hackneyed, permit me to make a few suggestions. Members who have a taste for such work might with great benefit to themselves and to the Society write succinct accounts of the lives and work of some of the great mathematicians whose names mark epochs in the History of Science, such, for example, as Newton, Kepler, Galileo, Laplace, Descartes, Joule, Maxwell, etc., etc.

Then some of our papers might take the form of reviews or criticisms of new books on Mathematical subjects, such, for instance, as Stallo's work on the Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics, Tait on the Properties of Matter, or the Theories of Heat, or Young on the Sun. Any one of the great theories or laws of Mathematics or Physics, such as the Conservation of Energy, the Dissipation of Energy, the Mechanical Theory of Heat, the Dynamical Theory of Gases, the Kinetic Theory of Matter, or the Nebulous Theory of the Universe, offers abundant material for several interesting and profitable papers. Then such subjects as Fluid Motion, the Laws of Viscosity, the Constitution of Matter, the Theories of Gravitation, the Mechanism of the Sun, Reciprocal Polars, Has Space Four Dimensions? the Principle of Symmetry, the Methods of Reasoning employed in Mathematics, or the Relations between Mathematical Science and Invention and Industrial Progress, might be discussed.

While dealing with the subject of papers read before the Society I may point out the importance and desirability of establishing, in connection with our Society or with the University, a Journal corresponding to the American Journal of Mathematics. We have now an excellent general paper in the VARSITY, but from its very



nature purely Mathematical subjects cannot be discussed in its columns. It would be difficult to estimate the loss of prestige suffered by the University and by Canada on account of Professor Young and Professor Loudon being compelled to give the results of their investigations to the world through the columns of the American Journal of Mathematics.

The remaining feature of our meetings, namely, Physical Experiments, is deserving of greater attention than it has yet received.

It may not be out of place to remark here on the defects of our Laboratory and to point out that for the equipment and maintenance of a Laboratory worthy of the University and worthy of Ontario, the resources of the Province should be combined. The close proximity of the great American Universities with their magnificent endowments will ensure sufficient competition. One first-class Laboratory adequately equipped will tax to the utmost the resources of the Province. What a scandal that a great University should be without a telescope! At present there is scarcely any provision for teaching and investigating the great subject of Electricity. It is true indeed that through the efforts of Professor Loudon something has been done to remedy this glaring defect. In discussing this subject it must be insisted on that the function of a University is not simply to teach the body of truth already known and to train the students for the duties of life, but also to advance the cause of Science, to widen the horizon of our mental vision, and to extend the limits of human knowledge.

While however, regretting that our collection of instruments is not large, let our students see that the present valuable collection is utilized to the greatest possible extent. In conclusion, let me express the wish that the session of the Society now begun may be in every sense a successful one, that all our meetings may be interesting and instructive, that as the result of our work and of our discussions our love of the noble Science of Mathematics may be increased; in short, that we play well our part in the life of our College and University. That this may be accomplished, that the high aim of the Society may be in some measure attained, I ask with all confidence the hearty co-operation and energetic assistance of every member of the Society.

#### A VAGRANT JOKE.

He was a tramp, and seedy,  
Who had been gathered in,  
To keep his erring footsteps  
From the paths of vice and sin.  
To keep his nimble fingers  
From freezing on to swag  
The right to which was vested in  
Some other party's bag.  
And when the judge who tried him  
Read out the law's purport,  
Said he: 'You tramp, you've got no visible means of support.'  
The vagrant pointed to those limbs  
Where trousers ought to be;  
The parts there were would eke require  
A microscope, to see.  
He pointed to the rents through which  
The zephyrs gently blew,  
And then unto the Court said he:  
'Your worship, I have two.'  
The judge, who dearly loved a joke,  
He laughed right heartily,  
And said: 'You dog, I'll let you off.'  
And the tramp again was free.

F. B. HODGINS.

## University and College News.

### PROPOSED ENGLISH CURRICULUM.

BY WILLIAM HOUSTON, M.A.

(Continued from THE VARSITY of Oct. 24.)

#### JUNIOR MATRICULATION. HONOR COURSE.

- 1887. SHAKESPEARE, Timon of Athens.
- 1888. " Julius Cæsar.
- 1889. " As You Like It.
- 1890. " Coriolanus.
- 1891. " Hamlet.

#### FIRST YEAR.

- 1887. WORDSWORTH, Excursion (Book I.); Lines Composed Above Tintern Abbey; Stanzas Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle; Laodamia; To Duty; Intimations of Immortality; Sonnets (the selection in Main's "Treasury of English Sonnets").
- ROSSETTI, Dante at Verona; Burden of Nineveh; Soothsay; Sonnets (A Sonnet is a Moment's Monument; Broken Music; Transfigured Life; The Song-throe; Beauty's Pageant; Genius in Beauty; The Moonstar; Heart of the Night; The Landmark; The Choice; Lost Days; On Refusal of Aid between Nations).
- 1888. BYRON, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage; Prisoner of Chillon; The Dream; Epistle to Augusta.
- MRS. BROWNING, Cry of the Children; Cowper's Grave; A Musical Instrument: The Forced Recruit; A Court Lady; Parting Lovers; Mother and Poet; Sonnets (the selection in Main's "Treasury of English Sonnets").
- 1889. SHELLEY, Alastor; Adonais; Hymn to Intellectual Beauty; Ode to Liberty; The Sensitive Plant; To a Sky-lark; The Cloud; Sonnets (the selection in Main's "Treasury of English Sonnets").
- CLOUGH, The Questioning Spirit; Bethesda; Songs in Absence; The Music of the World and of the Soul; Qua Cursum Ventus; Qui Laborat, Orat; Hope Evermore and Believe; Say not, the Struggle Nought Availeth.
- 1890. KEATS, Eve of St. Agnes; To a Nightingale; Ode to Psyche; Fancy; To Autumn; Sonnets (the selection in Main's "Treasury of English Sonnets").
- TENNYSON, Idylls of the King (Elaine and Guinevere); Passing of Arthur; Lancelot and Guinevere; Sir Galahad; St. Agnes; Rizzpah; Ulysses; Locksley Hall; The Lotos-Eaters; Sonnet to Montenegro.
- 1891. COLERIDGE, Rime of the Ancient Mariner; Christabel; Æolian Harp; To the Departing Year; France; Dejection; Kubla Khan; Pains of Sleep; To William Wordsworth.
- BROWNING, Pippa Passes; Clive; Saul; Herve Riel; Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha; The Last Ride Together; Any Wife to Any Husband.

#### SECOND YEAR.

#### POETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, LIVES AND WORKS.

Candidates are required to have a general knowledge of the lives and times of the authors, of their relations to preceding writers, and of their influence on subsequent English literature.

- 1887. WORDSWORTH, Prelude (Books I. and II.); Excursion (Books III. and IV.); Lines Composed above Tintern Abbey; On the Power of Sound; Stanzas suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle; Laodamia; To Duty; Intimations of Immortality; Sonnets (the selection in Main's "Treasury of English Sonnets").
- ROSSETTI, A Last Confession; Dante at Verona; The Blessed Damozel; Burden of Nineveh; Soothsay; Sonnets (A Sonnet is a Moment's Monument; Broken Music; Transfigured Life; The Song-Throe; Beauty's Pageant; Genius in Beauty; The Moonstar; Heart of the Night; The Landmark; The Choice; Lost Days; The Vase of Life; For the Holy Family; Five English Poets; On Refusal of Aid between Nations).
- 1888. BYRON, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage; Manfred; Ode on Venice; Ode on Waterloo; Monody on the Death of Sheridan; Poems on Napoleon; The Dream; Epistle to Augusta.

To exclude Chinese from coming to America is a species of native Americanism which we could understand, though we do not approve of it; but to demand the discharge of peaceable labourers already here, to expel them from employment, to make no provision even for their return home, to turn them over to beggary and starvation, and to do this in the interest of labour, simply defies all attempt at explanation, except that a multitude in a panic is never restrained by either judgment or conscience.—*The Christian Union*.

MRS. BROWNING, *De Profundis*; *Isobel's Child*; *Bertha in the Lane*; *Cry of the Children*; *Cowper's Grave*; *A Musical Instrument*; *The Forced Recruit*; *A Court Lady*; *Parting Lovers*; *Mother and Poet*; *Sonnets from the Portuguese*; *Miscellaneous Sonnets* (the selection in Main's "Treasury of English Sonnets.")

1889. SHELLY, *The Cenci*; *Alastor*; *Julian and Maddalo*; *Adonais*; *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*; *Ode to Liberty*; *The Sensitive Plant*; *To a Skylark*; *Sonnets* (the selection in Main's "Treasury of English Sonnets.")

CLOUGH, *The Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich*; *Songs in Absence*; *The Questioning Spirit*; *Bethesda*; *The Higher Courage*; *The Music of the World and of the Soul*; *Qua Cursum Ventus*; *Qui Laborat, Orat*; *Hope Evermore and Believe*; *Easter Day*; *Come, Poet come*; *Peschiera*; *Alteram Partem*; *Say not, the Struggle Nought Availleth*.

1890. KEATS, *Eve of St. Agnes*; *Epistle to George Keats*; *Sleep and Poetry*; *To a Nightingale*; *Ode to Psyche*; *Fancy*; *To Autumn*; *Sonnets* (the selection in Main's "Treasury of English Sonnets.")

TENNYSON, *Idylls of the King* (*Elaine and Guinevere*); *In Memoriam*; *The Princess*; *Passing of Arthur*; *Sir Galahad*; *Lancelot and Guinevere*; *St. Agnes*; *Rizpah*; *Ulysses*; *Locksley Hall*; *The Lotos-Eaters*; *Dream of Fair Women*; *The Two Voices*; *The Vision of Sin*; *Sonnet to Montenegro*.

1891. COLERIDGE, *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*; *Christabel*; *Monody on the Death of Chatterton*; *Religious Musing*; *Æolian Harp*; *To the Departed Year*; *France*; *Dejection*; *Fears in Solitude*; *Kubla Kahn*; *Pains of Sleep*; *To William Wordsworth*.

BROWNING, *Pippa Passes*; *Clive*; *Saul*; *Herve Riel*; *Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha*; *Cristina*; *Evelyn Hope*; *The Last Ride Together*; *Any Wife to Any Husband*; *By the Fireside*.

### THIRD YEAR.

#### MILTON, LIFE AND WORKS.

Candidates are required to have a general knowledge of Milton's personal history, of his relation to the social and political life of his own time, of his literary work, and of his influence on subsequent English literature. They are required to read each year the following poems: *Hymn on the Nativity*, *Lycidas*, *Il Penseroso*, *L'Allegro*, *Sonnets*, *Arcades*, *Comus*, *Samson Agonistes*; and also to read in

- 1887. *Paradise Lost*, Books I.-III.
- 1888. *Paradise Lost*, Books IV.-VI.
- 1889. *Paradise Lost*, Books VII.-IX.
- 1890. *Paradise Lost*, Books X.-XII.
- 1891. *Paradise Regained*.

#### OLD ENGLISH TEXTS.

Sweet's Anglo-Saxon Reader, Grammatical Introduction, and the following Texts:

- Extracts from the Gospels.
- Alfred's Wars with the Danes.
- The Battle of Maldon.
- Judith.

For Reference:—The following works are not intended to be used as text-books:—

- MARCH, Anglo-Saxon Grammar.
- SKEAT, Etymological English Dictionary.
- WEDGWOOD, Dictionary of English Etymology, and Contested Etymologies.
- BOSWORTH, Anglo-Saxon and English Dictionary.

### FOURTH YEAR.

#### SHAKESPEARE, LIFE AND WORKS.

Candidates are required to have a general knowledge of Shakespeare's personal history, of his relation to the social life of his own time, of his literary work, of his place in the development of the English drama, and of his influence on subsequent English literature. They are required also to read in,

- 1887. *King John*, *Richard II.*, *Othello*, *The Tempest*, *Cymbeline*.
- 1888. *Henry IV.* (Parts I. and II.), *Hamlet*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Julius Cæsar*.
- 1889. *Henry V.*, *Henry VI.* (Part I.), *King Lear*, *Anthony and Cleopatra*, *As You Like It*.
- 1890. *Henry VI.* (Parts II. and III.), *Romeo and Juliet*, *Coriolanus*, *Twelfth Night*.
- 1891. *Richard III.*, *Henry VIII.*, *Macbeth*, *Much Ado about Nothing*.

#### OLD ENGLISH AND DIALECTICAL TEXTS.

Sweet's Anglo-Saxon Reader, Grammatical Introduction and the following Texts:—

- Beowulf and Grendel's Mother.
- The Fall of the Angels.
- The Happy Land.
- The Dream of the Rood.
- The Wanderer.
- The Riddles of Cynewulf.
- Gnomic Verses.

MORRIS AND SKEAT'S Specimens of Early English, Grammatical Introductions and the following texts:

- The Ormulum.
- Layamon's Brut.
- The Owl and the Nightingale.
- Story of Havelok the Dane.
- Piers the Plowman.
- Manning, The Handling Synne.
- Barbour, The Bruce.
- Wyclif, The Gospel of Mark.

CHAUCER AND BURNS, Selected Poems:—

1887. CHAUCER, *Canterbury Tales* (Prologue, and the Clerke's Tale).

BURNS, *Hallowe'en*; *To a Mouse*; *Epistles to Mrs. Scott and a Young Friend*

1888. CHAUCER, *Canterbury Tales* (Prologue, and the Chanounes Yemannes Tale).

BURNS, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*; *Address to the Deil*; *Epistles to John Lapraik*.

1889. CHAUCER, *Canterbury Tales* (Prologue, and the Man of Lawes Tale).

BURNS, *The Vision*; *A Winter Night*; *Epistles to James Smith and Dr. Blacklock*.

1890. CHAUCER, *Canterbury Tales* (Prologue, the Nonne Prestes Tale, and the Prioresses Tale).

BURNS, *The Twa Dogs*; *The Auld Farmer's New Year Salutation*; *Epistle to William Simson*.

1891. CHAUCER, *Canterbury Tales* (Prologue, the Squieres Tale, and the Pardoner's Tale).

BURNS, *The Brigs of Ayr*; *To a Mountain Daisy*; *Epistles to Davie*.

For Reference:—The following works are not intended to be used as text-books.

- GUEST, *History of English Rhythms*.
- MARCH, *Anglo-Saxon Grammar*.
- SCHMIDT, *Shakesperian Lexicon*.
- SKEAT, *Etymological English Dictionary*.
- WEDGWOOD, *Dictionary of English Etymology, and Contested Etymologies*.
- PALMER, *Folk-Etymology*.
- JAMIESON, *Scottish Dictionary*.
- BOSWORTH, *Anglo-Saxon and English Dictionary*.

### MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

This Club has now become one of the largest and most efficient of the several societies formed by the undergraduates of the College.

The success which promises to attend the meetings during the present year is largely due to the systematic manner in which the proceedings are conducted, as well as to the energetic efforts of the present President, Mr. T. A. Rowan.

At the German meeting held on Monday afternoon last Mr. W. H. Vandersmissen, M.A., occupied the chair. An essay was read by Mr. Rowan on Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea," in which he gave an analysis of the plot and made critical notes on the characters and poem.

Readings were given by Miss Withrow, from Goethe's "Erl-könig"; by Mr. Logie, from "Werther's Leiden"; and by Mr. Gibbard, from one of Heine's poems.

The Glee Club sang "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "Österreiches Nationablied," under the leadership of Mr. J. E. Jones. We were pleased to note the presence of Dr. Wm. Oldright, M.A., of the University Senate, at the meeting.

At the meeting on Monday evening next the works of Shelley will be considered.

### MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

The regular meeting of the above-mentioned Society was held in Lecture Room No. 8, on Tuesday evening, the 27th, the President, Mr. J. M. Clark, B.A., in the chair. After the usual routine business, W. J. Loudon, B.A., read a very interesting paper on



telephones, illustrating by showing many of the earlier forms. T. J. Mulvey, B.A., performed a number of instructive physical experiments on the transmission of the rays of light. He will read a paper at the next meeting on the different theories of light. The President solved some of the problems set by him at the May examination. H. S. Robertson was elected to represent the First Year on the Committee.

The interest manifested in these meetings is very greatly on the increase. When the Society was inaugurated, five years ago, the meetings were held monthly, with a fair attendance. On entering its third year they were changed to every three weeks, and this last year to every two weeks, with most satisfactory results. Arrangements have been made for papers to be read by graduates and undergraduates for each meeting of this term. Arrangements will be made for experiments of interest to every undergraduate in the Mathematical Department.

#### NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

On Tuesday evening last the Natural Science Association met as usual in their room in the School of Practical Science. The programme was opened by Mr. Wood, who brought before the notice of the Society a plan for determining the commoner minerals wholly by their physical properties and without the aid of anything but a knife and porcelain tablet. The method is largely used in the mining schools of Germany, where Mr. Wood has been lately studying, and seems to possess much to recommend it to the attention of students of mineralogy. Mr. MacCallum, B.A., then gave a short account of the investigations of the English scientist, Bateson, on the development and embryology of *Balanoglossus* showing that many points have been elucidated which seem to point to the likelihood of this animal being an ancestral form of the higher vertebrata. After some discussion of the above paper Mr. Shutt read an excellent essay on the Chemistry of Photography, giving an account of the various chemical reactions which take place in the process. There was a very fair attendance, and the prospects for the year are promising.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The first public meeting of the Literary Society for this term was held last night. Dr. Wilson presided. Mr. William Houston, M. A., the newly-elected President of the Society, delivered his inaugural, in which he enlarged on the advantages to be derived by the students from such organizations, but admonished them not to sacrifice their work in college to their work in the society. He quoted from Sir Lyon Playfair and Professor Chrystal to show that competitive examinations, as they were until recently conducted at Toronto University, were detrimental to the interests of true education. He was glad to say that the Senate had lately legislated to have the evil remedied. He considered this, together with the abolition of scholarships and medals, a move in the right direction, and trusted that the Senate would never see fit to retrace its steps. He alluded to the remarks lately made by Principal Grant of Queen's College, to the effect that Toronto University and similar institutions were "paper universities." Mr. Houston trusted that a more liberal system of examinations even than that whose good effects the undergraduates of Toronto University are now beginning to enjoy, would soon put an end forever to the possibility of such remarks being made and would establish in the public mind a higher ideal of education.

The quintette Gibbe's "Soldier chorus," sung by Messrs. C. W. Gordon, Tibb, Haddow, McLeod, and G. Gordon, was rendered so acceptably as to elicit a hearty encore, in response to which "Eulalie," was given. Will Carleton's "Jenny McNeil" was recited in good style by T. A. Rowan. Messrs. McLean, White, Kent, and Morphy received a well merited encore for their fine rendition of Pinsuti's "Good night."

A. F. Chamberlain opened the debate on the subject, Resolved: "That the present union among the Provinces of Canada is not likely to be permanent." He was supported by Mr. W. H. Hodges. The negative was represented by Messrs. James, Ross, and J. G. Hume. The arguments of the affirmative were chiefly confined to those issues with which the public have become so familiar since the late rebellion, viz.—French domination and differences in religion, nationality, and sentiment.

The arguments of the negative were based upon the success of the United States Confederacy, a like happy result being predicted for the Dominion also, that the preponderance of the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic elements of the population of Canada was a sufficient guarantee that French domination would not prevail.

Dr. Wilson briefly summed up and gave his decision in favour of the negative.

#### KNOX COLLEGE.

Public meeting of Literary and Metaphysical Society, November 6th.

Prof. Neff resumed lecturing on Elocution Oct. 27th.

Football is being entered into with enthusiasm. Fraser and Malcolm are welcomed from the Galt F. B. C.

T. M. Hardie, B.A. '84, has left Knox to study medicine at Trinity.

D. McKenzie, B.A., captured the scholarship in Orientals for Entrance on Divinity.

D. McGillivray, M.A., has commenced his Divinity studies after some years' teaching in Brantford.

University students in Knox this year are largely outnumbered by "theologs."

#### Y. M. C. A.

The weekly prayer meeting was held in Moss Hall on Thursday at 5 p.m. Mr. T. H. Rogers was the leader. Subject: 1 John 1:7: "If we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another."

Fellowship means community of interests. If we would have fellowship with Christ and Christians, then we must come out of the darkness of sin into the light of purity and holiness. Union with Christ is essential in order to usefulness in His service. It is quite possible for us to be so far from Christ as to be incapacitated for service even while our personal salvation is not endangered. Christians have fellowship in that they have a common life, a common goal of all striving, and a common inheritance. These form a bond of union among them all. One speaker referred to the advantages derived from conversation on religious subjects. This may easily degenerate into cant, but there is no reason why Christ and His religion should be tabooed in ordinary conversation.

A business meeting of the Association was held on the same day at 4 p.m.

The report of the Building Committee was read. The report was received and the committee discharged. A new committee was appointed with Mr. A. J. McLeod, B.A. as convener.

The arrangements for the week of prayer were referred to the executive committee.

Action was taken regarding the association work at the News Boy's Home and hospital.

The subscription list for the building amounts now to \$5,903. The contract price is about \$5,850. It is necessary that the subscriptions be increased to \$6,500 at least in order to allow for extras. Besides this the furnishing will cost \$1,000. Subscriptions from any who have not subscribed will be gladly received by any members of the association.

#### TORONTO SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

The first meeting of the term of the Literary Society in connection with the school, took place on the evening of Friday last. One of the most interesting parts of the proceedings was the reading of a paper on the "Therapeutics of Mercury," by Mr. J. W. Mustard. Mr. J. M. McCallum, B.A., was elected Recording Secretary for the coming year.

Amongst those entering medicine at the Toronto School this year are the following gentlemen who are either graduates or undergraduates of Toronto University:—W. H. Smith, B.A.; W. A. Smith, B.A.; E. Sicily, B.A.; J. McBride, M.A.; W. C. Barber; I. H. Collins; M. V. Mulcahy. E. C. Esshelby, (Ann Arbor) and D. Sinclair (McGill) are with us also.

Dr. G. A. Peters, House Surgeon, T.G.H., has returned from his holiday trip, and resumed his duties at the Hospital.

#### FOOTBALL.

##### 'Varsity vs. Victoria.—ASSOCIATION.

On Saturday last the 'Varsity Association team played its first important match of the season. The game was the first tie in the Toronto group of the Central Association. The match was played on the Jarvis street grounds, the 'Varsity being represented by the following:—

Goal—J. N. McKendrick.

Backs—Charles Wright and J. S. Jackson.

H. Backs—E. Sliter, Hugh Fraser, and W. Malcolm.

Forwards—J. M. Palmer (Capt.), J. Elliott, R. Chrystal, W. Lamport, and W. P. Mustard.

All through the 'Varsity had decidedly the best of the game, although at the end of the first half the score stood one to *nil*.



against them. This state of things was altered in the second half. The forwards, from a state of dreaminess, awakened to the idea that they were on the field for a purpose, and in a short time had placed two goals to their credit. Palmer, Elliott, and Lamport played a fairly good game, though neither of the former played in their old style. The play of the defence was A1. Hugh Fraser and Malcolm were a host in themselves. With a little strengthening in the forward line, Senkler on the left, and a second centre forward, and this year's team will have nothing to fear.

On Thanksgiving Day the team goes to Berlin.

#### RUGBY.

The following are the names of the players who left for Ottawa last night—W. P. Mustard, C. Marani, H. J. Senkler, G. C. Senkler, D. Ferguson, A. Elliott, W. B. Nesbitt, H. Maclaren, H. B. Bruce, G. Richardson, E. Bayly, F. M. Robertson, H. B. Cronyn, A. G. Smith, J. H. Moss and J. S. Maclean (Capt).

The annual match with McGill will in all probability be played off the 7th of Nov.

#### PERSONALS.

Miss N. Spence, '87, is teaching in Goderich H. S.

Miss J. G. Eastwood, '88, comes from the Whitby C. I., and will take Mental Science and Modern Languages.

Miss H. Charles, of St. Catharines, who took a double scholarship at matriculation in 1880, and who has been teaching since then, has resumed her University course, intending to devote herself to Mental Science and Modern Languages.

Miss E. M. Curzon, '89, a resident of Toronto and matriculant from Weston H. S., will take a course in Natural Sciences preparatory to a course in Medicine.

Miss J. T. Scott, '89, the first lady student to enter University College from the Toronto C. I., will take a course in Moderns.

Miss N. Mott, of Brantford, and Miss M. J. Robertson, of Collingwood, are both taking Modern Languages in the class of '89.

Miss E. Withrow, of Toronto, is attending lectures in Modern Languages.

M. S. Mercer, B.A. '85, is in town, and purposes entering law.

"E. P. Davis, barrister, solicitor, etc.," appears on a shingle on one of the streets of Calgary, Alberta.

H. L. Dunn, J. H. Bowes and Frank McLean were lately elected members of the committee of the Osgoode Literary and Legal Society.

Among the Q.C.'s lately created were several Toronto University men, prominent among whom were W. G. Falconbridge and W. A. Foster.

C. C. McCaul, B.A., is making quite a name for himself as a lawyer in Fort Macleod, Alta., in connection with an important ranche land suit.

W. H. Huston and E. J. McIntyre, late of Pickering, have both taken up their residence in Toronto. The former is English master in the Collegiate Institute; the latter is in the office of McMichael, Hoskin & Ogden.

C. L. Crassweller, B.A. '83, is mathematical master at Oshawa High School.

#### LIST OF BOOKS ADDED TO THE LIBRARY.

(Continued from last issue.)

The Shadow of Dante, by M. F. Rossetti.  
Invasion of the Crimea, by A. W. Kinglake.  
Manual of French Prosody, by A. Gossett.  
La Rochefoucauld, Oeuvres, Tome III., 1 and 2.  
Vico, by R. Flint.  
Philosophy of Theism, by W. G. Ward.  
Fallacies, by A. Sedgwick.  
Outlines of Psychology, by Jas. Sully.  
System of Psychology, by D. G. Thompson.  
Origin of Ideas, by A. Rosmini, vols. 2 and 3.  
Psychology, by do., vol. 1.  
Primer of the English Constitution, by Sheldon Amos.  
Parliamentary Reform, by Walter Bagehot.  
Theory of Morals, by P. Janet.  
Metaphysics of the School, by Thos. Harper; Vol. III., pt. 1.  
Institutes of Law of Nations, by Jas. Lorimer. Vol. II.  
Modern Languages of Africa, by R. N. Cust.  
Dictionary of the English Language, by Jas. Stormonth.  
First Middle English Primer, by H. Sweet.  
Ferishtah's Fancies, by Robert Browning.  
Coventry Patmore's Poetical Works: 3 vols.  
Notes and Essays on Shakespeare, by J. W. Hales.

Chapters in History of English Literature, by Ellen Crofts.  
Early English Literature, by B. Ten Brink.  
Etymological English Dictionary, Supplement, by W. W. Skeat.  
Charles Lamb's Poems, etc., ed. Ainger.  
Dryden's Select Poems, ed. Christie.  
Thos. Gray's Poetical Works, ed. Gosse, 4 vols.  
William Morris' Poetical Works, 12 vols.  
History of English Dramatic Literature, by A. W. Ward.  
Goblin Market, etc., by Christina G. Rossetti.  
Midsummer Holiday, etc., by A. C. Swinburne.  
Becket, by Alfred Tennyson.  
A French Eton, by Matthew Arnold.  
History of Educational Theories, by O. Browning.  
Theory of Equations, by G. W. S. Burnside and A. W. Panton.  
Training of Teachers, by S. S. Lawrie.  
The Empire of the Hittites, by Wm. Wright.  
Runic Monuments, by Geo. Stephens. Pt. IV.  
Adam and the Adamite, by D. M'Causland.  
History of the Jews, by H. H. Milman.  
History of Christianity, by H. H. Milman.

(To be Continued.)

#### THE HIGH SCHOOLS AT MATRICULATION.

The following list shows the stand taken by the various Institutes and High Schools at the last matriculation examination:—

	CLASS I.	CLASS II.
Toronto Collegiate Institute....	20	18
Upper Canada College.....	20	15
Perth .....	10	4
Barrie .....	7	10
Galt.....	6	0
St. Catharines.....	4	5
Bowmanville .....	4	4
St. Thomas.....	4	4
Brantford.....	3	6
London.....	3	6
Strathroy .....	3	6
St. Mary's.....	2	12
Stratford .....	2	4
Woodstock .....	2	4
Collingwood .....	2	3
Uxbridge .....	2	2
Pickering .....	1	4
Newmarket.....	1	3
Clinton .....	1	2
Newmarket .....	1	1
Peterborough .....	1	0
Pictou.....	1	0

Whitby obtained 5 second-class honours; Berlin, Orangeville, and Port Hope 3 each; Bishop Strachan School, Brampton, Guelph, Oshawa, Ottawa, Richmond Hill, Weston, and Welland 2 each; Aylmer, Brighton, Harriston, Hamilton, Orillia, Port Rowan, Ridgeway, and Simcoe 1 each.

#### Editor's Table.

One of the editors of VARSITY—with a turn of mind for economy and the classics—discovered lately at Sutherland's in this city a second-hand Sophocles, which he found inscribed "E. Arnold, University College, Oxford, May 20, 1848;" all the tragedies are annotated by the same hand, which is undoubtedly Edwin Arnold's. He took his degree and the Newdigate prize for English verse in 1852.

The passage here given is the shortest of several pieces of Latin verse and prose found in the volume, written on loose sheets of paper in what Dr. Goldwin Smith at once recognized as Professor Conington's hand-writing. In the original, which is somewhat difficult in places to decipher, the verses have no heading. They seem to be the translation of a passage in the seventh book of "Paradise Lost," beginning:—

"Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores  
Their brood as numerous hatch," etc.

Interea loca p'ena vadis tepidaeque paludes  
Li'oraque evolunt foetus in luminis oras:



Ovaeque matura tandem cedentia rima  
 Discludunt prolem, quae mox nascentibus alis  
 Pubescens numerat pennas, strepituque per auras  
 Vecta, nigra despectat humum sub nube supinam,  
 Hic aquila, hic tutum fugitiva ciconia nidum  
 In scopulis ponit celsaeque cacumine cedri;  
 Pars peragrat sine lege locum: pars agmine faeto  
 Compositum glomerat cuneum sapientior, anni  
 Servans rite vices: pompaeque initata volando  
 Aeriae simulacra ciet sup' r aequora ponti  
 Subjectosque super campos, alasque vicissim  
 In numerum exercet; sic grus praesaga futuri  
 Annua remigibus delapsat flamina pennis,  
 Pluma reluctantes dum plurima ventilat auras.

## Current Thought.

THE true test of the worth of a university or college, as of a school, is, not the number of distinguished graduates it can count (although this may always be a matter of innocent pride) but the quality and kind of influence it is exerting upon the rank and file of its students, especially upon the great body of them who are not endowed with superior natural gifts. It is the constant daily work of the laboratory and class-room that gives value to a student's college life, not the forty-five or fifty hours which he spends at terminal examinations. The University of Toronto and University College have always maintained an excellent place in respect of the rigor and scholarliness of their examinations. But examinations are fast losing their importance as factors in university work;

we doubt, indeed, if their days be not already numbered! Our provincial institutions must look to it, therefore, if they wish their pre-eminence to remain unchallenged, that their teaching and educating functions be, henceforth, vigorously performed.—*Education Weekly*.

WHAT shall be said of the "education" of the men of wealth and leisure, who find their highest pleasure in the most criminal and ruthless forms of vice? These men have passed through the public schools, perchance through universities; some are said to be doctors of medicine; others to be eminent at the bar or on the bench; and some even to wear the livery of the Church. In what shape can life have been presented to such men? What sense can they ever have gained of the organic unity of society? What respect can they ever have been taught for the temple of their bodies, or for the cardinal institutes of nature and of society? What regard for others can ever have been inculcated upon them when they think that money can atone for the utter degradation of a fellow-creature? Surely it is time to cry aloud and spare not, when men can pass for "educated" to whom the very elements of a true science of life are unknown, and who, with all their literary, professional, and social acquirements, are willing to descend in their daily practice to the lowest depths of infamy. Think of the two things—"education" and brutal, merciless vice—going hand in hand! Alas! it is not education; it is that wretched, sophistical veneering of accomplishments which usurps the name of education. It may embrace—in the case of medical men must embrace—a certain amount of scientific instruction; but what it lacks is the true scientific grasp of life as a whole. We are no fanatical believers in the saving efficacy of a little smattering, or even of much special knowledge, of physics and chemistry; but we are firm believers in the moralizing effects of a true philosophy of life, supported and illustrated by constant reference to verifiable facts. All sciences are but parts of one great science, and the highest function of universal science is to teach us how to live.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

## Professional Cards.

**BLAKE, LASH, CASSELS & HOLMAN**, Barristers, &c., Dominion Chambers, over Dominion Bank, cor. King and Yonge Streets, Toronto.

Edward Blake, Q.C., S. H. Blake, Q.C.  
 Z. A. Lash, Q.C., Walter Cassels, Q.C.,  
 C. J. Holman, H. Cassels,  
 R. S. Cassels, Alex. Mackenzie,  
 H. W. Mickel.

**KINGSFORD & WICKHAM**, Barristers, Solicitors, &c. Office—Freehold Buildings, cor. Church and Court Streets, Toronto. Entrance on Court street.

R. E. Kingsford, H. J. Wickham.

**MOSS, FALCONBRIDGE & BARWICK**, Barristers, &c. **MOSS, HOYLES & AYLESWORTH**, Barristers, &c. North of Scotland Chambers, 18 and 20 King Street west, Toronto.

Charles Moss, Q.C., W. G. Falconbridge,  
 N. W. Hoyles, Walter Barwick,  
 A. B. Aylesworth, W. J. Franks,  
 Douglas Armour.

**MOWAT, MACLENNAN, DOWNEY & BIGGAR**, Barristers, Solicitors, &c., York Chambers Toronto Street, Toronto.

Oliver Mowat, Q.C., James Maclellan, Q.C.,  
 John Downey, C. R. W. Biggar,  
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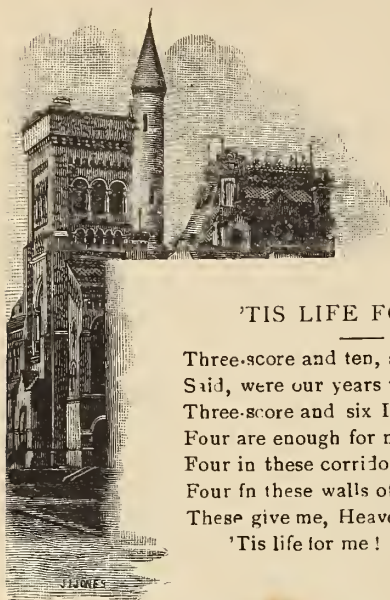
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# 25 VARSITY

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY THOUGHT AND EVENTS.

Vol. VI.

University of Toronto, Nov. 7, 1885.

No. 3.

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## THE VARSITY.

THE VARSITY is published in the University of Toronto every Saturday during the Academic Year, October to May inclusive.

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## Topics of the Hour.

THE acoustic properties of Convocation Hall are so defective that it is only by giving the utmost care to enunciation that speakers and readers on the platform can hope to be heard by the more distant portion of the audience. We take the liberty of calling attention to this fact since nothing is more annoying to listeners than the inability to hear distinctly even with a great effort the several parts of an entertaining literary programme.

WE are pleased to notice that the medical students of Trinity School have been fully exonerated from the charge of having perpetrated the ghastly joke on All Hallows Eve. From the first we were skeptical as to their connection with the affair, and are glad

to see that the ventilation of the matter in the Police Court has placed the blame upon the right shoulders. Medical students have had to take—rightly or wrongly—the blame for many questionable escapades in the past, but we were not prepared to credit them with the commission of such an outrage upon decency as this.

WE shall regard it as a favor if our contributors and correspondents will allow their full names to be affixed to their articles. This will much improve the character and tone of the paper and will add a flavor and an interest to its columns which can be gained by no other means. Impersonal and anonymous journalism in the higher lines is falling into disuse among the best English, French and American reviews and magazines. Rightly enough, too, we think, for if a person has anything to say worth saying, there seems to be no good reason why he should decline to be known as having said it.

THE recent visit of Archdeacon Farrar has borne good fruit. His lecture on Browning has awakened an interest in the works of the author of "The Ring and the Book," which their reputed obscurity has hitherto prevented. Dr. Wilson has consented to give a series of readings from Browning's works. These will be given in Convocation Hall on the afternoons of the 7th, 14th, and 21st of this month. The proceeds will be devoted to the Newsboys' Home. We would suggest with all deference that the admission price be lowered to 25c., as previous experience proves the futility of endeavoring to fill Convocation Hall with a high admission price. If Browning is to be popularized, popular prices should prevail.

THREE years since a memorial was addressed to the Senate of Toronto University praying for the abolition of scholarships and medals in that institution. It was signed by upwards of two-thirds of the students in attendance, including nearly all of the scholars and prizemen. The ground taken in the memorial was that it is exceedingly injurious to the true interests of higher education to attach material and mercenary motives to the pursuit of learning. The prayer of the students was in a large measure granted and the better order of things has now begun. But the Vice-Chancellor of the University, the President of University College, and Mr. King, a member of the Senate, are making efforts to retain and extend what is left of this pernicious system. We hope there will be a strong cry raised against this movement by all the true and thoughtful friends of our University. Let the students again take the matter in hand, and present a second strong memorial to the Senate and this will do much to avert the evil.

IT is gratifying to observe that Toronto University men are holding their own in the general intellectual activity and progress

which has characterized the city of Ottawa of late years. One of the strongest and most vigorous county associations of Toronto graduates meets in that city. But an organization of a more active and important character has just been formed there. It is a Mathematical Society, of which the President is Mr. J. McDougall, '59, now Auditor-General of Canada, and the secretary Mr. W. F. King, '75, now Inspector of Surveys. Among the membership we notice Messrs. Wm. Scott, F. Hayter, A. K. Blackadar, J. C. Glasahan, and the Baldersons, Sr. and Jr. The Society meets every fortnight in the rooms of Captain DeVille, Surveyor-General. It is to be hoped that the example of Ottawa will be followed by our graduates in other cities. There is no special virtue in graduate societies, but what is wanted is that an initiative impulse should be given by university men to all kinds of intellectual movements in our cities, towns and villages.

To shew that we are not unreasonable in our demand that something should be done to afford the undergraduates of our University intellectual nutriment outside of their regular lectures, we can quote, amongst numerous others, the example of Cornell. A recent news-note in an exchange states that the authorities of that institution have engaged five distinguished non-resident engineers to lecture before the students during the coming year. The names of these gentlemen are: Dr. E. P. Leavitt, Jr., Dr. R. W. Raymond—both Past Presidents of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers; Charles T. Porter, the pioneer in the introduction of the modern "high-speed" steam engine; Charles E. Emery, a naval engineer, and well known and connected with the great steam-heating system of New York City; and Mr. J. C. Hoadley, of Boston, an expert in steam engineering. This entire course of lectures is altogether supplementary to the regular work of the University, and the benefit to the students who will listen to them is simply incalculable. This is not the only department in which Cornell shows an example eminently worthy of being followed by Toronto.

While we cannot too highly praise the attempt of the Modern Language Club to make its meetings more useful to its members, there is one matter, in connection with the essays, of great importance. If the club would fulfil its highest aims, it must seek to go beyond giving information for the purposes of examination on the work laid down in the curriculum. The highest aim of such a Society is to foster the love of literature for its own sake. There is a danger in the preparation of papers that, owing perhaps to lack of time, the essayist may resort to reviews or essays of acknowledged critics. There is also another reason. A student, naturally enough, does not care to give his own opinion upon a work of art *ex cathedra*. The desire to offer a correct judgment is too strong to be resisted if his paper is subject to criticism. But this is the very mistake the danger of which we desire to emphasize. Better, far better, that he should make a hundred mistakes, and learn by experience to form for himself the best opinion, than remain in leading-strings all his days, and never learn the use of his own faculties. Taste in literature is like the common faculty of taste. The judgment, like the palate, only attains to fine discrimination by the exercise of its special function. Let us, then, have original essays, and thus give growing room to the mind in the only way in which it can ever become strong.

EVERY lover of decency and order will regret the unseemly conduct of certain individuals at the public meeting of the Literary Society, in Convocation Hall, on Friday evening a week since. Few persons object to a moderate degree of jocularity before the entertainment begins or between the parts, but interruptions of the chairman or the speakers cannot be tolerated. It is a shame that four or five ill-mannered fellows should be allowed to terrorize it over the Society in such a fashion. They come to the meetings with no good intention. They have

never done anything for the Society in its ordinary meetings. Why, then, should they be permitted to insult the chairman and the audience by such outrageous and boorish misconduct? The members of the Society invite their citizen friends to a literary entertainment, and they find it more like a bear garden. It is becoming a poor compliment to any distinguished gentleman to ask him to preside at these meetings. The College Council, we hear, has threatened to deny the use of the hall to the Society if a reform is not soon made, and no one could blame them if they did so. It is time for the Society to take the matter vigorously in hand. We have the names of the principal offenders, and it may be necessary in the interests of public order to publish them in case of a repetition of the offence. Two of these individuals gained a bad eminence in a similar way last year, and they should be most summarily dealt with if they persist in their attempts to turn these meetings into a carnival of folly. It is alleged that another of the offenders affects literature and culture and such things, but we are sorry for the cause which has such disciples.

## Leading Articles.

### MATRICULATION SCHOLARSHIPS.

LAST week we stated some unanswerable objections to the attempt that is being made to convert state funds, now in trust for the purposes of higher education, into bonuses to induce students to enter Toronto University. The subject is one which merits further discussion.

Is it not enough for young Canadians that the state provides free education for them, but must they also, forsooth, be hired or bribed with public funds to avail themselves of it? No better plan could be instituted to pauperize the intellect and destroy the self-respect of the youth of this country. It is, moreover, an uncalled-for and therefore an unjustifiable expenditure of public money.

Among the other evils of a system of matriculation scholarships, is the unhealthy and insane rivalry which it creates between high schools. This has led, in a measure, to the demoralization of both teachers and scholars in these institutions. No subject is approached in the proper scientific attitude of the searcher for truth. Little attempt is made to induce students to solve a problem or absorb a poem simply for the sake of mental cultivation and pure intellectual delight. Alas, it is not truth nor cultivation nor intellectual pleasure that is sought after; the petty and mercenary motive of scholarships determines the methods and matter of study. So far has this evil gone that certain high school masters have acquired a doubtful kind of reputation for "running" students for scholarships. Shades of Socrates! and this is called education!

There is another side to the question. We stated last week that the money which it is proposed to devote to the formation of a scholarship fund is urgently needed elsewhere. Here is one fact for the Vice-Chancellor and the members of the Senate to ponder over. The subjects of French and English are entirely in charge of two lecturers, each of whom receives only the paltry allowance of \$1,000 for his services. The professorships, however, command upwards of three thousand dollars. The duties in the latter case are neither more important nor more ably discharged than in the former. There must, then, be something seriously wrong here. It is not that the professors receive too much, but that the lecturers receive too little. There is no escape from the conclusion that if the latter gentlemen perform the duties of their position (and no one doubts that they do), then their recompense is altogether inadequate.

It has been said hitherto that there were no funds to apply to the increase of these salaries. This excuse will avail no longer. Common sense and common justice require that the money which it is



proposed to expend on scholarships be at once applied to increase the efficiency of these underpaid positions.

### A SERIOUS QUESTION.

THERE is a strong element of reason at the bottom of the great popular cry against our public system of education. The people say that the system is impractical, and it is unfortunately true that in a large measure they are correct. The facts will not be altered by ignoring them and by stigmatizing as Philistines those who call attention clamorously to them. Hard words are not arguments.

Here is the great fact. The whole tendency of our system of education is to turn young men from mechanical, mercantile, or agricultural pursuits, into the learned professions.

We say that we have a university system of purely liberal education. But it is not liberal enough. Liberality leaves no bias, but all our university graduates are biassed against one line of life and in favor of another.

It is argued that a university is not a professional school. It will not take a man and fit him for law, for divinity, or for medicine. But the fact remains that almost all university men subsequently enter these occupations. So that as it is, the university is simply a primary professional school.

It is beside the question to say that a man will be all the better artisan, merchant, or farmer for having had a university education. In one hundred cases to one his university education has made him averse to these callings, and he will never enter them.

The public consciousness recognizes strongly enough the defect, but the remedy it proposes is entirely insufficient. The public cry out for "practical education," meaning thereby technical cultivation. They desire a system that will fit a young man for the occupation he shall follow in life. But this supposes the state knows or can know the future pursuits of its members. A preposterous notion! If the state is going to dictate the particular path of life each is to follow, then it can give him the education advisable in the case. But with all our socialistic tendencies we could never submit to such dictation. We will not sacrifice the individual to the state to this degree. We cannot afford to lose the special abilities and aptitudes of individuals. We want no state Procrustean bed for young Canadians.

The advocates of liberal education have, in the main, the right ideal in view. The trouble of it is that the means which they adopt to realize it, introduce a new element, namely, aversion or disinclination to manual pursuits. The problem is how to keep this objectionable factor out of the result. What scheme of education can be devised which will cultivate and develop the mind without prejudicing it?

The cause of the whole difficulty is that education, self-culture or development, is too often regarded not as being in itself a great and final good, but only as a means to some other supposed higher good, as rank in class lists, or scholarships, or medals, and later in life as a means of acquiring wealth or distinction or position. It is very much to be regretted that this fatal heresy prevails no less widely in university circles than in the larger world outside.

What is wanted in the first place is a higher ideal of the object of education. It is to develop character, to cultivate taste, to improve the judgment. In short, it is to make men all that they are capable of becoming, morally, mentally and physically.

Then as to the means. Young Canadians should be led to understand that a truly liberal education does not inhere specially or solely in the subjects taught in universities. A high state of culture may be reached in an infinite variety of ways, even altogether outside of colleges. Culture is an active, positive desire, rather than a negative or passive condition—a desire for the highest and best things and a constant choosing of them in preference to the lower.

And those who attend colleges should be taught that honor and dignity and success do not belong in any especial degree to the so-

called learned professions. There is nothing mean in the humblest occupation; every man's work is what he himself makes it. A good shoemaker is a greater credit to himself than a mediocre lawyer—and a far more necessary factor in an ideal community. But a bad man can never become an ideally good workman in any department of life. Character makes the work as well as the man, whether it be in trade or agriculture, or the professions or in art.

If such ideas as these were granted due prominence in our high schools and colleges, a strong check would be given to the present unhealthy tendency of these institutions.

### THE DISCOVERY OF THE PLAGUE MICROBE IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

Arising in the far East in China, this virulent epidemic spread westward. In the 14th century, the plague, then known as the *Black Death*, desolated Europe; 25,000,000 of people are said to have perished in Europe alone. Boccaccio utilized this visitation as the background or setting for his *Decameron*. Thereafter the plague permanently infested the Levant and periodically swept over Western Europe. This awful scourge naturally received much attention at the hands of contemporary physicians.

Among the MSS. preserved in the Library of the Medical Society of London was found the diary of the Rev. John Ward, A. M., vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon. The period included in the diary, (1648 to 1679) embraced the time of the great plague in London described by Sydenham, Pepys and Defoe. In the published extracts from the diary of Ward, who appears to have practised as a physician, there are several references to the plague. One of these has a peculiar interest, as it probably announces the discovery, by the aid of the microscope, of the Plague Microbe.

He notes:—

"Kircher was in Rome in the time of the great plague that was there, and letting severall blood, after the blood had settled a little, by the help of a microscope, he perceived *divers little small animals* in itt, intimating that putrefaction cannot long bee without the generation of a new matter."

The Kircher mentioned in the extract seems to have been the learned Jesuit, Athanasius Kircher (1602-1680) whose extensive knowledge in a variety of subjects rendered him justly famous.

Other observations are recorded, which, if they had been followed up, might have led to an earlier recognition of the "Germ Theory of Diseases." Thus Ward says in another place:—

"Wounds of the bodie are more difficultly cured when the air is corrupt, as appeared at Wallingford, in the time of the late warre (*i. e.* between the Parliament and Charles I.), where, because the air was infected, almost all wounds were mortall."

W. H. HUNTER.

## Literature.

### VERSES.

When the sun with lingering kisses  
Bids the tired world good-night,  
When, within her fleecy cradle,  
Rides the infant moon in sight,

Nature weeps with fond regretting,  
Dew drops on her bosom rest,  
Tributes of a love that steadfast  
Follows to the blushing West.

But these tears of love, when Phœbus  
Comes with smiles and glances bright,  
Rise in clouds of perfumed incense,  
Offered to the God of Light.

FREDERIC B. HODGINS.

## MADONNA.

"A child crying in my dominions!" said the Lady of All Delights, as she passed down the windy street and heard a feeble wailing noise. It was not loud; not one of the gay or busy passers-by even seemed to fancy there could be such noises in their world. But the lady's ears were quick to hear a sound like that. It came to her through all the tumult of the many feet and countless wheels. "That is not as it should be" she half thought, half spoke aloud. Pausing in her walk, she looked about her; there were houses, new and old, little shops and comfortable homes, standing close to one another on both sides of the way. Only one did not seem to have a human tenant. "It must come from that old house yonder, so grey and weather-beaten," she said softly to herself. She crossed the narrow roadway, stooped in at the low entrance, and, ever following the sound, up rickety stairs and along foul passages, came at last to a battered door, shaking on one broken hinge. She pushed it aside.

It was a gloomy attic she stood in, narrow but not low. Day, entered by a single opening—a small unglazed window high up from the floor. The room was full of deep brown shadows, in all parts but one. There, in the further corner, the cold white light of the north fell in a long pale ray upon something white. Something white and awfully still. It is an upturned face. The eyes were wide open, but they saw nothing, though they gazed so steadily, and the cheeks were so wasted and hollow you would never believe they had once been rosy-round.

"One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead."

By her side lay a young babe that the thin arms had at last been too weak to lift to her breast or even half enfold. And there it lay by its mother, wailing, wailing in the cold. The face of the Gentle Lady turned white; as white almost as that of the other woman lying before her—as the paleness of white June roses is to that of drifted snow—her eyes were brighter than their wont, for they were wet with swift, unshed tears; and the soft lips parted slightly, though no word came through, only little, trembling moans. All at once she bent over her dead sister, caught up the crying child and laid it in her warm bosom. Then, with her tender arms folded close around the babe and her face bent down to its face, she hurried from the room. She was soon out again in the bleak autumn day and the turmoil of the thronging street. The bitter wind cut her hands and face, and sometimes the people pushed rudely past her in their haste, but she felt it not, for the child had ceased its wail from the time it first felt her gentle touch, and, soothed by her low, sweet words, it soon fell fast asleep.

BOHEMIEN.

## CIBOLOGY.

"Voracious learning, often overfed,

Digests not into sense her motley meal."

CAST aside the well-worn books, ye seekers after knowledge! waste no more the midnight oil! let not cankering meditation stamp thought's deep lines on a brow radiant with youthful bloom! For industry now doth mean a ravening appetite; study—a never-ending feast; wisdom—a good digestion.

By the labors of the comparative cibologist the long-sought royal road to learning has been found. This latest of the sciences is founded on careful investigation of the esculent predilections of individuals and races, and on the exhaustive study of the nervous activities set on by various foods. Thus reasons the cibologist:—"My knowledge is a constituent part or element of the being whom I call myself; my knowledge is therefore an emanation of my nutriment. Clearly, since my nutriment furnishes all the constituents of my physical being. Now, as nutriment and knowledge are related as antecedent to consequent, modify or change the nutriment and of necessity you alter the knowledge.

The student, then, who wishes to become profoundly learned in some branch of knowledge, examines the synopsis of foods and their respective emanations compiled by the cibologist. With untiring industry he devours the prescribed diet in filling quantity. Rigidly does he flee the allurements of all neutralizers and opposites, and even as he digests he becomes learned in his chosen subject.

Vague glimmerings of this important doctrine are discernible in every age. Thus, the special virtues of many vegetables have been enshrined in the names of some of Rome's noblest lines, the "Fabii," for example. Poets of every clime have sung the inspiration of the meagre pulse. To the mathematical properties of the oat the canny Scot is living witness. Sauer-kraut and limburger are inseparably associated with the German name. In our own day, the succulent bean, albeit hateful to Pythagoras, has given rise to the far-famed Boston culture.

What beautiful simplicity this great discovery has introduced into our ancient university of Teioiagon!

The sachems and sages of the tribe styled "graduates" established for the aspirant to their dignity a period of probation or novitiate. The neophyte spent four years in assimilating the "pabulum" attached to one of the sections, into which the sum of human knowledge is divided. At the end of this period he became like to a sage in wisdom. The queasy-stomached and those who from early habit were unable to digest particular foods as they were then usually served, were permitted to attend certain allied institutions, in which such obnoxious food was specially prepared and flavored by sympathetic tasters. It was the peculiar province of the tasters to prevent the neophyte from eating anything that might excite indigestion or nausea, and thus rendering him discontented with his surroundings. To others of nice stomachs, who required to be spoon-fed, certain "options" were open; by these nutriment was introduced into their enfeebled systems in homeopathic doses. Some foods, doubtless considered too stimulating for the neophyte, were prohibited altogether by the sachems.

As it was held to be injurious to the neophyte to gorge at once the diet assigned, he was required, before being admitted to his new rank, to produce a "certificate" that he had consumed it in a legitimate manner as allotted by the tasters. But recently, as I have learned, the sachems have made an exceeding wise "regulation." It was found that neophytes of more than ordinary *capacity*, not content with the fare regularly placed before them by the tasters, had recourse to the larder. This was so obviously unfair to those of poorer digestive powers, that a penalty has been imposed on those who, in order to supplement the in many instances meagre allowance of the tasters, use the larder.

M. F. U.

## SHAFTESBURY.

Foremost in every noble deed that brings

The laurel wreath of Fame's undying praise

To mortals; seeking only purest ways

Of spurning forth the earthy dross that clings

Like cerements to mankind e'en at his best;

Thee, woman freed from her inhuman load,

Thee, children rescued from long toil's harsh goad,

Salute with joy for God's great boon of rest.

Thy glory shines thro' Britain's wide domains;

Yea, foreign lands have owned thy godlike power;

E'en heathen tribes pour blessings on thy name.

Servant of Christ, well done! In that great hour

When toilers shall be free from tyrant chains,

The ransomed shall thee greet with loud acclaim.

Ottawa, Nov. 3, 1885.

S. WOODS.



## MUSIC AND MORALS.

NOV. 2ND, 1885.

But a night ago I had the pleasure of listening to a lucid exposition by Mr. Haweis of the relation between "music and morals." The relation was satisfactorily proved and illustrated, but the lecturer stopped at the very point where I wish to begin. He made no allusion whatever to the practical outcome of the truth he had made clear. He did good work in proving that music *must*, through the emotions, have an influence on morals; but there he stopped. At a time when the diseased moral condition of large masses of our society is sternly occupying thoughtful minds, it seems strange that the lecturer did not propose the application of the remedy he hints at. If there be really a moral power in music, if in it we have embodied a mysterious mechanism of morality, then why not proceed at once to utilize such an agency for good?

Music has, indeed, wondrous powers. In the "Marseillaise" it drives men into heroism. I have seen it in a grand cathedral teach religion and high truth to thousands; while yet, as a siren's song, it can drag us to ruin. Here, I am convinced, we have one of the world's untamed forces. We have tamed fire, so that now it serves us and only occasionally breaks out in devastation. The same with electricity, and the same it may and must be with music. It must be tamed and made to serve us, this power that can irresistibly compel to virtue. It is not infringing upon the sanctity of art to insist that it work in obedience to the moral law. On the contrary, in its alliance with the moral law, art finds its apotheosis, the end and aim of its being. This is not puritanism with its narrow, theological ideas, but the genuine spirit of progress, with its whole-souled striving after harmony with what is supremely true and good.

Thus, it has been foolishly argued that deliberately to strive after morality in music would be to ruin music. But the simple answer to this is that the purest emotions spring from the purest thoughts, and the purest music is the expression of the purest emotion. Consequently, highest music comes from highest thinking. Thought is, indeed, like a lark; as it mounts it must perforce bear its music with it. The higher it mounts, the purer and sweeter the music, until, when the thought vanishes into heaven, down thrills the purest ecstasy of song alone.

Let no man ever say that music can not be cultivated with resolutely high aim. Let those rather with the gift of noble thinking realize their great duty. Let them strive to strengthen their weaker brethren with the thrill and music of their holiest thoughts. Then we shall realize something of that brotherhood good men have dreamed of, when we all shall move in one continuous march together, when the forward longing of the strongest shall give eagle wings to the weakest—better even than Jean Paul's dream; for then the spirit that shines only shall not need to pant after the spirit that lightens continually, but both shall wing the grandest flight with ease together.

What is urgently wanted to-day is to cleanse the foul places of the earth, to sweep them clean with music and let in some living, soul-creating light. We must have round and about us an atmosphere in which best thoughts alone can live and mean thoughts die asphyxiated. This achieved, we'll see our way clearer to the causes of much unfairness in our social arrangements. When liberal inspired hearts have made it possible for the poorest and filthiest outcast to bathe in cleansing music, then you'll see again the miracle of the leprous-healing. Our whole diseased society would come forth, as it were, with the pure, smooth skin of an infant. Oh, brothers, is there no prophecy in this vision?

R. BALMER.\*

\*We regret that the compositor made a serious mistake in Mr. Balmer's article last week. The disfigured sentence should have read, "Lives whose sun was extinguished before the dawn."

A cold, raw, disagreeable day at Ottawa station. The snow in fitful eddies had been falling since early morning, and melting as it fell, had reduced everything on the unpaved station grounds to one uniform mass of soft adhesive mud. The waiting room is crowded with a motley group of cabmen, trainmen, newsboys, women, children, boys and girls, and here and there a few of the solid men of the capital deep in earnest conversation. A confused sound of French and English strikes upon the ear, and it is evident from the appearance of excitement upon the faces of all that something more than usual is on the tapis. Suddenly, a shrill whistle is heard, and in the dim distance, reflected in the glimmering light of departing day on the troubled waters of the Ottawa, a great red light comes forging ahead, and then around the curve, and over the triangle, and up to the depot sweeps the first train for Winnipeg.

Scarce had the motion ceased when an eager rush was made and all were bent upon examining the accommodation provided for the travellers to the far west. Immigrant sleeper, smoking car, dining car, luxurious day car, and a sleeper second to none on the continent meet the anxious gaze of the throng, but before the mind had time to take in details, the cheery "all aboard" is heard, and away westward rushed, as though pursued by the demon of unrest, the pioneer train on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

We Canadians are not a demonstrative people. I hardly dare to say that we are even proud of our own achievements. Yet this day ought to be a red letter day for every true son of Canada. I care not whether, with an eye far-reaching, and a confidence equal to that of a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and a determination to overcome difficulties such as rarely meet mankind in his onward march, you have waited almost hoping against hope to see this day; or whether, ghoul-like and dissatisfied, you have rejoiced at every hindrance which threatened to endanger our national road, to both alike this train sweeping out from Ottawa station is an era, an epoch in the life of this young and vigorous Nation. I write it, you see, with a capital N, for a people who have done what we have done within the last twenty-five years ought to be proud of our advancement, and dare to vindicate for ourselves a place beside the other nations with or without a capital.

Thirty years ago, a boy, I was attending school in London, and was one in the crowd which welcomed with a shout, as if from ten thousand throats, the first train that came over the old Great Western from Hamilton to London. A few years afterwards, I read the glowing accounts of the celebration in Montreal over the opening of the Grand Trunk from Montreal to Toronto; and now when a passenger can sit down in a palace of luxury at Montreal, and ride to the very foot of the Selkirks without change, we treat it as a matter of every day occurrence, and pass it by with a mere newspaper paragraph.

And still, as I said, this train marks an era. We are no longer a mass of units. We are a confederation, not in name only, but in very truth. And that train as it rushes onward to-night on its western course carries to each station as it goes the welcome news of greeting from the East to the West; and over the rocks and rugged hills, the lakes and streams of our vast Laurentian and Huronian systems we stretch a warm hand to our younger sisters in the far west.

But it does more than this. It says with a voice of unmistakable distinctness that we must take our place beside the most progressive nations of the world. Our country is still young, and yet no other land can show equal progress, not even our energetic neighbors to the south of us. In less than one-third of a century we have developed a canal system unequalled in the world, and a net work of railways such as can be seen nowhere else. The barren wilderness has been pierced; the mighty St. Lawrence and the Ottawa bridged; and with sublime confidence in the future, roads have been built where no hope of local traffic can ever justify the expendi-

ture of a single cent, and all this has been done not grudgingly, not meanly, but with a lavish hand and a liberal heart that counts only the end, and thus vindicates the means.

Away westward, then, with that rushing train let us carry our thoughts, past Mattawa springing into life, past Nipissing lying in more than regal grandeur, past the clear cold waters of Superior, past the Winnipeg's ceaseless murmurs, and then down upon the Red River, and the prairie city, and away over vast meadows until the rock-ribbed hills towering to the clouds meet our gaze; and there resting watch the hurrying trains of a few years hence as they sweep along eastward carrying the produce of China and Japan, and the golden grain of our fruitful west to new markets, and to the millions of the old land who need its life-giving power.

And while fancy thus plays with us, while for a brief time we forget our petty feuds, let us give a meed of praise to those bold and aggressive Canadians who have laid firm and strong their lines upon the face of our young country, and who have planned and toiled and endured to bring to a successful completion what the most sanguine of us never expected to see in his day, at least. All honour to the company which has achieved such a noble work, and thrice honored the people of Canada who so ably supported them.

S. WOODS.

OTTAWA, Nov. 3rd, 1885.

#### A PUBLIC ANNOTATOR.

Reference to the advertising columns of this paper will disclose a card from a Mr. Hacwork, whose line of business warrants me in heading this article in the way I have done. Having but a very slight acquaintance with Mr. Hacwork—having been merely introduced to him a month or two ago—I cannot speak positively or authoritatively regarding his ability in the special line of work which he has made peculiarly his own. But from the specimen of his work which he enclosed in a letter to me a short time ago, and which he begged me to publish in THE VARSITY, I am free to confess that he has peculiar qualifications for his chosen life work.

In his note to me Mr. Hacwork said: "I noticed in last week's VARSITY a proposed curriculum for English, and knowing that in the event of its adoption—which, from the ability and pertinacity of its author, I have every reason to believe will speedily follow, I have taken advantage of a very slight acquaintance to forward for your perusal, with a view to subsequent publication in THE VARSITY, an annotated edition of a little gem of Celtic poetry which I came across not long ago. I send you this because I notice in the proposed curriculum many new works which will have to be annotated, and others which, though they have been edited by learned men, are not annotated in the highest style of the art, or in such a manner as I flatter myself I am capable of doing."

To give the readers of THE VARSITY an opportunity of judging of Mr. Hacwork's abilities as a commentator I will append his annotation of the "Celtic gem" referred to.

#### BASEBALL: A CELTIC ODE.

EDITED, WITH CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES AND COMMENTS—TOGETHER WITH A COPIOUS GLOSSARY—  
BY B. MACAULAY HACWORK.

#### CANTO I.

Me (1) name it (2) is O'Hoolihan, (3)  
I'm a man of considerable influence,  
I mind my business, stay at home, (4)  
Me wants be few and small.  
But wan (5) day the byes (6) came all around,  
All full of whiskey, gin, and rum, (7)  
And they tuk (8) me out in the bilin' sun, (9)  
Fur (10) to play a game of baseball "

#### NOTES TO CANTO I.

1. *Me*—Ethical dative form for *my*; occurs all through the canto.
2. *It*—Redundant use of the subject; common in Celtic poets of this era; exigencies of rhythm demand its use.
3. *O'Hoolihan*—Most probably a Celtic rendering of the French

name *Hugh Le Han*; supposed to be a descendant of one of the Huguenot refugees who fled to Ireland.

4. *Stay at home*—No doubt these excellent habits were cultivated out of deference to the wishes of Mrs. O'Hoolihan.

5. *Wan*—Celtic phonetic form for *one*; this word *wan* is a favorite one with poets of the Swinburnic school. Compare:

"And so when days are *wan*, and hearts are cold."

(*Introductory poem*, VARSITY BOOK.)

"Sweet face, wild-eyed and *wan*,"

(*Beauté de Diable*), etc.

6. *Byes*—Phonetic form for *boys*; does not refer to male children especially; a term of endearment; sometimes written *boyees*, or *bhoys* (High Ger.)

7-9. These two lines make it difficult to locate the scene of the game. If "whiskey, gin and rum" were used it would be reasonable to suppose that the players were hardy men of the north. But the words "bilin' sun" overturn this theory. Reference is made to this subject again.

8. *tuk*—for *took*; common Celtic form; the English *o* and *oo* are usually *u* in Celtic.

10. *Fur*—for *for*; see note 8. Not to be mistaken for *fur*—the outer covering of animals.

11. *Baseball*—The name given to a game of American origin. The name is now becoming inappropriate. The names for the games of Baseball and Football should be interchanged. For there is no game in which there is so much "kicking" as in baseball; and no game in which there is less kicking than football (Rugby.) The game of baseball was originally played with nine players on a side. But now there is no occasion for there being more than two—the pitcher and the umpire. *Vide* the reports of the recent match between Varsity and St. Mike's.

#### CANTO II.

They made me carry all the bats, (1)  
And they nearly drove me crazy,  
They put me out in the centre field, (2)  
But I paralyzed (3) them all.  
Fur I put out my fist (4) to stop a fly (5)  
When the murdering thing hit me square in the eye,  
And they hung me out on the line (6) to dhry (7)  
The day that I played baseball.

#### NOTES TO CANTO II.

1. *bats*—paraphernalia of the game; not the nocturnal animals that inhabit old barns, etc.
2. *centre-field*—does not refer to location of fields of and; is a technical term of the game.
3. *paralyzed*—not to be taken literally; means 'astonished.'
4. *fist*—not past tense of 'to fish'; Celtic equivalent of English *fist*.
5. *fly*—does not refer to one of the *diptera*, though the many zoological terms used by the author would lead one to this supposition. A technical term of the game; means a catch made before the ball has bounced or hit any obstruction since it came in contact with the bat.
6. *line*—some Editors read *fence*.
7. *dhry*—Equivalent to dry; the *h* is archaic; these two last lines refer to the polite amenities of the game. (See last two lines of each canto.)

#### CANTO III.

I tuk the bat fur to make a strike, (1)  
And I knocked it (2) to San Francisco; (3)  
Around the bases (4) I did run  
A dozen (5) times or more.  
Till all the byes (6) began to howl  
O'Hoolihan you made a foul; (7)  
And they rubbed me down with a Turkish (8) tow'l,  
The day that I played baseball.

#### NOTES TO CANTO III.

1. *Strike*—not to be confounded with the agitations of laborers and others for increased wages; a technical term; an attempt to hit the ball when pitched, and may or may not be successful; this



largely depends upon the umpire, and the "kicking" capabilities of the pitcher.

2. *It*—the ball, not the "strike."

3. *San Francisco*—a town in California; its harbor is the "Golden Horn;" probably accounts for the quantities of liquor consumed by the players. (See Canto I.) In this connection probably means the "Ultima Thule" of distance; for, in the next line reference is made to a "Turkish tow'l," which would not be required in a tropical climate; most probably hyperbolic.

4. *bases*—technical term; usually sand bags placed at regular intervals to indicate the stopping places of the runner.

5. *A dozen times, etc.*—This is contrary to rules laid down in "Spaulding's Baseball Guide for 1885." Only one run can be made by a player at a time.

6. *byes*—See note 6 on Canto I.

7. *foul*; not to be confounded with *fowl*, a feathered biped; a technical name for a 'strike' that is illegal.

8. *Turkish tow'l*—refers no doubt to the introduction into Hibernia of Turkish merchandize. *Tow'l*, for *towel*; example of syncope; the *e* dropped for the sake of rhyme and rhythm.

#### CANTO IV.

The Editor (1) he axed (2) me name  
Fur to give me a leather medal (3)  
He axed me fur me fortygraft (4)  
To hang agin (5) the wall.  
Fur he said it was me as had (6) won the game  
With me head all broke and me shoulder lame,  
And they tuk me home on a cattle train (7)  
The day that I played baseball.

#### NOTES TO CANTO IV.

1. *Editor*—name given to the man who conducts a newspaper; a curious individual who works at nights and sleeps by day—though with one eye open; usually a millionaire; one who is supposed to give "locals" in return for tickets to church socials, etc.; compare Lowell's "Pious Editor's Creed," etc.

2. *axed*—Hibernicism for asked.

3. *leather medal*—a customary reward for merit amongst Celtic races; some think it a term of reproach, but this is evidently erroneous.

4. *forty-graft*—archaic Celtic form of the word *photograph*.

5. *agin*—shortened form for *against*; must not be confounded with *agin*, the shortened form of the word *again*.

6. *as had*—this expression not sanctioned by the best grammarians. In these two lines there is an unconscious tribute to the power of the Press. The Editor's *dictum* that Mr. O'Hoolihan had won the game is not disputed; so that it is safe to infer that his decision was considered unassailable.

7. *cattle-train*—no doubt used in consideration of the fact that there was so much *horse-play* amongst the returning players.

I have thus given Mr. Hacwork's notes in full, that those authors having works to annotate may know to whom to apply. Mr. Hacwork assures me that the publication of the above MS. in the VARSITY would be of immense value to him, as he purposes, at my suggestion, to petition the Senate to appoint him Annotator and Commentator to the Board of Arts Studies.

F. B. HODGINS.

## University and College News.

#### KNOX COLLEGE.

A quiet Hallowe'en.

Notwithstanding unfavorable weather the "boom" in football still continues.

The elocution lectures by Prof. Neff are highly popular with the students.

The Glee Club makes its first appearance at the public on Friday.

All the parts are well represented. A concert is spoken of, to take place some time next term.

Rev. T. Davidson, M.A., and James Hamilton, B.A. sailed for the old land last week. They will study in Edinburgh.

#### WYCLIFFE COLLEGE.

The new library is nearly finished and the formal opening will take place in a week or two. The room is fifty-four by thirty-eight feet and is handsomely finished in American chestnut and ash. The students' rooms above are very comfortable; in fact the residence is now unsurpassed in Canada.

The Principal had an unpleasant experience last Sunday night on his way to preach at the Church of the Redeemer. Just as he had passed Mr. Kerr's house on the road to the north gate of the Park, three men jumped over the fence of the field on the right and interrupted his meditations. One seized him by the neck, another presented the cold barrel of a revolver to his forehead, while the third prepared to rifle his pockets. This was not done, however, without vigorous expostulation on the Doctor's side, and he was threatened as to his brains four times before he was induced to become quiet. It is needless to say that such a proceeding is quite unusual; and no doubt Dr. Sheraton thought that such arguments were not all in accordance with the latest principles of exegesis.

The C. U. had a very successful chapter on Wednesday night. The new men headed by W. A. Frost, B.A. were formerly received and invested with the degree of the "brown hood." The black dirge was sung at midnight, when the shades of departed members were duly invoked. One distinguished member was unfrocked for misconduct. The proceedings closed at an early hour.

#### Y. M. C. A.

The usual weekly prayer meeting was held in Moss Hall, on Thursday afternoon, at five o'clock. Mr. T. R. Shearer led the meeting, and read an interesting and thoughtful paper on "Missions in Quebec." He showed the rapid progress the work has been making there during the past fifty years, prior to which time there were no French Protestants in Quebec, while now there are upwards of 11,000.

The meeting was more largely attended than usual, perhaps to be accounted for by the fact that an occasional change from the customary wholly devotional manner of conducting the meetings is welcomed by the members.

Next week is set apart as the annual week of prayer in Y. M. C. A. organizations throughout the Continent. Meetings will be held every day during the week, beginning on Sunday. Dr. Wilson will conduct the meeting on that day. Notices will be posted on the bulletin board from day to day, telling who the leaders will be. The meeting on Sunday is at four o'clock, and the other days at five, lasting in all cases but three-quarters of an hour. All students are invited.

#### TORONTO SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

The committee for the annual dinner has been chosen. It includes many good men, and, no doubt, this year's dinner will excel any previous one. An effort was made to substitute a conversation for the dinner, but the majority of the students were opposed to the scheme.

The regular meeting of the School Medical Society should have been held on Friday last, but it was put off in order not to interfere with the public meeting of the University College Literary Society. The committee are showing commendable zeal, and have added to the Library and Reading Room. They are now engaged in maturing some plan by which to make the Library available for all the students.

Mr. W. H. Green has been attacked by typhoid fever, but it is hoped will soon be round again.

One of the Freshmen was elevated last week. The Freshies, frenzied with anger, held an indignation meeting. The old story—"who will bell the cat?"

On Saturday our football team played a drawn match with the Parkdale club, each side scoring a goal.

The Sessional Committee is endeavouring to pave the way for a future gymnasium and has added a chest machine to its stock.

Mr. Pickering, our ancient janitor, has at length been superannuated. The students, with whom he has always been a favourite, made up a handsome purse for him.

A petition to appoint a temporary lecturer in surgery has been presented to the Faculty. The present professor, Dr. W. T. Aikins, has been indisposed for some weeks past.



## TRINITY MEDICAL SCHOOL.

The students have now fairly settled down to work, and with the very large addition of Freshmen, Trinity has a number of men of which any such institution might well feel proud. A pleasing feature in our Matriculants is the ever-increasing number Trinity is obtaining of Graduates and Undergraduates in Arts, from Universities in all parts of the Dominion, there being to our knowledge no less than ten graduates, beside innumerable undergraduates.

The opening lecture delivered by Dr. Covernton, was listened to with pleasure by the students and their friends, but perhaps the event of this our opening day was the conversazione and concert held in the evening. The new dissecting room was beautifully clean, and the floor being waxed was all that could be desired for dancing. Many adjourned to enjoy the Terpsichorean art, whilst others listened with delight to the splendid programme of the concert which was being carried out in the large theatre of the school.

We are no sooner out of one excitement than into another. Whilst many for several days after were thinking over the pleasant evening they had, it was not long before one heard remarks about the election of officers for the annual dinner, and soon a meeting was called and nominations proceeded with. The election was to take place a week from the date of nomination, and in the meantime the friends of each candidate did all in their power to secure votes for their men.

Last Saturday polling day arrived, and about three o'clock in the afternoon hordes of students might be seen pouring into the old building for the annual *struggle*. For chairman Messrs. Lapp, Brennan, and Fere had been nominated, but we must say in justice to Mr. Fere that he did not wish to run, that his heart was not in the contest, and that, knowing his wishes, his friends did not canvass for him at all. Consequently at the end of the first ballot, no one was surprised to see him behind, and the struggle resolve itself into one between Mr. Brennan and Mr. Lapp. On the second ballot Mr. Lapp was elected by a large majority.

Mr. Keane (3rd year) was elected 1st vice-chairman ;  
Mr. Shannon (2nd year) " by acclamation 2nd vice.

Mr. Fergusson (1st year) " 3rd vice.

For Committee there were elected :

4th year, Messrs. Dickinson and McKenzie.

3rd " " H. C. Phillips and D. Thompson.

2nd " " G. Fere and Wardlaw.

1st " " Sanson and Bateman.

The 3rd and 4th year men went in by acclamation. The only struggle worthy of note occurred in the 2nd year, when Mr. Fere defeated Mr. Gowan by one vote, the returns being 79 to 78. Mr. Honsberger was elected Toaster, over his opponent, Mr. Woodhall, by a handsome majority.

At a meeting held on Wednesday it was resolved to hold the dinner in the Rossin House, on Thursday evening, Nov. 26th.

## THE COMPANY.

A beautiful afternoon welcomed the members of "K" Company who turned out at two o'clock last Saturday for their annual field-day. There were present about 35 men, including three members of "H" Company who also wished to enjoy the run through the fields. Lieut. Gunther was in command with Lieut. Mercer second. The line of march was north through the Park and along Avenue road, from thence west until some good fields for skirmishing were reached. Here the Company was extended in skirmishing order, and proceeded to drive an imaginary enemy over the hills beyond, thus bringing back memories of Cut-Knife, etc. Some of the men exhibited a strong desire to charge adjacent apple orchards, thinking that the enemy were concealed therein.

Having gained a complete victory, the Company marched back to the home of Mr. Gunther, where "Hungry Nine" did justice to the good things provided through the kindness of Mrs. Gunther. Thus ended what was pronounced by those present to be one of the most enjoyable field-days ever spent.

## RUGBY FOOTBALL.

A week ago last night the Rugby team boarded the palatial sleeping car of the C. P. R. for Ottawa to play their last match in the series for the College championship with Ottawa College. Naturally, in anticipation of a hard day's work on the morrow, they retired early and enjoyed a good night's rest undisturbed except by a reverend gentleman who evidently took a larger interest in the Varsity and its colors than he might admit, if we may judge from the state of his boots and hat next morning. The game was

announced to commence at 2.30 and it wanted a few minutes to that time when the Varsity entered the College grounds, receiving a hearty cheer from Ottawa College at the entrance. Their grounds situated a short distance from the College will compare very favorably with any athletic grounds in Canada, and have a third of a mile track. Mr. A. P. Lowe acted as referee and Mr. White umpired for Ottawa College and Mr. Taylor for the Varsity. At the beginning the Varsity played a dashing game and scored a safety touch, 2 points. After the kick-off the Varsity forced the ball again well down into Ottawa territory and kept it there for the better part of the first half, when D. Ferguson received a nasty kick on the head and was forced to retire. From this time until the end of the half Ottawa College had the best of it, scoring a try and a rouge. When time was called the game stood 5 to 2 in favor of Ottawa. After a short intermission play was resumed. Ottawa College rushed the ball down on the Varsity goal and in spite of every effort made two tries, from neither of which did they kick a goal. In fact their place kicking all through the game was extremely poor. Shortly afterwards Riley of Ottawa College kicked a beautiful goal from the field, when the Varsity drew together and for the last twenty minutes the ball was about the middle of the field neither side making any more points. At the end of the game the score stood 19 to 2 in favour of Ottawa College. For Ottawa Riley and Bannon played a good game, especially the latter, whose peculiar mode of running made him very difficult to tackle. For the Varsity all the backs played a good game, kicking in splendid style : Moss and Senkler, E. C. at quarter and Elliott among the forwards, are also deserving of mention. After the match Ottawa College gave the Varsity a dinner in the Russell, at which a very agreeable time was spent. The toast of the Varsity was responded to by J. S. MacLean and H. B. Cronyn, and that of Ottawa College by W. MacCarthy and C. Murphy. The names of the Varsity team appeared in last week's issue.

On Saturday last the second fifteens of the Varsity and Torontos had a match on the lawn. Mr. G. Burritt was chosen referee and Mr. R. L. Johnson umpire for Toronto and Mr. W. McKay for the Varsity. The Varsity was represented by Messrs. Mill, J. Mill, F. Cross, Hughes, Owen, Moss, F. Boyd, G. Snetsinger, Blake, Johnson, Owen, Leys, Lyon and Downes. The Varsity had it all their own way, ultimately winning by 23 points to nothing.

The Varsity has challenged the winner of the Trinity-Upper Canada match to a game for the City cup to take place on the 19th of November.

Messrs. W. P. Mustard, A. Elliott and H. MacLaren have been chosen to represent the Varsity in the Inter-Provincial match on Thanksgiving Day.

An effort is being made to send the second fifteen to Port Hope next week to play Trinity College School.

## LIST OF BOOKS ADDED TO THE LIBRARY.

(Continued from last issue.)

- The Book of Job, ed. Davidson (Camb. Bible).
- The World as Subject of Redemption, Freemantle's Bampton Lectures, 1883.
- Religion and Science, Temple's Bampton Lectures, 1884.
- Essays on the Parsis, by M. Hang.
- Optics, by S. Parkinson, 4th ed.
- Mathematical and Physical Papers, by Sir W. Thompson.
- The Universe of Suns, by R. A. Proctor.
- The Yoice, by A. Semple.
- Work-measuring Machines, by J. F. Smith.
- Electric Lighting, by Th. Du Moncel.
- Elementary Text-book of Physics, by J. D. Everett.
- Solid Geometry, by Chas. Smith.
- Conic Sections, by P. A. Roberts.
- Proofs of Chemical Theory, by W. Ramsay.
- Rigid Dynamics, by E. T. Routh, pt. II.
- Gravitation, etc., by G. B. Airy.
- Studies in Low and High-German Literature, by M. W. M. Callum.
- Memoirs of Henrich Heine, ed. Evans.
- Prosa of Henrich Heine, by Buchheim.
- Gothe's Hermann and Dorothea, ed. Wagner.
- The Lenape Stone, by H. C. Mercer.
- Discovery of the Periodic Law, by J. A. R. Newlands.
- Christianity and Positivism, by Jas. McCosh.
- Notes on some of Shakespeare's Plays, by F. A. Kemble.
- Shelley Memorials, ed. Lady Shelley.
- Essays and Phantasies, by Jas. Thomson.
- Concordance to Pope, by Edwin Abbott.
- Webster, Green, and Peele, ed. Dyce (the old Dramatist).



History of Lower Canada, by Robert Christie.  
 Bubbles of Canada, by J. C. Haliburton.  
 Campaign for the Conquest of Canada, by C. H. Jones.  
 Coligny, by W. Besant.  
 History of English Colonies in America, by H. C. Lodge.  
 Critical Review of American Politics, by C. Remelin.  
 Historical Journal of Campaigns in North America, by Capt. J. Knox.  
 Red Jacket (Buffalo Historical Society).  
 Roadside Songs of Tuscany, F. Alexander, p. iv.  
 Hegel's Aesthetics, by J. S. Kedney.

(To be continued.)

## Current Thought.

The exclusive education of English boys up to a very recent period comprised only the classic, and that in a pedantic way. I must say English boys used to be allowed to grow up in ignorance unfathomable, without a bottom or shore. The system of education was one that produced either little prodigies or little dunces. It treated the plastic clay as though it were the unyielding marble, and sought to produce the same lustre from the slate as from a diamond. To a practical ignorance of English literature was added the complete ignorance of any form of science. There was even ignorance of everything that was best in the two languages to which everything else was sacrificed. Seven or eight years of a boy's life in England used to be passed in not acquiring the inflexion of a single Greek verb. Some could write Latin prose, such that would make Quintilian stare and gasp, or such Greek verse that any common Athenian schoolboy would have died of laughter at. In those days not a single English grammar-school had a science master; now the commonest is not without one. The condition of affairs in the colleges was at this time very much the

same. Cambridge, to be sure, had its mathematics, while at Oxford, Latin and Greek were almost exclusively studied. This has all changed now, and in each college we give due regard to every branch of learning.—*Archdeacon Farrar, at Johns Hopkins.*

PRESIDENT WILSON, at Convocation, stated that as college examinations were henceforth to be substituted for those of the university, the scholarships formerly given by the university would necessarily be withdrawn. He expressed his confident hope that friends of the college would be found who would supply funds sufficient to establish college scholarships of an amount equal to those previously available. We venture to express the opinion that friends of the college can make a much better use of their money. Scholarships in a national institution, practically free, are not merely not necessary to education, they are inimical to it. If a student has not sufficient interest in his own mental advancement and culture to make the best use of all the advantages which professors and laboratories and libraries supply him, without the artificial stimulus of a competitive examination, he does not deserve the gifts the gods provide him, and should go punished all his life with an unexpanded mind and a rudimentary education. University College needs professors and demonstrators; it needs laboratories and facilities for practical work; it has no need of prizes, whether in books or money. These competitive examinations, their preliminary crams and their accompanying stimuli of scholarships and prizes, are but the residua of an effete, unphilosophic system which is fast vanishing under the heat and light of modern educational science and opinion.—*Educational Weekly.*

Learning, in its best sense, is never attended with weariness or discouragement, whereas, the book which has to be "got up" is the living symbol of a deadly fatigue. The art of questioning in a teacher, the growing power of acute and skilful analysis, the insight into the number and kind of steps that a class must take in each part of a subject—all these are killed off by the possession of the book.—*Rev. W. A. Hales, in "Evolution."*

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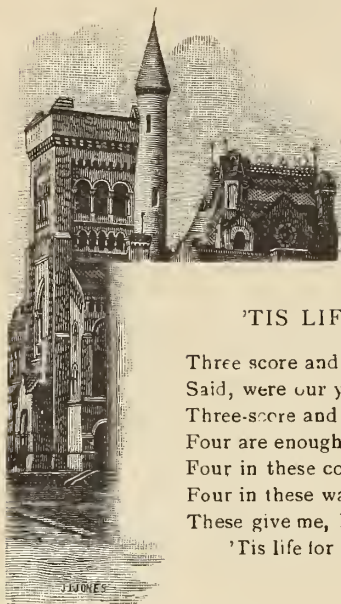
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and a general index of their line of thought and mode of expression. On this account we assert it is by no means a work to be thrown lightly aside by the older members of the reading public as of no value, because merely the product of youthful minds. It is amongst these youthful minds that we must hereafter look for our leaders of thought, progress, and government, and what is the bent of these minds cannot but be a question full of interest to all.—*The Educational Weekly.*

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
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# 37. VARSITY

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY THOUGHT AND EVENTS.

Vol. VI.

University of Toronto, Nov. 14, 1885.

No. 4.

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## THE VARSITY.

THE VARSITY is published in the University of Toronto every Saturday during the Academic Year, October to May inclusive.

The Annual Subscription, including postage, is \$2.00, payable before the end of January, and may be forwarded to THE TREASURER, J. EDMUND JONES, University College, to whom applications respecting advertisements should likewise be made.

Subscribers are requested to notify the Treasurer immediately, in writing, of any irregularity in delivery.

Copies of VARSITY may be obtained every Saturday at the Post Office Book Store, corner of Adelaide and Toronto Streets; at J. P. McKenna's, 80 Yonge Street; and at Alex. Brown's, cor. Yonge and Carlton St.

All communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

## Topics of the Hour.

IT seems to us that the only reason for the existence of any journal, except, perhaps, the daily papers, is for the expression of the best thought in the best possible manner. It is thus a matter of regret to see any journal that should be responsible for its constituents' sake, wilfully departing from what should be the purpose of its life. We refer more particularly to the *Dominion Churchman*, which came under our notice last year, and which has again distinguished itself by abuse of Dr. Sheraton and others, in connection with Wycliffe College. Fortunately, Dr. Sheraton's reputation needs vindication from us in no wise; we merely wish to call attention to the bad taste and worse English, of the article in question. It is strange that an editor who caters to a constituency which affects all the culture, refinement and religious æsthetics to

be had, should adopt, or, if he is ignorant, should be allowed to adopt, language which bears upon its face the impression of a low, vulgar and uneducated mind. We are sometimes assured that the organ is by no means representative. If this be true it is strange that articles such as these appear from time to time in the *Dominion Churchman*, and that there seems to be no effort after improvement.

THE friends of the Literary Society must take steps at once to arrest the decadence of this venerable College institution. This decline is largely due to the multiplication of societies exclusively devoted to the subject matter of special departments. Such societies are no doubt valuable adjuncts to the various courses of study, but never can they take the place of the Literary Society. Such extreme specialization is to be regretted that leads students to forget the advantage of intercourse with students in other departments. The Literary Society is, or ought to be, a common meeting ground for all students where each furnishes as his quota to the discussion of a given subject the cream of his own special reading. The peculiar benefit of a *University* training, which enables the student to take a warm interest in all branches of learning, can be obtained only by some such means. Then let the true friends of the Society bestir themselves to make the meetings valuable and interesting, let them encourage their friends to assist. Especially let them discountenance the efforts of those who, by amusing themselves at the expense of the speakers and others, make the proceedings a farce. Much might be done to re-awaken interest in the Society, if, during the ensuing winter, a series of lectures were held, under its auspices, in Convocation Hall.

IT is interesting, in the history of the University, to recall the applications of eminent men such as Huxley and Tyndall, for vacant professorships, years ago, before their names had become famous. We lately came across a copy of the testimonials presented by John Tyndall, Ph. D., with his application for the professorship of Natural Philosophy in the University of Toronto. It is dated Oct. 6th, 1851, just thirty-four years ago. The testimonials are fourteen in number, from the foremost scientists of the day, among which are the following names:—Edmund Becquerel, E. du Bois-Reymond, Edward Sabine, R. W. Bunsen, A. De la Rive, H. W. Dove, J. D. Forbes, J. P. Joule, Plucher, P. Riess, (Sir) William Thomson. The list closes with the following statement: "I am permitted to state that Dr. Faraday and the Astronomer Royal are prepared to respond to any personal reference made to them respecting my qualifications for the Professorship in question." One is tempted to cavil at fate that the candidature of so eminent a man should be unsuccessful; the only consolation is that if Professor Tyndall had come to Toronto he would not have stayed here after his reputation had become established. As a graduate who spent



the last summer in Germany stated on his return, the very air of that country breathes Science. The homely old proverb about the carcass and the ravens is only too true, and, as Matthew Arnold says, we must not only have a favorable opportunity, but the *Zeit-Geist*.

DR. WILSON is now giving a series of readings from the works of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, accompanying each with short explanatory remarks. We have been given to understand that the President has also volunteered to give an address on Browning, before the students. We trust that this is but the inauguration of a course of addresses or lectures on literary and other topics. The adoption of such a scheme as we have advocated from time to time in these columns would mark the beginning of a new era in the intellectual life of University College. That it would meet with approval and support cannot be doubted. That there are many of our Professors capable of entertaining and instructing an audience, and that there is a large and appreciative constituency to which they would appeal, are equally incontrovertible facts. In past years special lectures have been delivered to mechanics and artisans by members of the Natural Science Professoriate. Last year Professor Hutton lectured more than once before the Chautauqua Circle of this city. A course of lectures should be given during the College year by our Professors and others; they should be open to every one; and if practicable, should be free. What we desire most is that University College may become the centre of intellectual activity for the community. This is its legitimate province, and this certainly should be its aim.

The inauguration of Monday Popular Concerts in this city calls for more than a passing notice. In a city like Toronto, which supports so many musical societies, and in which is centred so much of the culture and refinement of this Province, a grand field is offered for an enterprise of this kind. That the movement has succeeded so well is due to the high character of the works performed and the rare excellence and true musicianly skill which has marked their performance. It also gives the music-loving citizens of Toronto an opportunity of hearing the best foreign *artistes* and *virtuosi* at very moderate prices. The inauguration of this series of concerts was a courageous step, which we trust will be liberally supported and heartily encouraged. The movement has been most successful in England, and there is no reason why it should not be so here. There is no more elevating and refining influence than that of good music. The more that really good music is popularized, and the more the people are educated up to a due appreciation of its value as an educational auxiliary, the more wide-spread will be the general diffusion of culture. The third concert of the series takes place on Monday evening next. Miss Emma Thursby will be the solo vocalist. The concerted pieces will be: Quartette in D minor, (*Mozart*); Andante, op. 2, (*Tschaikowsky*); Scherzo, (*Cherubini*); and a Trio in D minor, (*Reissiger*). We hope that large numbers of students will take advantage of these opportunities of hearing really good music. Its influence upon them cannot but be most beneficial. They should regard it as part of their education.

THE scholarship question has got into the newspapers. It is, to say the least, a remarkable coincidence that the *Globe* and the *Mail*, usually so divergent in their opinions, should come out the same day with editorial articles on this topic, following the same line of argument, making the same illustrations and indeed, using identically the same language in one or two cases. We agree with the *Mail* that our provincial college is much in need of private benefactions and that Canadians have not been so liberal in this regard as Americans. But we must remind our contemporary, that, of late years, and in the more progressive colleges, these benefactions have not been dissipated in scholarships, as the *Mail* seems to imply, but rather have been applied to the endowment of

chairs or the supply of books and apparatus or the founding of halls. The *Globe* endeavors to awaken public sympathy in Dr. Wilson's scheme, by the following most extraordinary plea.

"It has to be borne in remembrance that to many of our young men, the sons of farmers, of artisans, or others in humble life, the giving up of the years from 16 or 17 to 20 or 21, to unproductive study is itself a demand involving very large sacrifice."

What does it mean? Is it that the young man suffers a loss during these four years which private individuals or the state should make up for him? How utterly and unspeakably absurd it is to speak in this connection of "giving up" and "unproductive study" and "large sacrifice." Is not the young man to be inestimably benefited by the education itself? When the state provides this benefit for him free, must it also coax him to come and take it, and then coddle him into good humor when he does come? We have heard of paternal government, but surely this would be grand-paternal.

MR. PURSLOW, of Port Hope, had an able letter in the *Mail* the other day in reference to the recent appropriation of money for matriculation scholarships. He enquires how the Senate can hold out one hand to the Legislature for money on the ground of poverty, while it is "throwing away" with the other hand funds that it already has. The appropriation he characterises as "an act of downright folly," and in equally vigorous and unassailable language he continues:—

"Who has asked for these additional scholarships? The High School Masters' section of the Ontario Teachers' Association has not; for as far as an opinion of that body has been expressed it is adverse to the principle; and surely these masters know, better than the Senate does, the needs of High School pupils, whom the scholarships are designed to affect. What is wanted is not more scholarships, but more teaching. Is it not a fact that the staff of University College is wretchedly inadequate in point of numbers to the work which ought to be done by it? Is it not a fact that alumni of the University, because they can't get within her walls the teaching they need, go to Johns-Hopkins and other foreign universities for post-graduate courses? And yet in spite of these facts, the Senate, unasked and against the wishes of the High School representative, decided to increase the amount given away in scholarships of doubtful utility, and voted down so common-sense an amendment as that moved by Mr. Houston and seconded by Mr. Embree. These gentlemen (the former at one time a High School master, and now an esteemed member of the High School section; the latter at present a High School master, and the representative of that body in the Senate) urged the following amendment:—That no appropriation be made for such scholarships until the additions declared by the Senate to be necessary for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of University College be made to its present staff.

"It is hard to believe your report, sir, that an amendment so in keeping with common sense and business principles 'was lost and the statute carried.' Certain it is, that if the Senate does not retrace its steps in this matter, it ought not to complain if the M.P.P.'s make a note of this statute."

## Leading Articles.

### MEDALS.

MR. KING'S motion for the restoration of medals is now before the Senate. It is to be hoped that this body will not retreat from its present advanced position on this question.

The time was, many years since, when these gewgaws were awarded with a liberal hand in Toronto University. They were often given without the slightest provocation, and a first-class honour man could not possibly escape one. The enemies of Toronto University used to say that there were more medals and scholarships than students in the institution. In those days the Universi-



ties in Canada followed a plan which has since been adopted by the publishers of the alleged magazine, *Truth*, and also by the Li-Quor Tea Company, who encourage the pursuit of learning by the bestowal of gold watches and silver tea-spoons upon those who are diligent and lucky.

But all this has happily passed away with the other puerilities of a young civilization. We believe that University medals now serve no good purpose whatever, and that on no reasonable ground can anyone ask for their restoration.

Medals, no less than scholarships, introduce a base and inferior motive for intellectual activity. We conceive that the proper motive is self-cultivation, growth, and expansion, and not the mercenary advantages or the self-complacency which may result from the possession of a medal.

The chief argument that has been advanced in favour of money scholarships is that they furnish indispensable aid to needy students. But even this doubtful argument is not available in the case of medals.

We object to medals because they invest their winners with a certain distinction at the expense of others who are often equally meritorious. Medals are granted on the basis of competitive examinations, but the spirit and the very finest essence of true education cannot be caught by the clumsy device of examinations. Yet by this means a class is made to appear to the world to consist mainly of two medallists, the others being merely an indefinite number of nobodies. The false basis of this system is plain from the fact that these two medallists frequently sink into unbroken oblivion after graduation. A prominent barrister of this city told the writer recently that he wanted no medallist clerks in his office. "For," said he, "the very possession of the medal is *prima facie* evidence that much of the time at College which the holder should have occupied in broadening and deepening his mind, has been wasted on the petty trivialities which decide rank in examinations."

It is well known in the professions that students who acquire medals and scholarships in the faculties of law and medicine frequently win them by neglecting their office or hospital work. A similar practice prevails in the faculty of arts, although the defect is not so apparent to casual observers. It is an actual fact that a few years since a student took prizes, scholarships, and finally a medal in the Modern Language course, who had never read a work of fiction in the English language except one of Fielding's novels, and this only for examination purposes!

A student aiming at a medal or scholarship cannot possibly pursue any subject in the proper mental attitude. The search after truth alone should occupy the student's mind. But if he has one eye, or both, on the Senate's brilliant bauble, truth in its more sober aspect will probably escape his observation. What he looks for, then, is not truth, but "points" for examination.

It is held with reason that the main end of a college course is to fit men to read and study with advantage and appreciation afterwards,—to induce, in fact, an intellectual appetite with its accompanying mental health and vigor. But this cramming the mind with undigested facts, which the medal and scholarship system directly encourages, is the great source of intellectual dyspepsia. The process produces such a loathing for his books in a student's mind that after examinations are over he cannot bear to look into them again.

The columns of THE VARSITY are open for the unlimited discussion of this question. If any of the advocates of medals or scholarships can answer the objections which have been made to the system we shall be glad to give them an opportunity to do so.

#### PAPER UNIVERSITIES AND WRITTEN EXAMINATIONS.\*

OWING to the separation of the teaching from the degree-conferring function in the University of Toronto it has often been called

a "paper" university. Rev. Principal Grant, of Queen's College, in a recent enumeration of "sundry pestilent crochets with which we in Canada are afflicted, and which have enjoyed a general acceptance for nearly half a century," included "written competitive examinations," and "paper or examining universities." It would be mere affectation not to recognize the fact that his remark has reference to the University of Toronto, which he does not name, even more than to the University of London, which he does name, and which, on the authority of Professor Chrystal,† he affirms to have been "a failure as an instrument for promoting the higher education."

The President of University College in his recent opening address stated that he was there not to apologise for, but to defend the non-sectarian character of University College, and the applause with which his remark was endorsed showed that our non-sectarian character has its defence in the hearts and convictions of the people. Similarly, I am here not to apologise for, but to defend the constitution of our University, though, for that matter, no defence is needed in view of the fact that the people of Ontario of their own free will have placed in the hands of our graduates more than half of all the head-masterships of the High Schools of the Province.

The University of London has not been the failure Prof. Chrystal and Principal Grant declare it to be. On the contrary, it has done more during the last fifty years for the diffusion and promotion of higher education than any other university in the British Islands, and quite as much as any university in the world. By its rigid adherence to a high standard of scholarship, no less than by its "efficient organization and its unsurpassed staff of examiners," it has materially assisted in raising many of its affiliated teaching institutions from mediocrity to excellence, and has stimulated the older universities to increased educational effort by the wholesome dread of loss of prestige. Similarly, the University of Toronto has not merely kept pace in its requirements with the general advance of higher education the world over, but also applied a most effective stimulus to both the secondary schools and the other universities of this Province. The influence exerted in this direction by this institution was so well described by Dr. Wilson in the opening address to which I have already referred, that I need not dwell upon the matter now further than to predict that, whatever changes of constitution the future may have in store for her, the University of Toronto will never cease to admit to her examinations and receive into the list of her graduates men whose passport is not the hallmark of a teaching college, but their own ability, industry, and perseverance.

Principal Grant denounces "written competitive examinations" as a "pestilent crotchet," and affirms that "the days of the written examination craze are numbered." On both points I can heartily agree with him, if I may be allowed to define my position for myself. The "written examination craze" means, with me, the prevailing idea of making a written examination the criterion of a candidate's knowledge; the "written competitive examination" is injurious, not because it is written but because it is competitive. The trouble with Principal Grant and those who think with him—for he is not by any means the *vox clamans in deserto* he modestly declares himself to be—is that he lays the blame on the wrong element in the system he condemns. So far is he from seeing clearly where the trouble lies, that he persistently and successfully encourages written competitive examinations in his own university, and his example is cited as a reason for not abandoning the practice in ours. He will not merely hasten the disappearance of the "crotchet" he denounces, but confer a lasting benefit on the cause of true education, if he will award the scholarships and bursaries of his own university on some other basis than the result of a "written compe-

time permitted than of what I actually succeeded in saying at the opening of the late public meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society. They cover, of course, only part of the ground covered by the inaugural address.

†Address delivered before the mathematical section of the British Association. (See *Nature* of September 10, 1885.)

\*These remarks are a summary rather of what I intended to say had



titive examination." The better class of American universities are rapidly abandoning the system which Dr. Grant so earnestly denounces from the dais and so persistently practices in the examination hall.

Those who condemn written examinations leave themselves open to the taunt that they offer no substitute for them. But I am not content to rest my case here. I maintain that a well-conducted written examination, on work previously defined, is one of the best and most effective of all known means of discouraging "cram," and of compelling students to read intelligently. The true aim of the examiner should not be to find out how much the candidate knows about a subject. A written examination conducted for such a purpose will inevitably encourage cramming. His object should be to prescribe or enforce proper methods of reading and teaching, and if his questions are judiciously framed he will succeed in putting "cram" at a discount. It is obvious that a written examination based on work done in a class-room is just as liable to be abused as a written examination based on books, and probably more so. Take, as an example, the lectures of Max Muller on the Science of Language, or those of Sir Henry Maine, or John Austin on Jurisprudence. The student who listened to these lectures when they were delivered had to depend on his own summary of them, and as he would naturally seize on the more important points only, his preparation for examination would resolve itself into memorization of these with a view to being able to reproduce them on paper. On the other hand, the candidate who is now compelled to read the same lectures *in extenso* in text-books must take them as they are, statements and re-statements of principles impressed on his mind by the aid of every variety of illustration.

Admitting the evils as well as the prevalence of "cram," and the desirability of bringing about a reform, what is the remedy? Principal Grant quotes freely from Professor Chrystal's address, when it suits his purpose. Allow me to quote from the same address a passage which he has omitted. Speaking of the evils of "written competitive examinations" he says:—

"When our system sets such means before the teacher, and encourages such unworthy conceptions of education, is it to be wondered at that the cry arises that pupils degenerate beneath even the contemptible standards of our examinations? These can hardly be made low enough to suit the popular taste. It is no merit of the system we pursue, but due simply to the better educated among our teachers—men, many of them, who work for little reward and less praise—that we have not come to a worse pass already. Some even of the much abused crammers have conceptions of a teacher's duty far higher than the system-mongers of the day, whom it is their special business to outwit; and it is but fair to allow such of these also as deserve it, part of the credit of stemming the torrent of degeneration. We place our masters in positions such that their very bread depends upon their doing what many of them know and will acknowledge to be *wrong*. Their excuse is, 'We do so and so because of the examination.' The cure for all this evil is simply to give effect to a higher ideal of education in general, and of scientific education in particular."

This last remark is in perfect accord with one made by Sir Lyon Playfair in his address at the same meeting†: "Higher colleges should always hold before their students that knowledge for its own sake is the only object worthy of reverence." I thank Principal Grant for calling my attention to addresses which contain such sentiments from men of such eminence and experience. But if "a higher ideal of education" is the cure for the evils resulting from competitive examinations, and if "knowledge for its own sake" is the only object worthy of a student's reverence, what shall be said of the practice of holding out money bribes to men and women, as is done in every Canadian college and university, including both Queen's and Toronto? Above all, what shall be said of the practice of spending for such a purpose public money that is needed to maintain libraries and laboratories, and to increase the teaching staff of this college, which is now far too limited to discharge its

functions properly. In return for increased fees, the management are bound to furnish better appliances and increased facilities for study; every increase of fees, so long as scholarships are maintained out of public funds, is equivalent to levying an assessment on the many for the purpose of handing the proceeds to the few.

In Toronto University we have this year taken a long step in the right direction in abolishing public scholarships at senior matriculation and in the second and third years, and medals in the fourth. I earnestly hope not only that these prizes will never be re-established, but that all others now given in all the faculties out of public funds will be speedily abolished also. All the factitious inducement to study that we need can be provided without expense by creating three classes of honors and arranging candidates alphabetically in each class, as is now done in Oxford and Cambridge. I admit that in advocating the abolition of public scholarships I have been for many years in a minority, but public opinion is rapidly coming round to the side of the remnant, who will before very long be the majority.

WILLIAM HOUSTON.

## Literature.

### OCEAN THOUGHTS.

#### I.

The moon is rip'ning to decay,  
Its silver bar wanes to the shore,  
And there is lost upon the level sand,  
The sea is ebbing out, out and away.  
To the horizon silent stars expand  
In mazy clouds that pour  
A light serene about earth.  
The day is dead, and what a day!  
What have I done in its winged hours that's worth  
One noble thought! Immortals, do ye weep  
For me? This heart is sad with every sun  
That sets. What is man's useless praise to me,  
When dearest friends are still and deep asleep?  
What work is mine? What have I won?  
A grain of sand, O melancholy sea!

#### II.

Why do I wander on the beach?  
The world doth sleep, why hold this tired hand  
Upon this heart that beats in doubt and pain?  
Fain would I press my aching brow  
In the cold sand,  
And with hot palms convulsive reach  
For ooze and spray wet weeds cast from the main.  
I suffer now  
As did dead worlds in ages long ago,  
And souls that peopled many a fabled land  
All felt the heart-ache, fear and woe,  
And dreary thoughts of a strange destiny,  
Nor sleep, nor opiate draughts, nor wine's sweet flow  
Can soothe such grief, O melancholy sea!

#### III.

Moan on! moan on! I hear another song  
Than thine,—a song that floated o'er thy breast  
How oft in vanished years, it floats again  
Unto mine ear! I hear the wondrous lyre  
Of the blind bard, and see the Grecian throng  
About Troy's lofty walls, and Hector slain,  
And tear-stained face and blackened crest,  
And great Achilles crumbling on his pyre.  
Then comes Ulysses sighing for his home  
Afar, leaving the ruins of old Troy

†Inaugural address delivered before the British Association. (See *Nature* of September 10, 1885.)



For Ithaca, where oft a glad-faced boy  
 He played amid the rip'ning vines, and heard  
 His father's voice ere he began to roam  
 The weary waves. His heart is stirred  
 With thoughts of home, and son, and wife.  
 And ever Circe holds him in her arms.  
 How have I longed to drift on some far isle  
 Like thee from feverish alarms,  
 And voices of reproach, and earth's vain strife,  
 And on soft bed of flowers beguile  
 The days and nights where man cannot forget  
 His vows, and sleep and dream not of regret.

## IV.

Pale faces of the dead are with me night  
 And day, dear faces that were loved and lost !  
 And mem'ries of sad days and bitter blight  
 That withered them like flowers beneath the frost.  
 Dead voices with their sweetness robbed by curse  
 Of fate and hideous darkness worse  
 Than death. White faces look across the waves,  
 The gray hairs come so fast, the eyes grow dim.  
 Why fear sweet death ? But what may come before  
 I shudder at. What will the years bring me  
 Of truth, and hope and sympathy ?  
 Kind words are truest poetry  
 And sweetest music. Spare them not,  
 Life soon is o'er,  
 Their music cannot reach our graves.

## V.

What is this life ? Is man  
 A pebble cast upon the shore,  
 Then swept seaward for evermore ?  
 Can he look back and laugh at what is past,  
 Give himself up to pleasure and rejoice  
 In dissolution when his footprints last  
 A day upon the strand ? Gaze on  
 The sea and feel thy littleness.  
 Think of dead men and feel  
 Thy power, while golden thought doth steal  
 Unto thine heart, to charm and bless,  
 And poems sweeter than song of Philomel,  
 When dream-eyed Night ascends her silvery throne !  
 Is life eternal ebb ?  
 Is man an alien, and his work a web  
 Of gossamer ? Ah, see that soul  
 Divine, in Athens, quaff the bowl  
 Of hemlock like some nectar-drinking god,  
 Full of immortal dreams, and say 'tis well  
 Cold ashes fill the urn.  
 Thus may Time teach me resignation sweet  
 And faith, so that I may return  
 This body to the lifeless clod  
 From which it came, and meet  
 The vanished millions. God will keep his own  
 Sadly I wait and hear thine elegy  
 For all the world, O melancholy sea !

PHILLIPS STEWART.

## WOMANLINESS.

Last year, the VARSITY took no uncertain stand upon the question of the rights of women to the advantage of such of the higher branches of education as the University can afford. It is not the intention of the present writer to question that position. It is palpably absurd to say that women shall not, *de jure*, pursue the same studies as men, or that they shall not have equal privileges with men in an institution supported, and, to great extent, governed by the State. The ordinary rules of common sense have forever settled that question ; and women have now the right to every advan-

tage, even including the Students' Societies, enjoyed by their male friends. If women avail themselves of these, their acknowledged rights, no one has any business to object ; it is, indeed, the duty of everyone, teacher or taught, to make everything as easy and agreeable as may be under the circumstances. If, as must sometimes be the case, a woman is pursuing the academical course for the purpose of fitting herself to obtain a competence in after life, she is a woman to be honoured, and every honest man will accord her respect and reverence, and do everything in his power to aid her to attain success.

But it is not of such we would speak. The subject has a broader aspect which we are bound to look at, that lies very close to the foundations of the family, and, therefore, of the national life. In the old controversy of woman's educational rights, the vital point was missed altogether. The name itself begged the whole question. The matter of co-education in a State university can never be one of right at all ; from its very nature it must be one of expediency. But we often lose sight of the fact that a question of expediency sometimes lies deeper than that of legal right, and in the present case it is *the* vital point.

It is not necessary here to ask searching questions as to the position of woman in the grand economy of the human race. Every woman will admit, as the rule, that the business of her sex is in the home circle. Her duty there is supreme, her privilege inestimable. Under the conditions of modern life, it is to her far above all others that we must look for the future of the nation and of the race. Her influence with children is incalculable ; as she is so will they become. Of course there are exceptions, but who will dispute the rule ? *As she is*,—that is the point.

But this leads to another question. Women exert now, as they have in all ages, untold influences upon the lives of men. Our best thoughts, our highest aspirations, our holiest and noblest ambition, are connected, in great measure, with women we have known. Our finest conception of beauty is a woman's face ; our deepest feelings of sorrow, a woman's tears. Now what is it in the character of woman that we most admire ? What trait of character do we most love and reverence ? Is it not that in which we are ourselves most deficient ? It is something that lies deeper than character or accomplishments ; it is her *instinct*. Every woman, worthy of the respect of an honest man, has within her the unerring instinct of the good, the beautiful, the true. We have the same instinct in a much less degree ; hers is wonderfully exact and fine. How many instances spring up in the memory on the very mention of this fact ! In a woman perfectly pure, her instinct transcends her reason. Is it not true that, in affairs of supreme moment, she falls back on her instinct of right and wrong ; and is it not a matter of history that, when the reason of man failed, the unerring instinct of woman prevailed ?

If this is admitted, it is of the last importance that the Heaven-bestowed gift be preserved in its pristine purity. Everything which would in the least impair it must be guarded against, and, if necessary, combated. Anything which would blunt the fine edge of so marvelous a faculty, would destroy the beauty of woman's life and would inevitably react upon the generation to come.

Now all this must not be considered as an argument against the higher education of women. Such a thing is an absurdity. But the real danger is here. Anything which brings woman into competition with man tends to destroy that charm which underlies all the loveliness of the woman's character. Think, for a moment, of the spectacle of women wrangling with men in the law courts ! That is, perhaps, an extreme case ; but the principle is the same where women compete with men in any sphere of action, in the classroom or in the examination hall, on the platform or at the bar. In some of the States women practice as barristers, while, in England, a woman is at present contesting a seat in the House of Commons. In such a struggle the woman suffers, and her sex suffers too. And when once that fine thing we call womanliness becomes spotted



and soiled, the struggle after purity and the perfect life will become vanity, and the hope for the future of any nation a phantom.

PRO GREGE.

## University and College News.

### MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

THE last English meeting of the Club was a more than ordinarily interesting one. The subject of the programme was "Shelley." Miss Charles read an essay on the poet's life, in which she detailed his unfortunate marriages, the march of his religious opinions, his friendships, and continental travels.

Mr. H. J. Hamilton B. A., read an essay on "Cenci," which he characterized as the greatest dramatic work that has appeared in England since the time of Shakespeare. He contrasted the angelic tenderness of Beatrice, amid the tempestuous torment and agony of her life, with the soullessness of the demon Cenci,—the greatest demon ever depicted by human hand, yet in the words of Shelley himself he "described his character as it actually was."

Mr. J. O. Miller read an essay on "Adonais," the elegy on the death of the poet Keats which he composed shortly after the death of that poet in 1821.

The essayist compared the three great English elegies,—*"Lycidas"* of Milton, Matthew Arnold's *"Thyrsis"* and Shelley's *"Adonais,"* with respect to depth of passion, feeling, and musical effect. He gave extracts showing the high perfection of the music which flows unceasingly from the beginning to the end of the work. The greatest defect, he contended, was its length. No poet, whatever be his powers, can sustain a deep feeling and sympathy with his subject in an elegiac poem of over five hundred lines.

An essay was read by Mr. M. V. Kelly, on the lyrics of Shelley. The essays by Messrs. Hamilton and Miller, showed a more than ordinary breadth of literary criticism.

At the French meeting of this society on Monday afternoon the subject was "Voltaire." An essay on Voltaire's life composed by Miss Fair, was read, in the absence of the essayist, by Miss Balmer.

Mr. Shearer read an essay on "Henriade" in which he gave an account of the political state of France at the time of Henry III., with an epitome of the epic.

Mr. A. H. Young read an essay on his two chief dramatic works "Zaire" and "Alzire," giving a sketch of the plot of each of the plays, and comparing the chief characters.

Mr. F. F. McPherson read a selection from one of the highly tragic scenes of "Alzire."

At this meeting a new feature was introduced which promises greatly to extend the usefulness of the Society. The members divided into groups of three or four each, for the purpose of carrying on an informal conversation in "French." This plan was first proposed by Mr. Squair, B. A., the Honorary President, and if the success which attended its first trial can be taken as a criterion by which to judge of its future results, there is no reason why every Modern Language man who avails himself of his opportunities should not become conversant with and able to apply practically his studies in French. The same plan will be adopted at the meetings in German.

### METAPHYSICAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE CLUB.

The third year held their first meeting on Tuesday. Mr. J. G. Hume was elected chairman and Mr. A. W. Stratton secretary of the meeting. Discussion on the Committee's report was postponed till the next meeting. An interesting discussion on the "Value of Mental Science," elicited the following *points* (among others). The shallow objections to the study in ancient and modern times were shewn to have arisen from ignorance and misconception. In answer to the advocates of "practical education," the cultivation of the mental powers was shewn to be not only a means, but in itself a most desirable end. The study directs attention to questions of the highest moment to the welfare of humanity, and develops an appreciation for those things that are most excellent, noble, and in the true sense valuable. The study tends to remove bigotry and dogmatism; to produce liberality and a habit of judging before condemning. It was admitted to bring about a certain kind of doubt; but it was contended that this doubt was a valuable thing in so far as it caused people to investigate before accepting; that it sprang from a more earnest desire to attain to truth;

and eventually led to the firmest belief. Man is taught to "know himself" and to sympathize with others; he can also estimate those trivial matters, with which many are wholly concerned, at their true worth, and his attention is directed to those more important concerns that are usually all too much neglected. The study is of the highest importance to parents and teachers, as they are occupied in developing thought and moulding character; their success almost entirely depends on their knowledge of the mental and moral capabilities, and a true conception of the object to be attained. Considered as a source of mental training, the study requires concentration; accurate reasoning; orderly arrangement of thought; independent research (no opinion can be taken at second hand) and precision in the use of language.

At the Political Economy meeting next Tuesday, Mr. H. A. Aikins will read a paper on—"The Wage Fund Theory"—Fawcett, Book I., chap. 2, and Book II., chap. 4. Committee appointed to choose the subject of the following Mental Science meeting—Messrs. M. V. Kelly, H. A. Aikins and J. G. Hume.

### NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The third regular meeting of the Natural Science Association was held on Tuesday evening, the 10th of November. Mr. Buch, Mr. Wilkie and Mr. Bensley were nominated for the office of 2nd year representative, and seven new members were admitted into the Association Society. Mr. Brent opened the programme of the evening with a paper entitled "Chacun pour soi," describing the fierce struggle for existence which takes place between plants in tropical forests, and the various devices by which the weaker ones get where they can obtain light and nourishment. A peculiar kind of turning palm and a fern which climbs in rather a strange way, or by undeveloped ponds, were especially described. Mr. Miller's paper on the Dicyemidac was also most interesting, and showed that much careful work had been put on it; and it is to be hoped all the papers of the year may reach as high a standard. There was a very good attendance, but principally of the upper years.

### KNOX COLLEGE.

The first public debate of the session was a pronounced success. The President, Mr. J. Mackay, B.A., delivered his inaugural address, taking as his subject "Literary Style." Mr. T. W. Logie read a selection from Tennyson. The subject for debate was "Resolved that the present system of governing Ireland is preferable to Home Rule." Messrs. Patterson and McLeod supported the affirmative, and Messrs. Gordon and Campbell the negative. Decision in favour of the affirmative. The date of the next public is Dec. 4th.

The Glee Club contemplates giving concerts in Brantford and Paris about the end of the present month.

Y. M. C. A.

The first meeting of the week of prayer was held on Sunday afternoon, with a fair attendance. Dr. Wilson conducted it. He took for his subject Christ's interview at the well with the woman of Samaria. He showed the responsibility under which we, as intelligent men with the Gospel known to us, stand. "The Spirit and the bride say come, . . . and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." If we will not accept Christ, we will to reject Him. He referred to the grand arena for work open to the members of the Association, and hoped that before long, with the Divine blessing, they would make it plain to men how a secular undenominational University may still be a Christian University.

The attendance at the meeting on Monday was somewhat meagre. Dr. Caven, of Knox College, conducted it. He based his remarks on Jas. 4: 14, "For what is your life. It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." After dwelling on the uncertainty of life, he gave some of the practical results which the contemplation of death should give rise to. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our heart to wisdom." And lastly, in the words of our blessed Master Himself, "Watch and pray, for ye know not when the time is."

Dr. Clarke, of McMaster Hall, led the meeting on Tuesday afternoon. He took for his subject an Unselfish Example, as found in 18th chapter of Romans. A Christian is of necessity an unselfish man, and when we are made Christians we do not become mere beneficiaries of Christ, but grow more and more like unto Him. And how are we students to show that our hearts are changed? Some by becoming ministers of the Gospel, the others in various ways—the only needful thing being that we show ourselves truly unselfish like our Great Example.



An attendance of seventy greeted Mr. Blake on Wednesday afternoon. He spoke on the story of Jonah, drawing from it practical lessons which every hearer could apply to himself. We want more applied Christianity. Theory is all very well, but it ought to issue in practice. The burden of his discourse might be summed up in the "Take me, break me, make me," of our old divine. We must first be taken into Christ's flock, then cleansed, broken, emptied completely of all sin, and finally fashioned, moulded, made as the Lord would have us.

There were very few present at the meeting on Thursday, Thanksgiving Day. Mr. DuVernet, of Wycliffe College, conducted it, taking for a subject what he hoped every young man would make his motto, "Aim high, fight shy, keep nigh." Aim high, aim at being a successful man; at being Christ-like; fight shy of everything that is degrading either to body or mind; keep nigh at all times to Christ.

#### UNIVERSITY TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

The annual meeting of the Temperance League will be held in Moss Hall, on Wednesday next, at 4.45 sharp. The speakers will be Major Smith, late of General Middleton's staff, Hon. S. H. Blake, and the Rev. Mr. Stafford, of the Metropolitan. The meeting will only last an hour, and it is hoped that every student will endeavour to be present.

#### TORONTO SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

The annual meeting of the Medical Society was held on Friday evening. Mr. O. Weld, B.A., who was a member of the Red Cross Hospital and Ambulance Corps, during the Northwest rebellion, related his experience, medical and otherwise, with that body. Mr. Weld added another to the numerous testimonies, as to the almost marvellous curative powers of fresh air.

Motions were introduced to give the Freshmen a representative on the Society's committee, and to make the Society's Library a circulating one. This latter question is a much vexed one. The Society has adopted various plans, but without success. Owing to the continued severe illness of Mr. W. H. Green, the position of 1st vice at the annual dinner, is again thrown open for election. The Sessional Committee would win the gratitude of the students by providing the waiting room with tables, whereat the leisure moments might be whiled away in chess, checkers, and other games. At present, the reading-room is monopolized for this purpose, much to the annoyance of those bent on more serious things.

#### FOOTBALL RUGBY.

The annual match with McGill College attracted a large crowd to the lawn last Saturday, in spite of the wretched weather. Some time was wasted in waiting for a McGill man. When at last he appeared the men were arranged in the following positions:—

M'GILL.		'VARSITY.	
W. Hamilton,	Backs	W. P. Mustard	Backs
C. P. Brown,		C. Marani	
W. Reid,		H. Senkler,	
H. Kemp,	Half backs	E. C. Senkler,	Half backs
J. Dunlop,		J. H. Moss,	
E. May,		W. B. Nesbitt,	
R. O. Sullivan,	Quarter backs	H. B. Cronyn,	Quarter backs
R. Palmer,		A. Elliott,	
J. Nasmith,		G. Richardson,	
J. Kirby,	Forwards	F. M. Robertson,	Forwards
C. McNutt,		H. B. Bruce,	
J. Spingle,		A. G. Smith,	
H. Patton,		D. Ferguson,	
A. Macdonell,		H. Maclaren,	
J. Kerry, (capt.)		J. S. Maclean, (capt.)	

The 'Varsity sported the well-known blue and white and McGill canvas jackets and knickerbockers, with red and white striped stockings. Mr. G. Gordon, of U. C. C., was chosen referee, and Mr. Swaby umpire for McGill and Mr. Pardee umpire for the 'Varsity. The decisions of these gentlemen gave entire satisfaction to all, and the game throughout was carried on in a most gentlemanly manner. The 'Varsity won the toss-up and took the kick-off, defending the northern goal. Mustard, instead of kicking the ball well down on the McGill goal, slipped and only sent it a few yards, where it was stopped, and a series of scrimmages ensued, all characterized by extremely sharp forward play on both sides. Gradually the ball was worked into McGill territory, the

'Varsity scrimmage being too strong for their opponents. At last it went into touch, when Robertson took it and worked on McGill one of the Ottawa College dodges. Throwing the ball about three-fourths of the way across the field, the half-back (H. Senkler) rushed up, and, getting it, made a dash for the McGill goal. Unfortunately, he lost the ball behind the line, and McGill rouged it. First blood for the 'Varsity. Shortly afterwards McGill was again compelled to rouge. Finally, by some pretty passing, H. Senkler obtained a try, which Bruce failed to convert into a goal. This and another failure were, no doubt, owing to the wet, slippery state of the ball. After the kick-off the 'Varsity again rushed it down. Elliott and Nesbitt played a splendid forward game, while the passing generally has never been excelled on the lawn. McGill was again forced to rouge, but then drew together and threatened to make things hot for the 'Varsity. May and Kerry played well for McGill, and the ball was forced down on the 'Varsity goal. Mustard got it out, only to have it returned closer than ever. There was intense excitement for a few minutes, both sides straining every nerve, for, although so far the home team had the best of the play, the score stood only 7 to 0, and a goal for McGill would equalize matters. But half time was now called, much to the relief of the 'Varsity.

After a short intermission play was resumed. The magnificent forward play of the 'Varsity again prevailed, and gradually the ball was worked into McGill ground. H. Senkler secured it, and, eluding several of his opponents, dropped one of the prettiest goals from the field seen for a long time. Now McGill made a most determined effort and obtained a rouge, the only point got in the game. On resuming play E. Senkler captured the ball and made a magnificent run along the touch-line, dodging one after another of the McGill men, and finally obtained a well-earned try from which the 'Varsity again failed to make a goal. No more points on either side were scored, and when time was called the ball was in McGill territory. The score at the finish stood 17 to 1.

This makes the second victory for 'Varsity in five inter-collegiate matches. Varsity played in splendid style, both as a team and individually, each player seeming to be just where he was needed. The backs made the most of every opportunity. E. Senkler at quarter played a very successful game, and passed with good judgment. As usual, Andy Elliott led the way among the forwards. It was the general opinion that the Varsity has nothing to fear when it plays for the Toronto challenge cup. For McGill, Hamilton was by long odds the best of the backs, kicking with excellent judgment. May and Kelly also played a good game. After the match the 'Varsity gave McGill a dinner at the Rossin. About fifty were present, and enjoyed the excellent fare as only footballers can. Mr. H. B. Cronyn occupied the chair and proposed the toast of the McGill club, which was responded to by Mr. J. Kerry, their captain. Songs followed until the hour of departure, when the 'Varsity accompanied their guests to the station. So ended the most pleasant game of the season.

#### PERSONALS.

T. Walmsley, in a law office in Picton.  
H. B. Witton is in a law office in Hamilton.  
S. A. Henderson, in Blake, Lash & Cassels.  
W. M. Logan is in the training school at Hamilton.  
G. F. Cane and Frank Drake, passed their first Intermediate.  
W. F. W. Creelman and W. H. Blake, have passed their examinations for Barrister and Solicitor.  
R. A. Thompson is monitor in the training school, to be Mathematical Master in the Collegiate Institute soon.  
W. B. Nesbitt, W. P. Mustard and Elliott, played on Tuesday last, in the Inter-Provincial Rugby match. Elliott was the hero of the day.  
R. F. Ruttan, B.A., '81, who has been for some time Lecturer in Chemistry in McGill College, has recently returned from Germany. He spent the past six months in Hoffmann laboratory, Berlin, where he was engaged in original research. It is expected that he will shortly publish a pamphlet giving the result of his investigations.

I. E. Martin was the victim of a brutal assault last Saturday. He was struck on the face with a stone by some malicious person, just as he was passing out of the eastern entrance of the College grounds. It was doubtless done by some ruffian as revenge on Mr. Martin for the discharge of his duty as member of the grounds committee. It is a disgrace to the city that when the University grounds are thrown open to the public, University men should be recompensed in this barbarous way.



## Editor's Table.

### GRIMM'S MÄRCHEN.

Kinder and Hausmärchen der Gebrüder Grimm, *selected and edited together with Schiller's ballad, Der Taucher, with English notes, glossaries, and grammatical appendices*, by W. H. Vandersmissen, M.A., *Lecturer on German in University College, Toronto. Delege Regional de l'Institution Ethnographique, Toronto: Williamson & Co.*

As we give this little volume a first preparatory glance, the fact at once strikes us that we are handling a work much above the ordinary. It is decidedly one of the most serviceable school-texts of German classics we have seen. Typographically and in appearance generally it is neat and tasteful, and with a charm about it that would bespeak the careful attention of those to whom it goes, even if merit of another kind did not demand it.

As the preface says, the selection by the authorities of such a work as Grimm's, where the set purpose is to ground those commencing the language in its rudiments, is a good one. The extreme simplicity of the language in which the tales, essentially so realistic in character are told, forms in the writings of the Grimms an attractiveness potent to young and old alike. We agree with the editor as to the suitability of the choice; and turning from the subject to the editor's treatment of it, may add that the same excellence which marks the former characterizes the latter. Selected as a text book for beginners, it is annotated in just the way such a work should be. Too frequently does wretched annotation spoil an excellent selection, and too often, indeed, is it a mere delusion, the outcome of a publisher's so-called enterprise, when the sole object naturally is to procure a sale for the book. Notes to any text intended for the special use of beginners should be something more than an apology for such. They should be copious even at the risk of being tediously full. They should be written with the design of being serviceable to the student, if properly comprehended and remembered, long after the special work to which they are attached has ceased to occupy his attention; with the idea also of giving him, in addition, information bearing closely though not immediately on the grammatical point with which the note is connected.

Attention to such a plan is, we think, one of the most commendable features in the book before us, and the student who gives the text due attention as he reads both notes will derive no small benefit from the many "points" which the editor groups around his notes.

As well as the notes the volume contains glossaries including all but the simple words used in the preceding text. One is almost led to ask, looking at the minuteness which marks the editor's work, why he did not subjoin to the whole a literal translation of the text. But although the question comes somewhat naturally, we have to admit that the insinuation which goes with it is scarcely just. For at no time can the editor be said to have taken the student's legitimate work on himself, but he has merely removed difficulties the overcoming of which affords the student no material advancement in the study of the language.

But the constituency to which the book should appeal is not confined to the class of beginners. All students of German, struggling with the intricacies of its sentence-making, can thank Mr. Vandersmissen for the publication at the close of the little volume of what to them is of the greatest service: a concise, full and comprehensible chapter on German construction and arrangement. If nothing else warranted the publication of the book, this we think would be sufficient.

To the hypercritical the book presents the usual opportunities. It might reasonably be asked of the author what service is accomplished which gives him an excuse for occupying three pages or so

in informing us that adj. stands for adjective, Lat. for Latin, or subj. for subject, etc. True, the fulness of the list prevents any possible confusion, and at the worst it does no harm, but we take it that abbreviations for practical use should never be other than those established by custom.

We trust that success will follow Mr. Vandersmissen's work, and that our other professors and lecturers will put some of their spare moments to a similar use, and by their aid elevate, as it indeed requires, the standard of "annotated texts."

### BURLESQUE PLAYS AND POEMS.\*

We wish to call the attention of our readers to a new series of publications by Routledge & Sons, the well-known English publishers. The series is called "Morley's Universal Library," all the books of which are edited by Professor Henry Morley, a sufficient guarantee of pure texts and readable books. Twenty-seven volumes have so far been brought out, and others are promised. The series is remarkable for wonderful cheapness, for valuable works, and for good type, paper, and artistic binding.

The latest of the volumes is "Burlesque Plays and Poems," and contains, among other things, Horace and James Smith's "Rejected Addresses," Tom Hood's "Odes and Addresses to Great People," Rhodes' "Bombastes Furioso," Fielding's "Tom Thumb the Great," Chaucer's "Rhyme of Thopas," "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," &c., &c. The price of the books is 35 cents each, the cheapest volumes we ever had the pleasure of buying. Every reading student should have them on his shelves.

## Communications.

Letters from W. F. Maclean and "B. N." have been unavoidably crowded out. Will appear next week.

### LAWN DESECRATION.

To the Editor of THE VARSITY:—

SIR: It has been said that one of the strongest arguments in favour of a college course is the enjoyment derived in after life from looking back upon its jovial scenes and pleasant experiences. It is certain that time throws a halo around the pleasurable incidents, while the tedious or indifferent ones are forgotten. There is one picture which, in the reminiscences of the great majority of graduates, forms the centre of their brightest associations; and this is the College lawn. It is with very great sorrow that I have seen in the part of the session already gone, a tendency not only to make the College lawn common property, but also to bring in from the city a class of persons unfitted to associate with our students. Of course it must not be overlooked that University College, including the lawn, is the property of the people of the Province, and is supported by the taxes of the people, so that it is only just that every person who pays his taxes should have the right to visit the College at proper hours. But, notwithstanding this, it seems to me that the undergraduates of Toronto University should have sufficient regard for the reputation of their Alma Mater to induce them to refrain from any course of action which would encourage disreputable persons to frequent the lawn.

The readers of the VARSITY are aware that a baseball club has been formed in the College, many of them may not have seen the crowd of persons who, on a recent Saturday, came up from the city to participate in the game. The most prominent among them was a saloon-keeper, who is notorious for his love of baseball and his generosity in bailing out of prison disreputable characters who are unfortunate enough to be placed under the restraints of the law. I have nothing to say against the game of baseball. Intrinsicly the

\*Morley's Universal Library. Toronto: Williamson & Co.



game may be as good as either cricket or football, perhaps better, as it is claimed to be more "scientific," but the associations of the game are such as should induce our undergraduates to hesitate before introducing it to the College. The associations of the game are the criterion by which the game should be judged, and the associations surrounding the game are of the very lowest and most repugnant character. It has been degraded by Yankee professionalism until the name of baseball cannot fail to suggest a tobacco-chewing, loud-voiced, twang-nosed bar-tender, with a large diamond pin and elaborately oiled hair. I do not say that our undergraduates could not take up the game and play it so as to elevate it considerably, but in elevating the game a little they would lower themselves a great deal, and such a course must appear inadvisable to even those students who are fond of the game.

But there is another reason why we should not take up this game, and that is that if there is only one game on hand at a particular season of the year, and all the students in the college go into it heartily, the probability is that they will achieve a success which will do credit to the institution. Cricket does not conflict with football, because each has its own season, but to introduce baseball would be to divide the athletic force of the college into two separate channels, with a consequent bad effect on each. For this reason, too, I would suggest that it would be a good thing if the Rugby and Association clubs would come to some kind of an understanding and the whole college play either one or the other. If this were done and the work was led on by active, energetic men, the probability is that each year we would be able to defeat not only every Canadian club, but would arrange matches with United States colleges, and that in time our college would have a world-wide fame for that game, whatever it might be, to which the students had determined to devote their whole attention. I throw this out as a matter for discussion, but for the present we

should certainly content ourselves with football and cricket, and devote all our attention to each in its season, and I think the result will in the end prove the wisdom of such a course.

There is another reason, and it is one the force of which every student will see. Baseball wears out the lawn much faster than any other game. In football the play is not so much in one spot. Cricket is bad enough in this respect, and sometimes during the cricket season the lawn is badly hacked up. But baseball is exactly four times worse, for while there is only one run path in cricket, there are four in baseball. Our lawn would soon become a network of bare diamond shaped patches which in wet weather would become so much scraggy mud.

W. A. FROST.

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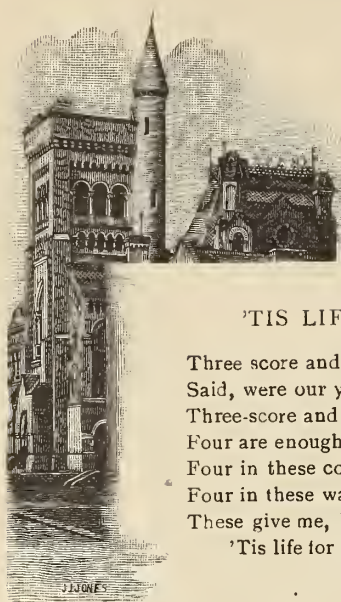
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
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# 49 VARSITY

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY THOUGHT AND EVENTS.

Vol. VI.

University of Toronto, Nov. 21, 1885.

No. 5.

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## THE VARSITY.

THE VARSITY is published in the University of Toronto every Saturday during the Academic Year, October to May inclusive.

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## Topics of the Hour.

WE have upon several occasions advocated the holding of an annual dinner by the undergraduates of University College, and have instanced the success which has attended similar gatherings of the students of the Medical Schools in this city. There appears to be a very general desire to have the dinner made more an undergraduate affair than has hitherto been the case. With this view we heartily sympathize. We hope that this sentiment will be encouraged, and the social element amongst the undergraduates more thoroughly cultivated and developed than it has been heretofore. We understand that a meeting of the undergraduates will be summoned early next week to discuss this subject. We hope that every undergraduate will make it his business to be present, and do his utmost to make the annual dinner—which we would suggest be

held some time near Christmas or the New Year—a greater success than it has ever been before.

THE Library Committee, to whose consideration the Senate has referred the petition of the students asking the repeal of that library regulation requiring a deposit, should have no difficulty in arriving at a decision. The important point is whether such regulation has had the effect of deterring students from using the library. Now, up to the end of last week, the number of students who made the required deposit was under forty. Contrast this with previous years and the inference is obvious. Under the new system only students for honors, who must have access to works dealing with their special subject, are likely to make the deposit. But others who find ordinary text-books sufficient for examination purposes are not encouraged to avail themselves of the facilities afforded by the library for general reading. The whole tendency of the present day is to render libraries as accessible as possible to students, and it is to be hoped that Toronto University will not be an exception.

IT is with the deepest regret that we have to record the death of the wife of the honored President of University College. The sad event, rendered the more distressing by its terrible suddenness, occurred at her residence, 121 St. George St., at 12 o'clock on Sunday night last. Without presuming to draw aside the curtain which veils the sacredness of private life, we can say that only those who had the privilege of knowing the late Mrs. Wilson, can realize the great and irreparable loss which Dr. Wilson has sustained. In the numerous religious and philanthropic enterprises with which Dr. Wilson's name is so closely identified, his late wife was a warm sympathizer and an active co-worker. In the many social and kindred duties incumbent upon one holding the position of President of University College, Mrs. Wilson was ever, in the highest and truest sense of the word, a loving help-meet. Not later than last Saturday evening the senior class of University College were enjoying her hospitality, and upon the next day, the warm heart that prompted it was stilled for ever!

Dr. Wilson will have the deep and heartfelt sympathy of many in this city. Not the least sincere will be that of students of University College, with whose recollections of their college days will be associated many pleasant memories of the kindness and generous hospitality of her who has so recently "gone on through sad, mysterious mists into the great brightness."

IN the name of humanity we protest against the coarseness and brutality of the tone of several of the Toronto daily papers with reference to the tragedy at Regina last Monday. The allusions of the *News*, anticipatory of the event, were inexpressibly revolting.



Race prejudice and hatred were never displayed with more malignity. It could not have been thought possible that in a civilized city the editor of a public journal would have dared to outrage all decency by gloating over the doom of a condemned man within two or three hours of his execution. The attitude of the party journals was but little better. Ever since the trial began the *Globe* showed an almost fiendish delight in the anticipation of political capital to be made out of the final event, whatever it might be. Scarcely a word as to the personal innocence or guilt of the unhappy prisoner, not a single plea for mercy or a single argument for justice, but column after column of what looked very like horrid jubilation at the perplexity of the Government over the question. On the other side, the *Mail* spared no effort to fix the whole blame of the outbreak upon the Metis chieftain, ignoring entirely the serious responsibility of the Government in the matter. The baseness of partisan journalism was never before displayed in a more shocking manner than it has been during the last few weeks by these three newspapers. But it is said that a certain Methodist minister of this city equalled the public journals in grossness and inhumanity. Is it possible that this man so prostituted his sacred calling as virtually to offer public thanksgiving to Almighty God for the certainty of the approaching execution? This from a professedly Christian minister, in this nineteenth century of civilization and enlightenment, might well make Humanity weep her eyes out in bitter tears over the degradation of our city.

THE utterances of Dr. Purslow and Mr. Houston on the scholarship question has drawn upon these gentlemen several base and cowardly attacks from an anonymous correspondent of the *Mail*. The letters are clearly the outcome of the personal animus of the writer. They are a tissue of falsehood and malicious misrepresentation. The assailant does not make direct charges, but takes the utmost license in insinuation and inuendo. Statements of this nature made under cover of anonymity show only too plainly the character of their author. Whether we agree with Mr. Houston and Dr. Purslow or not, we must give them credit for expressing their views and furthering their aims in an open and above-board manner, and this is not a virtue of their opponents. The truth is that Mr. Houston's energetic efforts for university reform have awakened into unscrupulous activity persons who never were active before—at least not active in any movement which would benefit the University. Mr. Houston was elected by the graduates of the University as their representative on the Senate because he has always shown a vigorous and intelligent interest in University affairs. The undergraduates have shown their appreciation of his views by electing him for the second time to the highest office in their gift—the presidency of the Literary Society. He has been a regular contributor to THE VARSITY ever since its inception, and his articles therein have been widely copied and commented upon by both American and Canadian journals. In short, during the last ten years there has been scarcely an organization or enterprise calculated to benefit the University to which Mr. Houston has not rendered valuable assistance. It is impossible, then, that his reputation can be injured by the scurrilous insinuations of an anonymous newspaper scribbler, and the attempt meets only the contempt of all right-thinking men.

WE have, for various reasons, refrained from commenting, to any great extent, upon our exchanges, their excellencies or shortcomings. But we have before us an example of bad taste and vulgar buffoonery, in the current number of *Acta Victoriana*, which we have rarely seen equalled by any college paper on our exchange list. The local editor of *Acta* says that in gathering his information about the Freshmen whose biographies he appends, "his scavengers have been at work, and in the following columns appears the collected offal." The local editor may have intended this for wit,

but he ungaunderly spoke the truth for once. Any one who takes advantage of his position to write about his fellow students in such a grossly personal way—whether he may merely intend to be funny or not—does not deserve to be on the staff of a college paper. Certainly the Editor-in-Chief of *Acta* must be lamentably wanting in judgment and good feeling to allow the columns of his paper to be filled with such contemptible stuff as that which his "Local Editor" gathers with the aid of his "scavengers." But to us, one of the most objectionable features of this kind of writing, is the miserable and petty spirit exhibited by the writer, and apparently sanctioned by his co-editors, towards the Freshmen. They are merely apeing the conduct of certain American students who think it manly to bully and snub every Freshman, simply because he is one. The fact that a man has attended college for one or two years prior to another, does not by any means imply superiority on the one hand, or inferiority on the other. There are many Freshmen who are vastly the superiors of seniors in culture, manners, and attainments, and yet *because* they are Freshmen they are fair game for every kind of insult, ridicule, and abuse. This is a miserable doctrine and one which every Canadian student should endeavor to discredit upon every possible occasion.

We would strongly advise the Editor-in-Chief of *Acta* to remember that if he wishes to make his paper a credit to the institution to which belongs, he will have to suppress budding journalists who mistake smartness for wit, and brag for manliness.

THE third concert of this series took place in the Horticultural Gardens pavilion last Monday evening. It was largely attended, and was throughout a most pronounced success. The string quartette, consisting of Messrs. Jacobsen, Bayley, Fisher and Corell, played Mozart's quartette in D minor; Andante, op. II., (*Tschaikowsky*); and a Scherzo, (*Cherubini*). The playing of the string quartette was very fine, the beautiful Andante from Mozart's quartette being especially well rendered. The plaintive and melancholy Andante by *Tschaikowsky* was most artistically played. The same may be said of the Scherzo by *Cherubini*. The playing of the Toronto Quartette Club bears most marked evidence of careful rehearsal, and a true artistic interpretation of the composers' ideas. Toronto is to be congratulated upon the possession of a quartette every member of which is a thorough musician. Herr Corell's playing of the violincello is decidedly one of the features of the quartette. The trio in D minor, (*Reissiger*) for piano, violin, and 'cello, gave an opportunity for Mr. Carl Martens to display his ability as a pianoforte player. Miss Emma Thursby, the solo vocalist, is well and favourably known in Toronto, and was most enthusiastically received. Her first number was the "Bell Song," from Desibes' opera of "Lakmé." This song is simply a "show piece," and has no other recommendation, if indeed that is one. Miss Thursby's most successful numbers were Chopin's "Mazurka" and Taubert's "Bird Song." She also sang "Es Blinkt der Thau," by Rubinstein, and a Scotch ballad, as an encore. Her vocalization is wonderfully perfect and her method irreproachable. Herr Henri Jacobsen created quite a furore by his playing of the Andante and Finale from Mendelssohn's concerto in E. Her Jacobsen played this number with a vigor and a breadth of tone, and surmounted the great difficulties of the Finale with an ease and finish which astonished even those who know his powers as a soloist. The Monday Popular Concerts are certainly growing in public estimation. They have many excellent features. The concerts commence and finish at the advertised time, the programmes are well selected, well arranged, and well performed, and the artists are all first-class. The only objection we have is to some of the so-called fashionable people who go to the concerts and who destroy the enjoyment of others by their ill-mannered conduct. We are informed by a gentleman present of the case of a man who, when the most beautiful movement of Mozart's quartette was being performed, noisily pulled out a copy of the *Globe* and com-



menced to read about the execution of Louis Riel! But this is, of course, no fault of the Directorate, who are deserving of nothing but the greatest praise and encouragement.

## Leading Articles.

### FOUNDATION SCHOLARSHIPS.

We cannot emphasize too strongly the necessity, in a university of the importance of our own, of fully equipping those branches which are taught. It is unreasonable to talk of introducing a new course, if, as seems to be the case, some of the present ones are inadequately supplied with both money and instructors. But there is a consideration in connection with the disposal of moneys hitherto applied to scholarships, no less important than this. This money belongs by appropriation to the undergraduate body. The wisdom of diverting it altogether from this course may fairly be questioned. How to apply the proceeds of private benefactions which have been bestowed, and of further gifts which are expected, is also a matter for argument and suggestion. We do not question the right of the senate to apply the money as they see fit; it is taken for granted that they desire to make the best possible use of it. One of the strongest arguments in favor of the old scholarship system was that it enabled some good students to carry on their course, which they could not have done otherwise. However it may have been in the past, the experience of to-day is that the majority of scholarship men would not have been deterred from attendance at the university if there had been no monetary inducement. If this is the case, it is reasonable that the money should be applied to the cases of really good students who could not otherwise obtain a university training. This might be done by the institution of foundation scholarships obtainable on examination as a test of fitness. In this way a student, himself unable to carry on his course, would receive an amount extending over one, two, three, or four years, according to the value of the scholarship, given solely on the ground of merit. Indeed, there is no reason why such a system as this should stop at graduation. Nothing would benefit higher education more than scholarships founded for the express purpose of aiding a student in original work after his training as an undergraduate had ceased. The present fellowship system fails, to great extent, in aiding a man to do original work, because the fellows have too much to do, in the way of assisting the professors in the different departments. Such a course as we have mentioned is one chief source of the great success of Johns Hopkins. There the men devote themselves entirely to their specialty, and all that is required of them is evidence of original work being done. If we had a number of scholarships applied in this way, from matriculation on, Toronto university would undoubtedly secure a number of really good men whom other colleges, without such advantages, could not get. In the case of men who possess means, Toronto has nothing to fear in competition with any other Canadian university, and if such a course as we have suggested were pursued, the benefit to the cause of education and to our own university would be sure and permanent.

### THE WESTERN UNIVERSITY.

WHEN the late Bishop of Huron resigned his See and removed to England, and a successor was appointed known to have little sympathy with his predecessor's pet scheme, observers thought the Western University was doomed, and that a year or two would see its end. This anticipation became a certainty when a few months ago it was announced that the Council of Huron College had decided to withdraw from affiliation with the University. By this withdrawal the latter body would lose the greater part of the property through which it was enabled to comply with the terms of its

charter—that it must have property to the value of at least \$100,000 before it could exercise its University functions—and its existence as an active University must therefore terminate. Since this decision, however, local feeling in London has been persistently stirred. The friends of the Western University have represented that in abandoning it the London people are playing into the hands of Toronto, and this incentive has proved sufficient. At a meeting of Huron College Council, held a week or two ago, the former resolution was annulled, but two members of the Council still advocating severance from the University, one of these the Bishop of Huron. The result of this action will be that practically the Western University will use the funds of Huron College, which will furnish almost its sole revenue, and the University will thus be given a stability it otherwise could not have. The Arts Faculty is suspended for the time being, and in the Divinity Faculty (which is really but another name for Huron College) there is only one student. The Medical Faculty is the most progressive, and has thirty or forty students, this department being supported heartily, we are informed, by the medical profession in London. A proposal has been made to establish a Law Faculty, and this is being actively pressed by the legal profession as a practical protest against the centralization of legal business and learning in Toronto. So far, however, nothing but talk—a cheap commodity—has been expended on this proposal.

So the matter stands, and it behooves those who are interested in University education to enquire what this all means. One very apparent fact is that University centralization is not opposed only in such places as Kingston and Cobourg, where long-existing institutions have drawn to them the affections of the people. From the west, where no University has as yet existed, comes vigorous opposition, and the red rag there that has infuriated that excitable and often unreasoning bovine, public opinion, is “if we do not have a local University we will be playing into the hands of Toronto,” and no jealousy between two rival leaders of fashion was ever more acute than that between Toronto and her sister cities of Ontario. The sublime egotism of the Toronto secular and religious press is partly to blame for this. The newspapers here have too often been eager to appropriate everything for Toronto. The latter's growth and success have been phenomenal, and her efforts to absorb everything are bitterly resented by the other cities. The result is a feeling of acute jealousy towards us, often unreasoning and petty, and this is exemplified in the case in point. A University, however, must have some more enduring foundation than such a feeling, and in all calmness and moderation we must ask the supporters of the Western University what *raison d'être* beyond this they can furnish for it.

The conception of the advantages to be derived from being the seat of a University such as is proposed is probably exaggerated, and in connection with this it should be remembered that the support of such an institution is largely local, and London people must first face the difficulty that if the University is to be continued they must be prepared to put their hands into their pockets and help it liberally. So far they have failed to do this, and the impartial observer, while this is the case, is justified in suspecting that they are idle talkers rather than earnest workers, for they support a paper scheme without any self-denying effort to make that scheme a reality. For the advantage of having the University they must pay the price. If they are prepared to do this, if they are prepared to endow a University that will be worthy of the name, we will sink our regret at a mistaken policy in our admiration of men who are in earnest in advocating the policy they adopt. An income of not less than thirty thousand dollars a year is necessary before they can with any propriety, side by side with other institutions, assume the name of University. Are they prepared to provide this sum? If they are not, local jealousy is blinding their eyes when they still support the University scheme.

But while we believe the University scheme is utterly im-



practicable for London we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that local feeling still persistently cries "We are not going to allow Toronto to have everything." The cry is partially justifiable. Toronto as a legal and educational centre has certain advantages that no other city in Ontario can hope to rival, and it is folly to attempt to do so. These advantages are mainly derived from this being the seat of the superior law Courts and of the Provincial University. In some other respects, however, London can offer advantages equal to those of Toronto. The experience of the last twenty years should have shown the London people that the attempt to establish a Divinity Hall in a place where students will have no facilities for Arts training is doomed to failure; and London cannot hope to rival Toronto in its facilities for teaching Arts and Law. Let these Faculties then be abandoned. There is no reason why a Medical School in London should not be as successful as one in Toronto. We may, in view of the fact that many of our young men are going to Europe for a more efficient training in medicine than they can get here, regret that our Medical Schools do not unite and form one thoroughly efficient school, but even in Toronto there is division and London has as much right to one School as Toronto to two. Good doctors are found in all centres of population, and London can probably, from local medical men, provide as good lecturers as Toronto.

We would ask for a thoughtful and impartial review of the situation, and this being taken, we feel that the supporters of the Western University will see that they are committing a great error. In the past we have referred to the policy adopted by the late Bishop in founding the University and have criticized it adversely. In all fairness we must admit that its present upholders are not responsible for his actions. They take it as they find it, and it must now be criticized on its present merits, not on its history. The truth that underlies the support it receives is that London has a right to have any educational institution in its midst it can efficiently maintain. The error consists in striving to bring into existence the whole machinery of a University. No one knows better than its supporters how impossible it is, under the circumstances, to make such an institution efficient. Practical common sense teaches that a little well done is better than much merely attempted.

#### LL.D.

WE are glad that a postponement of the discussion by the Senate of Mr. Kingford's motion with regard to our degree of LL.D. has given us an opportunity to express our opinion thereupon. From the principle involved, we think the question of much greater importance than seems as yet to have been attached to it by the Senate, and trust that the motion, which will doubtless be again discussed at a not distant date, will not be finally disposed of without the most careful consideration.

Our position on the present aspect of the subject of the granting of this, our highest degree is but a consistent following out of the opinion we expressed last year, when the whole question of the *status* of the degree of LL.D. in our University was so fully discussed by the Senate and Convocation; which opinion, we were gratified to see, ultimately prevailed. We stated fully and frankly our reasons for holding that a system, by which the degree of LL.D. was bestowed by means of a written examination, was a system which could not possibly bring out the men among our graduates whom we would most desire to see honored by their University; that it was thus a false and vicious encouragement to mediocrity; that its natural tendency was to give to the public a false idea of the acme of university attainments, by thrusting forward men in whom the highest university attainments are by no means to be found; that, in short, it exhibited the *reductio ad absurdum* of the written-examination system, and the exemplification of all in that system that is essen-

tially evil. If these reasons were sound—and we believe they were never satisfactorily answered—the degree of LL.D. should be granted on grounds entirely independent of written examinations, whatever criterion or mode of bestowal might be adopted; the present plan, by which the degree is conferred only *honoris causa*, is, if impartially and carefully pursued, undoubtedly the best.

But Mr. Kingsford's motion assumes that the introduction of a new system should not interfere with or take away a sort of vested right belonging to the present possessors of the degree of LL.B., and suggests the propriety and justice of allowing them to proceed to the higher degree according to the old method by which their present degree was conferred upon them. But, through retroactive legislation is undoubtedly unjust as a rule, it is not so when it strikes at the roots of an existing institution, recognized as pernicious in its very character. And this is what, in our opinion, was the ground taken by the Senate in their radical amendment in the constitution of the degree of LL.D.; they saw that the extension of the criterion of the written examination to that degree was an anomaly, of which complete eradication was the only possible amendment. The continuance of that anomaly for the alleged benefit of those who happen now to have the degree of LL.B., is unnecessary; we think it is, too, almost entirely uncalled-for, and recall the fact that the most persistent advocacy of the change, now at last effected, came from those of our graduates against whom indiscriminating injustice is now imagined.

The Senate has of late made, among its advances and improvements in the constitution of the University, two radical changes for the better,—one in the abolition of medals, and the other in the alteration of the basis of the degree of LL.D., as above alluded to. From both these advances retrogression has been urged in the Senate itself. Mr. King's motion for the restoration of medals met with a prompt and decisive refusal. We believe the Senate will accord the same treatment to the motion of Mr. Kingsford now before them, and will refuse to recede in the course of reform and development by which they have of late years been markedly characterized.

### Literature.

#### TRAGEDY.

Shaded lamp and student—  
Maiden, come not near;  
For 'twould not be prudent,  
'Twere unkind, I fear.

Working brain and tranquil  
Heart, and harmless flame—  
Then a fire so baneful—  
Things no more the same.

Studies all forsaking,  
Lost our mother's pains,  
Nothing left but aching  
Hearts and idle brains.

R.

#### TWO PLANS.

All through virgin nature runs one plan.  
Man comes, and over it and through he weaves  
Another. Where the two do not agree,  
There we see deformity and pain;  
The harmony complete, there's joy and beauty,  
And up through the human plan doth radiate  
And shine the plan of God. So truly did  
The Buddhist teach: The end of man is this,  
With God in perfect harmony to live,  
To lose himself in the eternal mind.

B.



## CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

It is a mistake to suppose with some critics that permanence of popularity is a fair test of absolute literary greatness. For a large part of the reputation of many literary productions depends entirely upon circumstances which do not at all testify to intrinsic merit in the author. Thus the archaic quaintness, and the simplicity and purity of Chaucer, for which we so much admire him, are in a large measure mere accidents of his time. If we thought, spoke, and acted as people did in those days, Chaucer's writings would cease to be in a special degree wonderful to us except on the score of antiquity. There are now living in England and America very many better novelists than Richardson and Fielding, but because they chanced to stand alone the names of these two authors will live long after most of these others shall have been forgotten. Perhaps no small share of the reputation which attaches to the name of Walter Scott is due to the fact of his being the only considerable Scotch novelist. Fenimore Cooper's European fame grew almost entirely out of the absolute freshness of his subject matter. His home repute was due to the patriotic braggadocio of his countrymen. They had little native literature, but they sought to compensate themselves by exaggerating the excellence of what they had.

In our estimate, then, of the elements of absolute greatness in literature, reputations which are due merely to fortuitous coincidences and relations must not be taken into account.

Again, it is evident that the mere nature of the theme of an author's work is no index of its greatness or permanency. The great religious tomes of the Schoolmen went down to darkness and irredeemable oblivion no less surely than the black-lettered volumes of sorcery and incantation of the Evil One. Not alone did Homer and Virgil tell of the sorrows of the Son of Peleus or of the burning walls of Troy. The other writers are forgotten, and the survival of these shows that the theme or subject matter is not the immortal principle in literature.

A remarkable degree of popularity is sometimes obtained for a writer by the adoption of some peculiarity in form or style. The best recent instance of one phase of this fact is the case of the late Henry Shaw, "Josh Billings." There are many other writers who owe their reputation to peculiarities not essentially dissimilar—peculiarities not so patent indeed as miss-spelt words, but quite as artificial.

Such popularity can be only ephemeral. It is impossible that a reputation built on mere style or form of any kind should be lasting. These things are mere convention, and necessarily tend to pass away with the generation that gave them being. Addison and Macaulay were masters of style in their day, but they are more talked about than read nowadays. If the new generations read them at all, it will be rather as a duty than as a pleasure. Their popularity will be a memory rather than a living reality.

It seems to me that the essence of greatness and permanency in literature is entirely distinct from either the form or the matter in the usual signification of these terms. It is in the spirit or tone of the writing, a certain influence which can be felt, but not described, for it appeals to the sensibilities rather than the intellect.

In spite of the infinite diversity of human minds there is yet one great element in common. It is the susceptibility to impressions of the good, the true and the beautiful in human life and in the world of nature. This susceptibility is often counterfeited, it is often subjected to conventionality, and often shamelessly burlesqued by its pretended devotees in the world of literary fashion. But its existence as a genuine and permanent factor in human nature cannot be gainsaid. If this were not so, Burns could not have immortalized the daisy and thomely Scotch cotter, nor Goldsmith the poor Vicar of Wakefield, nor St. Pierre the two lovers of Mauritius.

In its highest manifestations this spirit entirely ignores all previous opinions on the matters; it sets itself to seek out truth and goodness and beauty anywhere and everywhere. Its perpetual discovery of them in what the world considers the most unlikely

places, is more than a surprise, it is a revelation and a new gospel to the people.

When the spirit of a writer is such that he appeals in the simplest, the strongest and the deepest way to these most universal and most permanent feelings and sympathies, then it may safely be said that he has attained the heights of greatness in literature and that his name will endure through the ages.

Taking the single field of short stories and applying this standard to the multitude of writers that have recently arisen therein, both in England and America, there is no author within the writer's knowledge who so well fulfils the conditions of literary greatness and immortality as "Charles Egbert Craddock" in the book of tales entitled "In the Tennessee Mountains." From the very nature of the case it is impossible for any one to obtain a correct and adequate impression of the surpassing merit of these stories without reading them. It would be idle for us to attempt to do for our readers what they must do for themselves. We conceive that the highest function of the critical writer is to find out good literature and to interest others to such a degree therein that they will be constrained to read it. To serve this purpose we shall quote some characteristic passages from this author's works in a future issue of the VARSITY.

A. STEVENSON.

## AD CATONEM.

Nec facultatem celerem loquendi  
Arte mira vel superiorum habendo,  
Nec lyra cum voce modos amoenos  
Dulce canendo.

Possumus lenire animum dolentem.  
Vae ferunt haec nil animo quietis,  
Pectore ex imo nisi inaudiamus,  
"Integer es tu!"

T. A. GIBSON.

## THE FUTURE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

An exceedingly able article on the above topic appeared recently in the *Chicago Current*. It was written by J. H. Long, M.A., LL.B., a recent graduate and examiner in English in Toronto University.

After showing the reasons why the great colonies cannot long remain in their present relations to England, he considers their three possible futures, absorption by some foreign power (*i.e.*, in Canada, annexation), independence, and federation.

Annexation Mr. Long considers practically a dead issue, as only a few people near the borders favor it, and the feeling is not increasing.

There is, the writer says, a certain amount of independence sentiment in Canada, and it would be stronger were it not believed that independence would be a mere stepping-stone to annexation. Patriotism, so far as it does exist in Canada, is diverted towards the Province and the Empire rather than to the Dominion.

Mr. Long then deals ably and at length with the remaining question as follows:—

"It is some years since the idea of Imperial Federation was broached; the honor of the first regular enunciation of the principle being due, I think, to a Torontonian, Mr. Jehu Matthews. The scheme as originally mooted, and as it is advocated even yet by a small number of persons, is that Great Britain and those colonies which possess responsible government shall form a federation, with inter-imperial free trade, and with a federal parliament dealing with strictly imperial matters, such as war and peace, copyright and postal regulations, trade and commerce. Each member of the Confederation shall, according to its population, contribute to the common defence, and be entitled to representation in the parliament. Now, this is undoubtedly a grand conception; but it has features that would render its working impossible. Not the least objectionable of these features would be the heterogeneousness and unwieldiness of the proposed parliament.



The majority of thinking men are convinced, therefore, that by some other means must the unity of the Empire be preserved. And in all schemes towards this end certain things must be borne in mind:

(1). The colonies must not be curtailed in their powers of local self-government. If any change be made, it must be in an extension of these rights, as, for example, in the power of treating directly with foreign nations upon commercial questions. Upon this first head all parts of the Empire are agreed.

(2). Whatever the future may bring about, inter-imperial free trade is at present an impossibility. The protectionist colonies (*e.g.* Canada) will never consent to have their fiscal regulations controlled by a parliament the majority of the members of which represent interests and hold views upon political economy diverse from their own interests and views.

(3). As is well known, Canada furnished a regiment (the 100th) to the imperial army during the Crimean War. Quite recently troops for the Soudan campaign were furnished and equipped by the Australian colonies. Although within the past few years no official offer of military assistance has been made by Canada to Britain, yet offers have often been made by men connected with the Canadian volunteer force. From these and other unofficial statements the Government and the people of England have very naturally formed the opinion that Canadians are only too ready to furnish contingents for any war into which England may plunge. This idea is entirely erroneous. A large number of unemployed Canadians could, of course, be enlisted for any service, as was seen during the late war between the North and the South. No difficulty was experienced last autumn in raising the Canadian *voyageur* contingent to take the British troops up the Nile. But Canada will not furnish a yearly quota of men or money, or both, to the various expeditions in which the Home Government may think fit to engage.

To Englishmen this view may appear very selfish; to Canadians it appears only reasonable. "Why," say the colonists, "should we be called upon to share the burdens of wars in which we have no interest, and as to the justice of which many persons both in Britain and in the colonies are very doubtful?" The colonists think that all they ought to be called upon to do, is to keep peace within their borders and defend their country against invasion. This they are perfectly willing to do, even although the military necessity should arise from British connection. They see, in fact, that most of the wars into which they have been drawn have arisen, as most of the wars into which they are likely to be drawn will arise, from connection with England. For the preservation of internal quiet and for the repelling of foreign invasion they are, by the maintenance of a small standing army, a considerable volunteer force and some excellent military schools, to a certain degree prepared. Canadians feel, moreover, that no other part of the Empire is doing more than they are towards building it up in power and greatness. Evidences of their activity are seen in vast public works (*e.g.*, the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Intercolonial Railway, the St. Lawrence and Welland Canals) capable of utilization in time of war, in the opening up of the resources of their vast country, and in the cultivation of a pride in imperial connection.

(4). The people of Canada do not want any part or share in the Eastern policy of Great Britain, or in any of those affairs in which she is alone deeply concerned. From her conduct in such affairs Britain alone will derive profit or loss: of the correctness or incorrectness of her policy, she alone is the proper judge. The management of these matters Canadians are quite willing to leave to the Parliament at Westminster.

Such being the conditions of the question, it is plain that any federation which may be formed cannot be a very close one. But it need not, on that account, be the less effective in attaining its end, *viz.*: the preservation of the unity of the Empire.

According to present indications, if Imperial Federation is ever

brought about, the form it will assume will be an aggregation of British States with Britain as a centre; each State managing its own local affairs, and Britain having entire control of those of India, Egypt and other lands in which she only is deeply interested. All these States will be under one sovereign and one flag, with one army, navy, consular service and citizenship. It would probably be necessary to have an Imperial Council; but this, instead of being an unwieldy federal parliament, binding by its ropes the various parts of the Empire, would be merely an advisory council consisting on the part of the colonies of agents-general or high commissioners. The duties of the colonial members of this council would be to act as quasi-ambassadors, to keep their own lands prominently before the people of Great Britain, and to keep their own people informed upon all matters of importance taking place in Britain. The nucleus of this council is already at hand in the High Commissioner from Canada and the Agents-General from the Australasian and the South African colonies.

By means of this limited federation, all possible benefits would be secured, while many dangers likely to result from a closer union would be avoided.

It may be objected that Britain would not consent to defend the outlying parts of the Empire, under the proposed arrangement.

But she defends them now. At present no colony contributes, except voluntarily, towards imperial defence. It must be recollected that it is to England's benefit to preserve imperial unity. Trade and the flag do go together, whichever leads the way. The colonies are a benefit to her, moreover, in a military sense, inasmuch as they give her recruiting grounds for her armies and coaling and refitting stations for her fleets. In a life and death struggle they would prove most valuable supports. Besides all this, there is such a thing as "prestige;" a word which, notwithstanding the ridicule heaped upon it, has a very decided value; tangible in £. s. d., and intangible (though not the less real on that account) in many other ways.

To the colonies—then colonies no longer—the benefits arising from imperial federation would be many and varied. Not the least of these would be the possession of a horizon co-terminous only with the limits of the world. In these days, when the tendency is towards a complacent self-satisfaction with our own petty ends and aims, it is impossible to over-estimate the healthful results of "keeping touch," as it were, with the most distant peoples and events.

But there is a grander view of this question: the influence of a united empire upon the world at large. Without any doubt whatever, it would prove the surest guarantee of Christian evangelization and peace.

Never before has so favourable an opportunity appeared for a world-wide union. Everything is ready at hand; a small central State, rich in wealth, population and historic associations; vast dependencies ready and willing to receive the surplus growth of Europe; the control of the world's banking and carrying trade; and, as a capital, the world's commercial, literary and political metropolis.

Canadians and other colonists feel, then, that they can most worthily play their part in the great historic drama whose first act opened when Cæsar's legions saw the Kentish cliffs, by developing their own resources, by discouraging all tendency towards foreign absorption, and by encouraging a manly pride in the imperial tie.

This they believe they can do for some time as colonists; afterwards, when they shall have outgrown the colonial state, as outlying members of a vast British Confederation.

By means of such a confederation, there is no reason why imperial unity, for which so much blood has been shed, should not prove as firm and unshaken as are the rocky bulwarks of our parent isle.



## University and College News.

### METAPHYSICAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE CLUB.

The Third Year Class held a meeting on Tuesday. Mr. J. A. McMillan was appointed chairman. The object of the club is to foster independent research and to encourage an interchange of opinion on difficult problems. The important subject of Political Economy has to be mastered without the aid of a lecturer, and the students desire to render mutual assistance in this study.

It was decided that the club should consist of the members of the Third Year Class in Mental Science and Political Economy. Students of other years will be heartily welcomed as visitors.

The officer shall be Chairman, Secretary, and a committee of three to decide on the subject of discussion for the following meeting. The Chairman shall be appointed at each meeting; the Secretary to be elected permanently, and the committee to be selected at each meeting by the Chairman. In every three meetings two shall be devoted to the discussion of Political Economy and one to Mental Science. Mr. J. G. Hume was elected Secretary.

Mr. H. A. Aikins read a paper on The Wages Fund Theory, in which he compared the views of Fawcett and Henry George. The paper excited much interest and discussion. The club is likely to prove a source of much profit to its members.

Messrs. W. B. Wright, A. Crozier and J. A. Taylor, were chosen as the committee for the next Political Economy meeting.

### MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

The regular meeting of the above society was held on Tuesday, the President, Mr. J. M. Clark, M.A., in the chair. Messrs. Montgomery and McWilliams were elected members of the Society. Mr. T. J. Mulvey, B.A., then proceeded with the discussion of the different theories of Light, and showed how Light, as a subject of Physical Science, had been developed. He explained the various hypotheses that were made to explain the phenomena of light according to the corpuscular theory, showing that they should be changed for the much simpler assumptions of the undulatory theory, which is upheld by the physicists of to-day. The paper was made all the more interesting by the experiments which had been made the previous evening on the same subject.

A discussion took place upon the properties of the luminiferous ether, which will form the subject of a paper by the president at the next meeting, which will be held on Tuesday evening, the 24th, in Lecture Room No. 8.

Some neat solutions of the problems which had been handed in were given by Messrs. Mulvey, Bowerman, Crawford, Houston and Moore. The society then adjourned. A meeting of the Executive Committee will be held immediately before the next meeting.

### THE COMPANY.

On Thanksgiving Day there was rather a poor turnout of the Company; some of the members having to play football; others, who had been to the North-West, considering that they had had enough of drill, went to see the two football matches. Before the regiment started on its march up King St. some amusement was caused by the discovery that a "K" man was wearing a pair of rubbers over his boots. This unmilitary act was atoned for by the immediate removal of the rubbers, which were abandoned to the first street arab who might pass that way. As usual "K" braced up in the march past and acquitted itself very creditably in all the movements ordered by General Middleton. On returning to the drill-shed the Company was dismissed to meet again when the spring drills commence.

The annual rifle competition of the Company took place on the Garrison Common on Saturday, the 14th inst. In spite of the day, which was one of the most disagreeable we have had this fall, there were about 25 men present. After finishing the 400 yard range the Company adjourned to Mrs. Curran's cottage where an excellent dinner was provided, the expense of which Lieut. Gunther kindly took upon himself.

After dinner, and the singing of college songs, Corporal Hamilton proposed the toast of Colour-Sergt. McEachern, which was received with cheers. The occasion of this toast was the fact that Mr. McEachern was read out on Thursday evening as having left the Company. He has always been one of the most efficient non-commissioned officers in the Company, and has taken more interest in it than almost any one else. Those who are at all acquainted with "Peter" very much regret his loss. In responding to the toast Sergt. McEachern said that he was leaving the Company on account of pressure of work, and would not like to retain his position at the same time only half performing the duties attached to it.

The following are the prize winners with their scores, which are

necessarily low on account of the snow-storm which prevailed at the time of the shooting:—

I. Company Challenge Trophy—Ranges 200, 400, 500, and 600—		
Colour-Sergt. Cronyn .. .. .	60 points.	
II. Aggregate—Five practices and match—Ranges 200, 400, and 500 yards—		
Pte. Chrystal .. .. .	320 points.	
Corp. Patterson .. .. .	316 "	
Corp. Crooks .. .. .	305 "	
III. General Match—Ranges 200, 400, and 500 yards—		
Colour-Sergt. Cronyn .. .. .	51 points.	
Corp. Hamilton .. .. .	48 "	
Pte. Mustard, W. P. .. .. .	47 "	
Pte. Chrystal .. .. .	46 "	
Pte. Smith, A. G. .. .. .	43 "	
Pte. Redden .. .. .	43 "	
Corp. Crooks .. .. .	41 "	
Pte. McLaren .. .. .	41 "	
IV. Nursery Match—Score made in general to count—		
Pte. Mustard, W. P. .. .. .	47 points.	
Pte. Smith, A. G. .. .. .	43 "	
Pte. Redden .. .. .	43 "	
Pte. McLaren .. .. .	41 "	
V. Range Prizes—		
200 yards, Corp. Patterson .. .. .	20 points.	
400 " Colour-Sergt. Cronyn .. .. .	20 "	
500 " Pte. Senkler .. .. .	17 "	

## Communications.

### A UNIVERSITY BATTALION.

To the Editor of THE VARSITY:

Here is a project on which I would like to see graduates and undergraduates express opinion in VARSITY, namely, the establishment of a University Battalion in connection with our Active Militia. The nucleus in our University Co. of the Queens Own, exists in present good condition and with a creditable past record at Ridgeway, the Belleville riots, and in the Northwest Expeditionary Force. But the best record of the University Co. is in the number of good, active, trained officers it has given to the battalions all over Ontario, and to the Manitoba regiments as well. There is not a battalion in the province but has old Co. K. men on its muster rolls. If we had four or six companies, that good influence would be increased that many fold.

There would be no trouble in getting men to fill, say four companies to begin with—what with University College and the theological halls clustered about it twice that number of "men good and true" could be enlisted. The "Medicals" could supply two companies if needed. There is no scarcity of capable officers, and we would not even need to go out of our own numbers for a first-class colonel. He need not be a Toronto man.

But in connection with this scheme we would require a drill shed in the park. That would be somewhat difficult of acquirement, but gone about in the right way it is to be got. Toronto must have a large drill shed; why not keep the present one and build two others of smaller size, one behind the college, another on the garrison common in the west end? Such a drill shed could be utilized as a gymnasium and for meetings in connection with the college, to the extent that the university authorities could see their way to paying a portion of the cost and giving a site.

The battalion I have thus outlined would be the most efficient, the most ready for active service, and the most beneficial in its influence on the rest of the militia force of the country.

Let Co. K men past or present give us their views, and if they are favourable let us then call a meeting to take further counsel and hear more details.

W. F. MACLEAN.

### ANOTHER VIEW OF SCHOLARSHIPS.

To the Editor of THE VARSITY:

Some few years ago it was found out that the revenue derived from the University endowment was inadequate to the needs of the University and College. Various plans for making good the deficiency were suggested. Of course, many of these were impracticable, but two at least were not. Students' fees could be raised and scholarships could be abolished. We all know what took place. A new tariff was struck, of such a nature that, instead of fifty-nine dollars, a student has now to pay one hundred and fifteen dollars of ordinary fees in proceeding from matriculation to graduation.



It is not necessary now to go into minute calculations on the subject, but it was shown at the time that the extra revenue derived from the new impositions would just about cover what was paid for scholarships and prizes. It is not likely that the matter ever took that shape in the minds of the members of the Senate, or they would have hesitated at adopting such a monstrous measure, but it is none the less true that the students themselves, and not a generous nation, have been putting their hands into their pockets to the tune of fourteen dollars a year to pay for the scholarships of this great institution.

It is probable that students have not been looking at the matter in this way. They may have thought they had nothing to do with considering how the money was spent. But so long as the students pay money into the fund out of which scholarships are paid, it ought to be a matter of great interest to them. They ought to consider whether it is wise for them, poor as well as rich, to help to pay money into the pockets of those who often do not need it but have been lucky enough to stand ahead at the examination. They ought to consider the wisdom of paying money for the purpose of introducing unhealthy rivalry and often hate and jealousy amongst themselves.

It may be said that the evil has been in a large measure removed. Let us not be too sure of this. It looks just now as if second and third year scholarships were abolished, but who can tell that some astute individual amongst those who guide University affairs is not now planning some scheme for their re-introduction in a modified form? But even though these are not restored, it is still proposed to pay a pretty large sum of money to students in their first and second years. Who is going to pay this? You are, undergraduates of Toronto University. Do not forget this. You may be anxious to pursue knowledge for its own sake, but the Senate has decided that some of you at least will be prevented from doing this by the very money it has taken from you in the shape of fees. You may be anxious to have the kindest feelings towards your fellow-students, but the Senate has decided to spend your money to do all it can to make you rejoice even in their misfortunes. You may be anxious to see the students form one large mutual improvement society, but the Senate is doing its very best, and with your money, to make you jealous of each other, to close your mouths when you meet one another, to make you unbrotherly and unhelpful to each other.

Will you submit to this quietly? Are you prepared to pay your money to do yourselves harm? If not, then let the students call a mass meeting, as they did a few years ago, discuss the subject, and present a petition to the Senate asking for the abolition of everything which tends to set up unworthy objects before students and to arouse hate and jealousy where all ought to be kindness and affection.

B. N.

#### A PLEA FOR SCHOLARSHIPS.

To the Editor of THE VARSITY:—

SIR:—I should like, with your kind permission, to address you a few remarks upon the occasion of the revival of the scholarship question. In your issue of Nov. 7th, the editorial column alludes to some "unanswerable objections," published in the previous numbers of the VARSITY. I have read the article of Oct. 31st, somewhat carefully, and I hope you will pardon me when I say that I fail to agree fully with the position of your admirable journal on the question, and that I am far from believing that much might not be said in answer to the objections which are said to be so final.

It appears that the question of scholarships in the University of Toronto and University College naturally divides itself into two: whether scholarships in themselves are essentially pernicious, and (2) whether it is expedient for the Senate to employ State funds in granting them. As I understand your editorial utterance, the former question must be answered decidedly in the affirmative, mainly so on account of the bad effect upon the student. On this point one must be a little careful not to fall into a logical error. Suppose we accept in the meantime as true the assertion that the education of a candidate for scholarships becomes a mere matter of memory cultivation; that weightier topics are neglected for details likely to avail at examinations; that scholarships render original research impossible; that a premium is put on words rather than ideas with the object of deceiving the innocent examiner; that in general the ideal of the candidate is unworthy, &c. Certainly a most overwhelming indictment, not against scholarships, however,—I cannot think your editorial mind so illogical,—but against the inefficiency of the university examiners in general, and against that of some examiners in particular. If the Senate has habitually set papers which have made it possible to win scholarships by the shallow subterfuges you enumerate, the case is urgent, it is high time the examinations were thoroughly reformed. When you say that "a scholarship student need not care whether he understands

the subject or not, so long as to the examiner he may seem to understand it," you utter a most scathing sarcasm upon the unfortunate examiner, and you state clearly the enormity of his intellectual obtuseness, but the remark, however ingenious, must be set aside as irrelevant seeing that the text of your article was not examination reform but scholarships. But I should like to go further, and to say a kind word for the individual whom you condemn so mercilessly. It is almost incredible that the Senate's examiners in general, or even that individuals of them, have been so credulous as to allow themselves to be imposed upon habitually by the methods you indicate. An accusation so grave should be backed up with something like proof. Would it not be more candid to admit that in the vast majority of cases the scholarships have been given to the best and most industrious students, and then to argue the question on its merits?

Your article assumes that competitors for scholarships must be actuated by mercenary motives, hence sordid and unworthy; that the saving of money in this way by brain sweat is base; that the only and highest motive for exertion should be study for its own sake. I am quite prepared to admit that this motive is high, that it is the loftiest except the desire to benefit one's fellow-men, and yet I should like to deny most emphatically what you assume and fail to prove, that the earning of a scholarship must needs vitiate the motive. The earnest student looks above and beyond the money, which at once becomes a means and not an end. Unhappily many youths of energy, industry and genius are troubled with the *res angustae domi*. Money must be had for food, clothes and books. Is there anything more sordid in earning money by open, manly, generous competition with one's fellows in which mind and perseverance and energy prevail, than there would be turning aside to other employments for a like purpose? Money is a filthy thing, but a stern fact. For my part I should like to find a man, who, possessed once of lofty aspirations and generous impulses, has been degraded, and whose motives have been rendered sordid and base by the fact of having to earn money either by competition or by other use of his brain for the purpose of realising those cherished aims. A few specimens of this kind would be a stronger proof than pages of description of an effect vainly imaginary. Some facts could surely be advanced in support of this assumption.

"The graduates and undergraduates have pronounced against them." We all know how easy it is by a vigorous canvass to procure the numerous signing of a petition. If the graduates really hold decided ground upon the question, I admit that their serious conviction properly voiced by their representatives should have great weight, but I am unaware that it is the duty, either moral or legal, of the Senate to embody in its statutes the fluctuations of undergraduate opinion. I have heard it stated and I am inclined to the opinion (not wholly unsupported by the utterances of your journal) that when undergraduate opinion is in a certain mood a numerous signed petition could be obtained for the entire abolition of University College lecturers, and for the substitution of extra-mural lectures more or less of a lively popular character, the college societies and clubs, the refining influence of the modern drama and opera, as tending more to real culture than the somewhat tiresome and antiquated efforts of the college staff.

If the Senate is satisfied, as from recent action we must presume it is, that scholarships are not pernicious but salutary, it is then brought face to face with the question of administration as to how far University funds should be applied to such purposes. It will become a question for the Senate to decide whether the general effect of the few hundred dollars spent by way of stimulus and assistance to struggling merit (for you can not stimulate the effort of one student without indirectly affecting all) will do more good when thus applied, or when distributed in increased pay to a faculty, whose activities, as I infer by the tenor of your leading article of October 31st, on "Our Intellectual Life," are not likely to be galvanized into vigor by the application of any such sordid and and mercenary stimulus as the distribution among them of the aforesaid few hundred dollars. Would it not be more consistent with the tone of that article, and more judicious at the same time, to distribute the money among the various enterprising church organizations to which your editorial column ascribes the "only literary culture" which the students possess? Is it not possible that the extreme views on this question prevailing with some are in part due to the refractive power of the medium through which it is viewed, viz., the urgent needs of the college in other departments of study.

I, for one, am glad to see the Senate taking its present course, and seeing that the employment of money for scholarship purposes is considered necessary, it must be gratifying to the friends of the University to see generous benefactors come forward, as the Vice-Chancellor has lately done, in gifts of scholarships, thus enabling the authorities to consider other claims on the finances.

Toronto, Nov. 13th, 1885.

W. H. FRASER.



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**Current Thought.**

I want you to consider the walk an intellectual pastime. I beg of you not to confound it with the muscle-walking tramp who is not satisfied with less than four miles an hour. The walk which Thoreau loved, that ended in a saunter, is the genuine article. You don't think you must reach a certain point, or go over a certain amount of ground, or that you must know the names which science has given to the forms of nature. You have an eye for pictures, perhaps. Well, look for them. Think of an autumn evening; the growth of a summer, dying; a tender haze hanging over the cornfield before you in the shadows; a twilight, mystifying and glorifying like the memory of youth; the trees on the hill-top above you a bank of gold with the glory of the sun on their turning leaves. And this is only one of a thousand. Do you think that Claude or Ruisdael or Turner could get into one of their pictures what you can see between those hills? Don't go too far, for weariness of body dulls the mind, and that last mile, should it be a hard one, will embitter all your pleasant memories, like dregs in wine. You go often, for it is an art you need to cultivate. You go when you are ready; you go hunting for something, but you need not go burrowing, as if you should be always adding to your stock of knowledge. Remember that the most of us need ideas more than *technique*, and hunt for the wide views, the lifting things. Try to keep your sympathies aroused, your senses awake, and see how soon you will learn the rudiments of the universal language. The sermon goes on continually, but no one listens. Oh, the glory of it! The pictures, the perfumes, the music, the voices! You are awed and humbled without being saddened. You are exhilarated without being made presumptuous.—*Outing*.

A man may be well educated and yet not be an educator. A college graduate is no better prepared to teach school than he is to practise law. Hearing recitations and answering questions is not teaching. Many persons can do that even if their education is limited. Not what is told the pupil, but what he acquires himself, determines the success of the teacher. Not knowledge, but a desire for knowledge, is to be imparted. He who would teach should understand the text-books, but he should also know how to teach.



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
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
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# VAR-SITY

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY THOUGHT AND EVENTS.

Vol. VI.

University of Toronto, Nov. 28, 1885.

No. 6.

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## THE VARSITY.

THE VARSITY is published in the University of Toronto every Saturday during the Academic Year, October to May inclusive.

The Annual Subscription, including postage, is \$2.00, payable before the end of January, and may be forwarded to THE TREASURER, J. EDMUND JONES, University College, to whom applications respecting advertisements should likewise be made.

Subscribers are requested to notify the Treasurer immediately, in writing, of any irregularity in delivery.

Copies of VARSITY may be obtained every Saturday at the Post Office Book Store, corner of Adelaide and Toronto Streets; at J. P. McKenna's, 80 Yonge Street; and at Alex. Brown's, cor. Yonge and Carlton Sts.

All communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

## Topics of the Hour.

TO-DAY is Professor Young's 67th birthday. We are sure that every graduate and undergraduate will join with us in wishing most heartily the honored Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy "Very Many Happy Returns of the Day." Although the snows of three-score years rest upon his brow, Time has not dimmed his eye nor abated his natural force, but has only deepened the sincere regard and unbounded respect of all who know him.

WE are glad to be able to announce that we have arranged with a number of vigorous writers for a series of articles on political and social reform. The questions taken up will be discussed by

these writers from a purely independent and national standpoint. Mr. H. L. Dunn contributes the first article of the series to the present issue. His position relative to politics is somewhat defined by the fact that he was the mover of the resolution in the Young Men's Liberal Club the other night condemning the attempt of the managers of the Reform Party in Toronto to introduce into municipal affairs the party and spoils system with all its attendant evils.

WORTHY of note by all who have earnestly at heart the interests of the Provincial University is that peculiarly advantageous form of endowment adopted by the legislatures of several states, by which each makes its own university in very truth a *State* university. The magnificent endowments consisting in their congressional land-grants being dwindled in some wise—"frittered away, scarce leaving dollars, where there should have been hundreds"—the University of Michigan receives from the state the proceeds of an annual tax of one-twentieth of a mill; the University of Wisconsin, one-tenth of a mill. Of our own original endowment in land, now scattered and wasted somewhat, may we not say that it is as it is through a culpable breach of trust? and if the Universities of Wisconsin and Michigan are granted State aid greater than the revenue arising from their endowment funds; if the State Universities of Iowa and Colorado, not to mention others, receive such magnificent endowments as not to be in need of further aid at all—surely the legislature of the first Province in the Dominion should do something now towards placing the University of Toronto on a similar firm basis.

THE appointment of a committee to make arrangements with professors and others for a course of lectures to the undergraduates is a move in the right direction, and proves that the Literary Society is alive to the importance of an undertaking of this kind. The benefit of really good lectures on subjects of general culture cannot be over-estimated. All the best universities in the States are adopting this way of enabling their students to hear the foremost scholars, orators and *litterateurs* of the day. Ann Arbor presents the following names as lecturers for the current year: R. Burdette, Kate Feld, Albion Tourgee, Will Carleton, T. De Witt Talmage, Canon Farrar and Justin McCarthy. We may not, it is true, be able to obtain so large a number of eminent persons, but we are not altogether devoid of able lecturers. Professor Goldwin Smith's name has been mentioned already, and it is understood that Dr. Wilson is willing to deliver a lecture if asked. Professor Hutton lectured last year to the Chautauqua Society in this city, and Mr. Dale only a week ago delivered a lecture to the same society on the "Influence of Rome on the Modern World." We hope the committee will be successful in obtaining the best men to be had, and we look to the undergraduates to make the lectures a success.



THE tone of Mr. Duncan's letter in another column makes it quite evident that he entirely misapprehends the functions of the editors of the VARSITY, and their attitude towards the University public. The fault is not ours. We stated our position with sufficient clearness in our first issue. Yet to prevent similar misapprehension in the future, we will again briefly outline the policy of the VARSITY. This journal is maintained simply as an organ for the free expression of University thought and opinion. The editors do not claim infallibility. They make no pretensions to oracular utterances. They invite discussion and criticism. Editorials no less than contributions or communications must stand or fall on their own merits. We do not wish to force upon any one our opinions on scholarships or on any other question. We simply state our views as simply and forcibly as we may, and they must then go for what they are worth. If any one has different opinions we ask him to state them, and we throw open our columns to him for that purpose. By this means truth may be reached. At all events the public is in a position to judge between different views of important questions. Since Mr. Duncan differs from us concerning scholarships, we willingly give him the opportunity of stating his reasons for doing so. If he has thrown more light on the question we should be grateful; if he has not we cannot help it. On this point and on others we are content to let his letter speak for itself.

THE authorities of King's College, Windsor, N.S., have done themselves credit by the appointment of Charles G. D. Roberts M.A., to the chair of English Literature in that institution. We hasten, therefore, to extend our hearty congratulations to King's College on its good fortune, and to Professor Roberts, on his appointment to the honorable position for which he is eminently qualified. What especially pleases us is the fact that the authorities of this Canadian College have appointed a Canadian to fill one of the most important positions on their professorial staff. Charles George Douglas Roberts was born in January, 1860, and is consequently but 25 years old. After a preparatory course at Fredericton Collegiate School he entered the University of New Brunswick, and after a most successful course graduated with high honors. After filling various positions in the educational institutions of his own Province, Mr. Roberts was selected, in 1883, to fill the responsible position of editor of *The Week*, of this city. After six months' experience Mr. Roberts resigned, owing, it is said, to political and other differences with Mr. Goldwin Smith. Mr. Roberts has been a contributor to the *Century*, *Manhattan*, *Current*, *Longman's Outing*, *The Week*, and other English and American periodicals. In 1879 he published a volume of poetry, "Orion and Other Poems," which has been most favorably commented on by the press, and elicited, we are told, a most complimentary remark from Matthew Arnold. In Boston literary circles Mr. Roberts has been spoken of as the "American Keats," and his position is well assured amongst the younger poets of America. Mr. Roberts' tastes incline to the classics and classical subjects, and one of his latest poems is entitled "Out of Pompeii," published a week or two ago in *Man*. We regret that space will not permit of a review of Mr. Roberts' writings, but we may refer to them again at greater length. In the meantime we rejoice to know that King's College, in honoring a Canadian, has reflected nothing but honor upon herself, and that in the Maritime Provinces they have given an emphatic denial to the statement "that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

## Leading Article.

### UNIVERSITY MEN AND POLITICS.

IT has been well said that the two things which, above all others, are worthy of a man's serious consideration are religion and poli-

tics. For the end of politics, in the true and comprehensive meaning of the term, is nothing less than the welfare of the members of the State—protection of life and person, material prosperity, mental and moral well-being. "Man," Aristotle says, "is born to be a citizen of the State." As a member of the State he is under an obligation to co-operate in securing its highest good. He who strives to discharge his duties faithfully, and to advance the best interests of the State, is a good citizen; he who performs his part amiss, or who neglects to perform his part at all, is a useless citizen and an injury to the State.

No citizen, then, can be justified in leaving politics alone. And yet there is at the present time a large class of persons who seem to regard it as an especial virtue in themselves that they are ignorant of public affairs and take no interest whatsoever in them. It is to be regretted that in this class many University men are to be found. This is not as it should be. A University training should fit a man not merely for the professional life, but for "the life beyond the profession, the citizen life." Our University men should be the best citizens and the leaders of political thought. They, above all others, may well be expected to have wide scope of vision, to be above prejudice, to have the faculty of discriminating between good and evil, to be independent in thought and action, and progressive. It was Plato who taught that "until kings are philosophers or philosophers are kings, States will never cease from ill." And by philosophers he meant those who can apprehend ideas—the intellectual.

Why is it, then, that so large a number of our leading graduates hold aloof from politics? Is it that they are wholly indifferent to the affairs of their country? Is not the reason to be found rather in the existence of our present system of party government?

It is not wise, perhaps, to condemn party in a wholesale manner. An organization may be most necessary and useful to secure a political end, to carry principles into effect. From this point of view Burke, in his philosophic manner, defended party:—

"Party is a body united for promoting by their joint endeavours the national interest upon some particular principle on which they are all agreed. For my part, I find it impossible to conceive that any one believes in his own politics or thinks them to be of any weight who refuses to adopt the means of having them reduced into practice. . . . Without a proscription of others, they are bound to give to their own party the preference in all things, and by no means for private considerations to accept any offices of power in which the whole body is not included, nor to suffer themselves to be led or to be controlled, or to be overbalanced in office or in council by those who contradict the very fundamental principles on which their party is formed, and even those upon which every fair connection must stand."

But when men are held together by prejudice and interest alone, having nothing more noble in view than the securing of the spoils, we have not a legitimate use of party, but that faction warfare which is the curse of the present day. In England, perhaps, the great political parties are divided on certain important questions, such as the abolition of the House of Lords and Disestablishment. But in Canada the appellations Reform and Conservative as applied to our parties have no meaning. The two parties, divided by tradition and interest and not by principles, opposed to each other on no question of importance, are struggling, the one to hold, the other to obtain office. The chief end of the party is to secure the spoils. The caucus rules and the individual is merged in the party. If there are good men in both the political parties the truth in regard to them is that they are good in spite of party. It is not surprising, therefore, that men of principle and independence, unable conscientiously to attach themselves to either party, are tempted to leave politics alone and to allow unscrupulous partisans and wire-pullers to have their own sweet will in the management of our public affairs.

But the independent citizen cannot find in this unwholesome state of things any justification for his neglect of politics. It is his plain duty to be regardful of the interests of his country and to protest



against this domination of party. And at the present time there is especial reason why the independent class should speak out. The fiat has gone forth on the Reform side, that politics shall be introduced into municipal affairs. Henceforth our Mayors and Aldermen are to be the nominees of the caucus. Allegiance to a political party and not individual merit is to be the necessary qualification of a representative at the council board. Toronto is the unfortunate municipality into which this party warfare is to be first introduced, but we may be assured that the example of the metropolis will be followed throughout the length and breadth of the province.

There are those who, without defending the principle of this innovation, support it on the ground of expediency. It is alleged that the Conservative majority of the Toronto City Council has for many years made a selfish and unprincipled use of its power. Even if this be true, a panacea is not to be found in the transformation of the Conservative majority into a majority of Reform partisans. If the real aim is not selfish party gain but municipal reform, it is evident that the proposed step is most inexpedient. An organization for municipal reform will be supported by large numbers of Reformers, Conservatives and independents, but if the political party warfare above referred to is to be introduced into our civic councils for the purpose of correcting abuses in municipal affairs, none but partisans can sympathize with the movement.

It has been maintained with strange perversity that the introduction of these political party distinctions into municipal matters is sound in principle. It is said that we will thus secure the purest administration, that a man as a member of a party will not do that which will bring discredit on his party, that loyalty to party will keep a man pure. Is not the very opposite the truth? Is not the individual conscience too apt to be controlled by party exigencies? Men as members of parties daily do acts that they would never do as individuals.

This is certainly not the right mode of proceeding about municipal reform. Our civic representatives should be men of intelligence, experience, and moral worth. The introduction of politics into municipal affairs will not secure such men for us. Rather let each citizen take that deep interest which he should in public matters and make a conscientious use of his individual judgment. And, above all, let our University men see that they do their duty.

H. L. DUNN.

## Literature.

### AUTUMN-END.

In Autumn when the leaves are sere,  
And mists blow moist across the lea,  
No summer-singing birds we hear,  
No song of Summer's jollity;  
Only the stubb'le-fields to see,  
Or wan sedge rustling by the wear,  
No sweet young life, or love or glee,  
In Autumn when the leaves are sere.

At Autumn-end that now draws near,  
I dwell and dream with memory,  
(The wan sky hangs on marshes drear;  
No sunset flame, no sapphire sea);  
And ghosts of dead hopes bring to me  
The heart-ache and the desolate tear,  
The burden of sad winds and sea  
Of Autumn when the leaves are sere.

FRED H. SYKES,

KINGSTON.

### CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.\*

IN our previous article on this author the position was taken that the writer who appeals in the strongest way to the highest and most universal feelings of human nature is justly entitled to be placed in the first rank of authors, and will attain to permanent popularity. It is our present object to show in some degree, and chiefly by means of quotations, that Charles Egbert Craddock has fulfilled these conditions in quite an unusual measure. Our remarks relate mainly to the series of tales entitled "In the Tennessee Mountains," but some of our illustrations are taken from the author's more recent story, "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain," which first appeared as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly* a few months since.

We may remark here parenthetically that the greatest surprise which the literary world has experienced since the days of George Eliot was the disclosure recently made that "Charles Egbert Craddock" is really Miss Mary N. Murfree, of St. Louis. There is so much of what is called masculine vigor in her literary style, and her handwriting is so strong and firm, that even the acute editor of the *Atlantic* was completely deceived until it was the pleasure of the author to disclose her identity.

There is a strong feeling in most minds that the best and noblest, the most admirable and the most beneficent, attributes of human character are something entirely apart from all social forms and conventions, and all accidents of birth, wealth, social position or education. It is our author's greatest merit that she has made this eternal fact the basis of all her writings. Then the excellence of her literary workmanship is shown in the circumstance that she does not obtrude the idea formally on the reader, or in other words, she does not preach her high morality. She *assumes* it throughout, and then employs all her art, but artlessly withal, to bring us into sympathy with her assumption. Or probably it would be nearer the truth to say that she does not employ art at all, but rather that, being large-hearted and intensely sympathetic herself, she has through personal observation had a strong admiration and enthusiasm enkindled for the virtues of humble life, and simply by giving sincere expression to her own sympathy she wins ours.

In "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain" the heroine first appears ploughing with an ox in her father's cornfield, but before the story is done the reader forgets all about that. The mother of the "Prophet" is described in our second quotation, and in the third there is a transfiguration of a prayer-meeting in the mountains.

"She wore a dark blue homespun dress, and, despite her coarse garb and uncouth occupation and the gaunt, old ox, there was something impressive in her simple beauty, her youth, and her elastic vigor. As she drove the ploughshare into the mould she might have seemed the type of a young civilization,—so fine a thing in itself, so roughly accoutred."

"The woman left her work and took off her bonnet, showing her grey hair drawn into a skimpy knot at the back of her head, and leaving in high relief her strong, honest, candid features, on which the refinements of all benign impulses had effaced the effects of poverty and ignorance."

"They all knelt down, huddled like sheep in the narrow spaces between the benches, and from among them went up the voice of supplication, that anywhere and anyhow has the commanding dignity of spiritual communion, the fervor and exaltation, and all the moving humility of the finite leaning upon the infinite. Ignorance was annihilated, so far as Brother Reuben Bates' prayer was concerned. It grasped the fact of immortality,—all worth knowing!—and humble humanity in its least worthy phase was presented as the intimate inherent principle of the splendid fruitions of eternity."

In these days of the worship of wealth, of intellect, and of position, there is urgent need of some influence that shall direct the

\* In the Tennessee Mountains, by Charles Egbert Craddock, cloth, 13th Edition, price ..... \$1.50  
The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain, cloth, price ..... 1.50  
BOSTON: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. TORONTO: Williamson & Co.



eyes of men to higher things. In older settled portions of the United States and Canada the rugged virtues of the first inhabitants are being followed by the worst vices and crimes of a corrupt civilization. The alarming insecurity of property at the present day is not due to the highwayman or freebooters, but to the shameless dishonesty of men of wealth, of education, and of high social position! There are other immoralities in the high life of our large cities, the bare possibility of which is not conceivable to rural virtue. Such a state of things can scarcely be wondered at when we consider that the secular and social education of the day is merely of the intellect, to the almost entire neglect of the moral faculties. Here comes in the immense value of such books as Charles Egbert Craddock's. They keep alive the higher ideals of truth, of duty, of righteousness. To the upper classes of society the authors of these books are the apostles of a higher life than what is usually met with in counting houses and ball-rooms.

The greater number of the Tennessee Mountain stories are tragedies. That is to say, they end sadly. Especially is this true of those unequalled tales, "Drifting Down Lost Creek" and "The Star in the Valley." At the first perusal the reader for the moment is oppressed with an infinite sorrow that all the heroine's noble purpose and high endeavor should seem to be in the end so utterly vain and profitless. But the true revelation soon comes to us. Their lives were not failures, these poor unfortunate people of the wild. Through the dark depths of sorrow and trial they struggled undauntedly onward, they emerged, they climbed upward and still upward and into the pure day, until at last they reached the sublime heights of a great heroic character. Our pity for them gives way to admiration and our regret to reverence.

The heroine of "The Star in the Valley," is described as being "most coarsely habited, wearing a cheap calico sun-bonnet, a green cotton dress faded to the faintest hue, and rough clumsy shoes." She had none of the refinements or accomplishments of civilized life, she could not speak good English, and it is doubtful if she could even write her own name. But this girl yet risked her life willingly for humanity's sake, and the effect of her moral heroism on the cultured mind of a city tourist is forcibly described as follows:

"There had fallen on Chevis a sense of deep humiliation. . . . He began to have a glimmering perception that despite all his culture, his sensibility, his yearnings towards humanity, he was not so high a thing as Celia Shaw in the scale of being; that he had placed a false estimate upon himself. He had looked down on her with mingled pity for her dense ignorance, her coarse surroundings, her low station, with a dilettante's delight in picturesque effects, and with no recognition of the moral splendor of that star in the valley. A realization, too, was upon him that fine feelings are of most avail as the motive power of fine deeds."

Next week we shall conclude our articles on this author by illustrations of her powers of description of nature, and of her ability in the minor matters of literary style.

A. STEVENSON.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

In my garden echoes ring,  
And the sweet birds gaily sing  
Free from care;  
And their liquid music floats  
With its clear mellow notes  
In the air.

In my garden lilies grow,  
Whiter, purer than the snow,  
Side by side.  
And the moss-rose, blooming fair,  
Sheds its fragrance through the air  
Far and wide.

In my garden columbine  
With its tendrils will entwine  
Round the rose;

And the beautiful lovely pair  
Shade the modest violet there  
As it grows.

In my garden pansies sweet  
On the turf beneath my feet  
Brightly bloom;  
And the daisies, lovelier far,  
Shimmer softly, like a star  
In the gloom.

In my garden one rose grew  
Safe from every wind that blew;  
But it died.  
How I loved it! how it seems  
Ever present in my dreams  
At my side!

In my garden, other flowers  
Cluster round the scented bowers,  
Bright and gay.  
While the echoes softly ring,  
And the sweet birds gently sing  
All the day.

S. WOODS.

OTTAWA, Nov. 9th, 1885.

## University and College News.

### ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

A meeting of the Engineering Society of the School of Practical Science was held in Prof. Pike's lecture room last Tuesday evening, Prof. Galbraith in the chair. After ordinary routine business had been transacted, Mr. Pinhey read a paper on "Methods of laying out lines by means of pickets," which showed evidence of careful study. He was then followed by Mr. H. M. Bowman, with a most interesting paper on "A System of Survey in British Columbia." The writer had spent nearly a year on government geographical surveys between the Selkirk and Cascade ranges during 1885, and explained minutely the systems of "tract" and "distance" surveys they adopted in that mountainous and diversified country. The different instruments used, the solar transit, pocket and prismatic compasses, aneroid and mercurial barometers, the box-sextant and micrometer were described, and the peculiar system of taking notes thoroughly explained. The paper, from its originality and careful preparation, will be a valuable addition to the Society's Transactions. In the discussion that followed the reading of these essays, Prof. Galbraith exhibited to the Society the instruments mentioned above, and made some remarks about the peculiarities of each.

### KNOX COLLEGE.

We were glad to receive a call from Mr. R. McNair, this week. He doesn't change!

The Glee Club has been invited to give concerts in Paris and in Brantford. They sing in Paris on Thursday evening, and in Brantford on Friday evening.

The Elocution lectures of Prof. Neff closed on Wednesday evening, when he favored the class with some examples of reading. In returning to Philadelphia he carries with him the best wishes of the students.

The next open meeting of the Literary Society has been postponed from December 4th to Friday, December 11th. A good programme has been prepared. The subject, "Resolved that England is destined to decline from natural causes," will be debated by the following gentlemen:—On the affirmative, J. C. Tolmie, B.A., and D. McGillivray, M.A. On the negative, G. Kinnear, B.A., and H. R. Fraser, B.A.

### NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The regular meeting of the Natural Science Association was held on Tuesday evening, the Vice-President, Mr. Shutt, in the chair. After ordinary business an interesting paper on the "Anatomy and Development of *Peripatus Capensis*," was read by Mr. Mackenzie. This was followed by an exhaustive paper on "The Determination



of Atomic Weights and Prout's Hypothesis," by Mr. Chambers. A third paper on "The Anatomy of the Hirudinea," by Mr. McArthur, illustrated by drawings, showed that the author had devoted time and care to the preparation of his work. The meeting was well attended and unusual interest was manifested.

#### MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The regular weekly meeting of this Society was held in Moss Hall, on Monday, 23rd inst., at four o'clock. The proceedings were conducted in English. Mr. Rowan occupied the chair. Essays were read by Mr. Waldron and Mr. Hardie, the former on Life of Thomas Carlyle, the latter on Hero Worship. Readings were given by Mr. Steen and Mr. Cody, the former selecting a passage from the "French Revolution," the latter from "Sartor Resartus." A discussion on Carlyle followed, in which valuable hints were thrown out by lecturers and graduates present.

The Club expects at no distant day to be favored by a gentleman in the city with a lecture on the phonology of the vowels. Further notice of this will be given next week.

#### MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

This society held its regular meeting on Tuesday evening. The president being indisposed, vice-president L. J. Bowerman occupied the chair. After the regular business had been disposed of, Mr. Bowerman proceeded to illustrate by experiments the physical explanations of the vocal organ in producing sounds, and showing how it is possible from the properties of Acoustics to construct instruments in imitation of the human voice. The subjects for discussion were "The giving of awards for proficiency in Mathematics," and "The division of the course in the final year." The former was dwelt upon at considerable length by Messrs. Stephen, Bowerman, Sparling, Pendergast, and Carveth, the latter being left over until the next meeting of the society.

L. J. Bowerman gave notice that he would move at the next meeting "That a medal be established similar to the McMurrich medal of the Natural Science Association."

A number of problems were solved by Messrs. Crawford, Carveth, and Stephen, Mr. Stephen showing the ready application of quaternions to the solution of some difficult geometrical problems.

Andy Elliott was among the visitors at the society.

Mathematical students having difficult problems to solve are reminded to hand them in to the secretary one week prior to each meeting.

#### OSGOODE LITERARY AND LEGAL SOCIETY.

Every Saturday night the students-at-law meet in Osgoode Hall with the object of "promoting the study of the law, the cultivation of public speaking and reading, and the writing of essays on legal and other subjects"; and the carefully-prepared and well-delivered speeches one often hears at their debates have made the Society quite prosperous and the meetings well attended. A clear, judicious decision from the president and a neatly worded criticism from the critic may always be counted on.

Last evening the programme opened with a reading from Mrs. Browning, after which followed an essay on "The United Empire Loyalists." The strong part taken by the essayist on the side of the Americans seemed to nettle the critic, a young English barrister, who accordingly pronounced it too historical, and brought to light a grammatical error. An error there was, but it lay in the critic's apprehension. The censure of the style of delivery was as just as it was severe. Nothing keeps back the sympathy an audience would gladly give to one who tries to entertain them more than tame, inexpressive reading. But a critic, too, has a thankless task, when, saying nothing of the presence or absence of serious faults in diction, or taste, or style—errors that he should with kindness explain and condemn—he goes to make mountains out of mole-hills for no conceivable reason but to flourish a trivial reminiscence or to display to greater advantage his own consciousness of excellence. However, one cannot always be wise and temperate, loyal and neutral.

The subject of debate was an interesting one—Should we foster a military spirit? The decision was given in favour of the negative, and no doubt, on the merits of the question, with reason. Foster a spirit of patriotic sentiment and good sociability, with the assistance, if you like, of a scarlet uniform and the splendor of parade, but why should we keep up the pride and servility of military discipline, common to the corporal and the general, with its ruffianism of force always ready to burst forth? Let us have a wise people and we need no military spirit.

In the general business some considerable discussion arose over a motion to hold open debates every alternate meeting. The motion was ultimately carried, and the meeting then adjourned.

#### UNDERGRADUATE DINNER.

A large and representative gathering of Undergraduates was held in Moss Hall, on Tuesday last, to discuss the holding of the annual dinner. Mr. D. J. MacMurchy was chairman, and Mr. G. A. Cameron, secretary. After an expression by the meeting of a general desire to have the dinner an Undergraduate affair, the following were elected to manage the banquet:—Chairman, D. J. MacMurchy; Vice-Chairmen, Messrs. A. H. Young, F. B. Hodgins. Committee, 4th year, Messrs. Martin, T. Marshall, A. G. Morphy, J. Ross, W. P. Mustard, A. Elliott. 3rd year, Messrs. C. J. Hardie, J. G. Hume, F. A. C. Redden, A. H. O'Brien, J. A. McMillan, T. A. Ferguson. 2nd year, Messrs. W. J. Healy, W. H. Hodges, J. R. S. Boyd, W. Mackay, D. Ferguson, T. A. Gibson. 1st year, Messrs. Moore, Cody, J. Moss, Snetsinger, F. M. Robertson, G. C. Biggar.

It was decided to hold the dinner on Thursday, December 10th, and the arrangements were left to the committee. The meeting then adjourned.

At the general committee meeting yesterday afternoon, Mr. G. A. Cameron was elected secretary, and Mr. A. G. Morphy treasurer. It was decided that the price of the tickets be not more than \$1.50 each. On motion it was adopted that no liquor should be provided.

The following committees have been struck off:—Dinner—Messrs. MacMurchy (Convener), Marshall, Morphy, Cameron, G. A. Printing.—Messrs. Young (Convener), O'Brien, Gibson, Hodges. Toast and Invitation.—Messrs. Marshall (Convener), Elliott, Martin, Ross, Redden, Hardie, Hodgins, McKay, Robertson, Biggar. Music.—Messrs. Morphy (Convener), Mustard, Hodgins, Hume, Ferguson. Finance.—The above committee as a whole.

#### UNIVERSITY COLLEGE TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

The fifth public meeting of the U. C. T. L. was held in Moss Hall, on Wednesday. The attendance was rather poor, but those who were there were well repaid by the interesting addresses given.

After singing a hymn, the Honorary President, Prof. Young, dwelt briefly on the constitution of the society, its double-barrel quality, and its successes during the last year, 287 being the membership last year. He regretted that there were not more hard cases present. He then introduced the first speaker, Rev. Mr. Stafford.

Mr. Stafford congratulated University College on having a Temperance League. Many parents had an idea that everything bad, but very little good came out of the University. He said the question of temperance is, "How does it affect me"? It had done great things for him; all who tried it would find the same. Taking stimulants is constantly drawing on one's resources. This is short-sighted policy. As age goes on the power of resistance decreases, and so the habit grows. Though some good men defend the use of liquor, yet the scum and dregs of society are its main supporters.

Mr. Ross then took up the question, "Is total abstinence a good thing"? Subject it to tests. Wolseley in our North-west, Greely in the Arctic regions, Livingstone in Central Africa, and scores more, under severest trial, had successfully done without intoxicants. "Does it promote the well-being of society"? Go to prisons, poor-houses, and even the gallows, and we see the effects of intemperance—where the liquor traffic is put down, crime decreases. Much has been done, but there is much left to be done; let us be up and doing.

The Lord Bishop of Algoma was the next speaker. After expressing his pleasure at being present, he congratulated "the boys" on being up to the times in having a Temperance League. He held that Government has a right to interfere, and even prohibit in these matters, if it sees sufficient cause. We should help on the cause of temperance by the circulation of literature of a judicious character. He thought he was a fair specimen of 21 years total abstinence. He then dwelt on the particular value of abstinence for brain workers. This is what we need. Our duty to others is no less than that to ourselves. There is no command "Thou shalt be a total abstainer," and so many did not join the cause. But we have an equally strong principle of expediency. No inducement is so strong to one falling into intemperance as a friend saying, "Come and join us," not "go and become a total abstainer."

A hearty vote of thanks was then tendered the speakers, the chairman remarking in conclusion that too much stress could not be laid on the words of the last speaker, viz., the principle of abstaining for the sake of others from the moderate use of intoxicants.

The meeting then adjourned.



Y. M. C. A.

The regular meeting was held on Thursday afternoon, 26th inst., at 5 o'clock, in Moss Hall. Mr. T. M. Logie led the meeting. His subject was 1 John 5: 12; Christ Our Life. Note in the first place the assurance given to every believer—he that hath the Son hath life; and secondly, the blessing they miss who do not believe—he that hath not the Son, hath not life. This life, this condition of having the Son, is just faith. If, however, one connection with the Son be severed, there is no more life. But if the union is kept strong we experience eternity as a present blessing. How are we going to get more life? The only way, as we find is the case in everything else, is by living. We are to exercise our spiritual functions and our life will be sure to increase. The surest way this life, this faith, we have will reveal itself is in prayer, in a spiritual state consistent with continual prayer. Prayer is the language of faith. Further, we must not neglect what may be termed the lower functions of this life; we are to absorb all truth, assimilate and spiritualize it. Again, life has been defined as correspondence with environment, and spiritual life is simply correspondence with God, our Spiritual environment.

## PERSONALS.

C. P. Smith, B.A., '83, has since graduation been farming in Elgin Co.

W. F. W. Creelman, B.A., is about to commence the practice of law in Collingwood.

M. F. Muir, B.A., '85, is studying law with Crown Attorney Van Norman, Q. C., Brantford.

Messrs. Palmer, Malcolm, Elliott, Fraser, McKendrick and Thompson, of the Varsity Association Football Club, are members of the Canadian International Football Club, at present in Newark, N. J.

Miss F. H. Churchill and Miss Marie Strong appear together in a concert in Shaftesbury Hall next Thursday. Both of these ladies will be remembered by those who attended our last two conversaciones.

## Communications.

## THE SCHOLARSHIP QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE VARSITY:

DEAR SIR,—I have read with satisfaction all that your journal has contained of late in condemnation of the Senate's continuing the system of awarding scholarships, prizes, etc. I can heartily endorse, from my own experience as a teacher, all that you have said as to the baneful influence of such *stimuli* on the learner. Once "enter" a boy in the race for a scholarship, and every part of your teaching is valued in proportion as it promises to secure that object. For a youth to work from a desire merely to pass some examination is craze bad enough; but for him to work from a desire to win a scholarship is the "Examination craze" ten times intensified. It "doth work like madness in the brain."

You have generously thrown open the columns of VARSITY "for the unlimited discussion of this (scholarship) question." Perhaps, then, you will permit a few words from me. Though an alumnus of a sister university, I cannot, with any decency, be charged with having hostile feelings towards Toronto University; seeing that for the greater part of the twenty years I have had charge of the Port Hope High School, it has, in addition to having representatives at Victoria and Queen's, maintained its quota of four, five and sometimes six students *in attendance* at University College. At the present writing, it has five there; all honor men in more than one department and among them a general proficiency scholar. Neither can my opposition to scholarships be laid to the fact that few of my pupils have succeeded in winning them; seeing that not a few of those, whom the University has delighted thus to honor were sent up from this school during my *regime*. I make these remarks in no spirit of boasting, but simply for the purpose of stop-

ping uncharitable mouths, and of putting myself *en rapport* with your readers, who are naturally attached to Toronto University.

In a recent issue you say:—"The chief argument that has been advanced in favour of money scholarships is that they furnish indispensable aid to needy students." You, Sir, do not need to be told how egregiously the method of awarding these scholarships hitherto pursued has failed to discover the really needy student; nor need you be told that a score of scholarships are thrown away upon students that do not need them in the effort to discover the one student that does. The fact is, and your remarks in THE VARSITY show that you are well aware of it, that this plea of giving scholarships because they help needy students is all moonshine.

But even if this was their aim, and they succeeded in reaching the needy student, I would even then question the propriety of bestowing them. Far be it from me to deny help to the needy student. But I hold that if he is worth helping, he will spurn help of this eleemosynary kind; and my chief object in now writing you is to suggest a method by which he may be helped without wounding or lowering his self-respect.

Many are not (and none need be) ashamed of being poor, for poor is only a comparative term; but many are ashamed—and all honour to them—of receiving pecuniary aid in the shape of a gift of public money. Then if you must aid the needy student, don't pauperize him or blunt his self-respect by *donating* him pecuniary assistance, but *loan* it to him as an act of business, and not of charity. If he is made of the right stuff—if he is such a one as the State should aid—he will gladly accept the loan and as promptly repay it. This would be, perhaps, a legitimate use of public funds and one for which a much less sum than the \$4,000 now wastefully spent in scholarships every year would suffice.

But I have an idea that public funds need not be used for the purpose. The Senate in its liberality must have given away, in scholarships, etc., since the establishment of the University and College, considerably over \$100,000. As a result of this liberality, doubtless many of the recipients, having in return served well the State—and themselves, it is to be hoped—are now in circumstances of ease and affluence. If it were known that the University was now in need of a fund out of which loans could be made to needy students, I am confident that nearly every one of those gentlemen, mindful of their own whilom necessitous condition, would gladly give back to the University, now in her time of need, what she gave them in theirs.

Yours truly,

Port Hope, Nov. 25th, 1885.

A. PURSLOW.

To the Editor of THE VARSITY:—

SIR:—Will you kindly allow a little space for pointing out a consideration or two in connection with scholarships which Mr. Fraser seems to have overlooked in his letter of last week to THE VARSITY?

We hear a good deal of outcry against the sufficiency of written examinations as tests either of the knowledge of candidates or of their ability to think. Doubtless this outcry is in a large measure well founded. For an examination paper covers generally but a small part of any given subject, and some candidate may happen to know the greater part of what is on the paper, and very little of what is not on it. So he gets credit for more knowledge than he really possesses.

As to the problems that require thinking out, the examiners cannot well know whether the candidate works them out for himself at the examination desk or remembers some other person's solution of them.

Nobody needs to have actual cases pointed out to prove that what is here regarded as possible has been indeed realized. The fact is well known; every one of us could point out illustrations of it, but it would be rather an unpleasant task.

But supposing the candidate to be possessed of a good deal of



information and fair reasoning powers, how is the examiner to say exactly just how many marks he is to have? It is not at all likely that of a dozen good examiners any two would allot the same value to the answers of a candidate in any subject whatever.

Now, if these things are so, written examinations are not very well fitted to find out who is the best scholar in a class, and the truth is they ought never to be put to that use. If by this means we tried to find out only who ought to be in first-class honors, and who in second and third, examinations would not be nearly so dangerous. But when we try to decide through them which one of two persons, who are very nearly on an equality, should be placed ahead, we are just as likely to be wrong as right. Written examinations are not delicate tests; they do fairly well for dividing a class into groups in a general way, but they are not to be relied on in making a nice distinction between two men whose marks may differ only by one or two per cent.

It appears then that the new plan adopted by the Senate (which will apply at least to the fourth year) of arranging honor candidates alphabetically in three classes and of not attempting to tell who is best and who second best, is good and sensible, and the sooner the Senate applies it to all the years the better.

Mr. Fraser thinks that the scholarship system is good because poor men are helped. But unfortunately, just as you cannot tell on account of the insufficiency of the test, whether the scholarship is going to the man who deserves it, neither can you tell whether it is going to him who needs it. If it goes to him who has had the best preparation, is he not generally the rich man's son, and if it goes to the most capable, is he not best able to earn money if he needs it?

Mr. Fraser also doubts that the sharp competition caused by the scholarship system has any bad effect on the intellect and morals of the candidates. There is certainly a very strong *prima facie* case against him. It is his business to prove that what we should naturally suppose to be true is not true. Many graduates and undergraduates are painfully conscious of the fact that, induced by the hope of winning scholarships, they have studied in wrong ways, acted meanly towards their class-mates, and cherished feelings which were far from what they ought to have been.

In regard to Mr. Fraser's low estimate of undergraduate opinion, let nothing be said, for it has not much to do with the question at issue. It would have been just as well, perhaps, if he had refrained from giving utterance to it. Undergraduates are the stuff out of which graduates are made, and they may have sound opinions on many questions, especially on one which touches them so closely as the matter of scholarships.

Yours truly,  
R.

#### THE CLASS-LIST AS AN INDEX OF MERIT.

To the Editor of THE VARSITY:

Ever since the beginning of the present term the Editors of THE VARSITY have been most assiduous in warning men who have attained or are seeking academical distinction of the danger and folly of striving for such ends. One would almost imagine from the tone of some of the articles of the last few weeks that it was, in the opinion of the editorial staff of THE VARSITY, a sort of intellectual misdemeanor for a man to occupy a place at the head of a class-list unless the first letter of his surname gave him a claim on that position.

An editorial in the issue of October 24th contains the following sentence: "Our fellow-students need to be constantly reminded that education is not rank in the class-lists, nor scholarships, nor medals." I suppose no one will challenge this statement. But there are some who are old-fashioned—I am afraid the editors of THE VARSITY would say "old-fogy"—enough to think that the attainment of a high place in the class-list or the winning of a scholarship or medal is a fairly good indication of ability and culti-

vation. Some might go so far as to say that, as it requires at least as much intellectual effort to win a scholarship as to write VARSITY editorials or deliver half-prepared speeches at the meetings of the Literary Society, the development of mental powers may be furthered quite as much in the former occupation as in the latter. At any rate there does not seem to be any such lack of real ability or correct ideas of true education among those who are accustomed to appear on the dais on Commencement or Convocation Day as to call forth the repeated and somewhat patronizing admonitions of THE VARSITY. In the issue of October 31st, we find the following: "A scholarship student need not care whether he understands the subject or not, so long as to the examiners he may seem to understand it." Passing by the obvious criticism that this remark will apply with quite as much force to pass men as to honor men, I think it is quite incorrect to say that a man can win a scholarship in Toronto University unless he understands the subject he is being examined in. If the above quoted sentence be true it is a serious reflection on the acumen of University examiners.

I am quite at one with THE VARSITY in its opinion that scholarships and medals ought to be abolished, though I may differ with it as to the grounds on which I hold that opinion. But I very decidedly refuse to believe that the winning of a scholarship or medal is the evidence of a man's lacking some of the elements that go to make a true scholar. Quite as conclusive evidence of this lack, I think, may be found in a man's continual gravitating to the bottom of the list. It seems to me that the scholarship men and their rivals might be left alone for a little, and that some prelections on the subject of true education might be addressed from the editorial chair to those gentlemen who frequent Convocation Hall in September. The hard-working student is tolerably sure of a high place in the list, and is not, I imagine, so apt to be devoid of taste and cultivation as some seem to fear. Possibly, though, he may be so much occupied as to have little time to parade the knowledge that has cost him dear.

J. MCD. DUNCAN.

University College, Nov. 21st, 1885.

#### A PLEA FOR BASEBALL.

To the Editor of THE VARSITY:

SIR,—I read in your issue of Nov. 14, with a great deal of interest, Mr. Frost's letter on "Lawn Desecration." Mr. Frost, I am sure, voices the sentiments of all his colleagues when he says: "There is one picture which in the reminiscences of the great majority of graduates forms the centre of their brightest associations, and this is the College lawn."

Which of us, on emerging from the College porch after a long day in the reading room, has not had his toil-wearied brain refreshed by a single glance at the cool green? Those of us who have watched it at all seasons, under its many different aspects, know what a never-failing source of solace and delight it is for us.

I would be the last to discourage Mr. Frost in his efforts "to induce the undergraduates of Toronto University to refrain from any course of action which would encourage disreputable persons to frequent the lawn," but I think he is rather precipitate when he says that "the associations of the game (baseball) are of the very lowest and most repugnant character," and that "the name baseball cannot fail to suggest a tobacco-chewing, loud-voiced, twang-nosed bar-tender, with a large diamond pin and elaborately oiled hair." It cannot but be granted that in many respects the associations of baseball are bad. Unfortunately for the game, by its very nature it occupies a great deal of its lovers' time, and such men as have sufficient leisure to bestow on it are in part those whose occupations as "wine clerks" or "chevaliers d'industrie" do not demand their undivided attention. Nevertheless, it by no means follows, as Mr. Frost says, that "our students in elevating the game a little would lower themselves a great deal." Our students and our friends at St. Michael's College have plenty of time to de-



vote to the game, and therefore cannot be placed in the same category as the "chevaliers" aforesaid. Furthermore, when Mr. Frost says that the game has been "*degraded* by Yankee professionalism," he surely fails to remember that cricket in England is played largely by professionals, many of whom, in spite of all that has and may be said to the contrary, are not so "respectable" as they are painted.

As I understand the case, the baseball club is now playing on the authority of a remark made by Dr. Wilson last summer to the effect that "the lawn was for all legitimate College sports." I also understand that the cricket and football clubs are regularly authorized by the University and College authorities to use both the College name and the College lawn. Now, I would humbly suggest to our baseball friends that they take proper steps towards obtaining enfranchisement, then call a public meeting of the students, appoint officers and committees for the drawing up of a constitution, by laws, etc., and come out as an equal in every respect of all our other sporting organizations. As at present constituted, nothing is known by the great body of the students of the internal workings of the club.

Of course the existence of so many clubs would necessitate the appointment of a general athletic committee, with powers to finally adjust all differences arising from disputes as to the disposition of the lawn on certain days, etc. Moreover, the delegates to this committee from the several clubs would in self-interest see to it that no one body of players was guilty of spoiling the lawn.

Mr. Frost's statement that the introduction of baseball would "divide the athletic force of the College into two separate channels, with a *consequent bad effect* on each," is rather surprising. The honest emulation engendered by the healthy life and growth of such a number of first-class clubs would give an impetus to College athletics such as nothing else could give. Instead, as Mr. Frost proposes, of proving ourselves masters of only one game, "whatever it might be," we would then be able to demonstrate to the entire student body of America that as in liberal education so in general athletics, the children of our Alma Mater stand second to none.

J. A. GARVIN.

## Editor's Table.

### SIDE-LIGHTS OF HISTORY.

Under the above heading the New York *Critic* of last week gives a favorable notice of a pamphlet recently issued by Dr. Wilson. The *Critic* says:—

"The interest which historical subjects have awakened of late years, is shown not merely by the many volumes on those subjects which issue from the press, but by the flight of pamphlets which accompany them, and many of which throw unexpected gleams of light on dark corners in the past."

After noticing a pamphlet by Prof. Paul Fredericq, of the University of Ghent, in which reference is made to the remarkable apathy and indifference which prevails in Scottish Universities regarding the subject of history, the *Critic* continues—

"That this indifference reflects but too faithfully the feeling of the people of Scotland in spite of the great names of Hume, Robertson, Scott, Burton, and other famous writers, whose works adorn their literature, is shown clearly enough in a pamphlet by the eminent antiquarian and ethnologist, Dr. Daniel Wilson, President of Toronto University, describing the Collegiate Church of the Holy Trinity, which was founded at Edinburgh by Queen Mary of Gueldres, widow of James II., in 1462, and had been swept away in our time to make room for a railway station. Prof. Wilson had already given a brief account of this church in his charming work, the *Reminiscences of Old Edinburgh*. He has now furnished a complete history and description of it, with many exquisite illustrations from his own pencil. The church seems to have been a gem of mediæval architecture, and its destruction quite unnecessary, and a mere vandalism."

In deference to a request made by members of the Glee Club, we reproduce the "College Song of Songs" which appeared in THE VARSITY two years ago:

#### THE COLLEGE SONG OF SONGS.

O! College songs we have a few,  
Which if you like, we'll sing to you:—  
On every Convocation Day  
The students chant this solemn lay:

CHORUS—Old Grimes,  
Old Grimes, &c.

The Freshmen think when here they come,  
Attending lectures is the sum  
Of happiness It's no such thing!  
What we come here for is to sing:

CHORUS—Litoria,  
Litoria, &c.

When Freshmen go, with brazen face,  
To Fourth Year lectures—not their place:—  
When 'hazed' for doing such a thing,  
It's not surprising they should sing:

CHORUS—We won't go there any more,  
Way down by the Bingo Farm, &c.

When Freshmen go to Residence  
They're 'spitted' on ye Picket Fence,  
Where sits in state ye Mufti-King,  
And round him all his court, who sing:

CHORUS—O! What's more fun  
Than a 'hazing' party  
With the Freshmen all on the ground;  
How they kick,  
How they splutter,  
And what naughty things they mutter.  
While the Seniors buzz all round.

When 'peelers' stop our march at night,  
When looms the awful 'Beak' in sight,  
When *batons* high in air they fling  
Indignantly at them we sing:

CHORUS—Vive le roi,  
Vive la compagnie, etc.

When students from McGill come here  
To play football, and taste our cheer,  
We always like to do 'the thing';  
And so, in compliment, we sing:

CHORUS—En roulant,  
Ma boule roulant, &c.

Then quakes each undergrad. for fear  
And when the Conversat. draws near,  
His girl should ask, with witching glance,  
'Oh! won't you take me to the dance?'

CHORUS—Oh! the price of a ticket is high,  
And the dining-room is small;  
Why won't the Council let us dance  
In Convocation Hall?

Now, listen hard to this next song,  
For mystic words to it belong;  
'Tis writ in languages unknown,  
And we have no Rosetta Stone.

CHORUS—Kemo, Kimo, &c.

We've got more songs, but are afraid  
You'd tire if here we longer stayed.  
We'll sing this one, at any rate,  
Sung when the students graduate:

CHORUS—Farewell, farewell,  
My own true love, &c.

But just one more before we go,—  
The words of it I you think know;  
The tune you must, in any case,  
And to it now our songs give place:

CHORUS—God save the Queen,  
F. B. HODGINS.

GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC.—This publication for 1886 is to hand. It is brimful of amusement, containing—besides its other attractions—a double-page cartoon, "Ancient Nursery Rhymes for Modern Politicians." For sale by all booksellers; price 10 cents.



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At 11 a.m.—"An important question"  
At 7 p.m.—"A solemn warning."

## Fun and Fact.

The Board of Education—the schoolmas-  
ter's shingle.

There is a lady who is taking the *military*  
course at Cornell.—*Ex.* Surely a misprint  
for *millinery*.

Lawrence Barrett, the actor, has been in-  
vited to deliver an address before the faculty  
and students of Harvard College.

Thomas A. Edison has given Cornell Uni-  
versity a complete electric lighting plant for  
its workshops and mechanical laboratory.

Professor in Systematic Theology.—  
"Where is the lesson to-day, gentlemen?"  
Student: "It begins at good angels and goes  
to the devil."

"Sweet are the uses of the University,"  
is the way one of the College ladies put it,  
one calling night.

An enthusiastic German student, as he sat  
at a table in a German restaurant, ejaculated:  
"Wie gehts." "Wheat cakes?" repeated the  
Irish waitress. "Nein! nein!" said the stu-  
dent. "Nine," cried the surprised girl, "be-  
gorra and you'll be lucky if you get three."

Ex-Minister Lowell has presented to Har-  
vard a collection of 686 books, which he gath-  
ered during his past eight years abroad. They  
consist mainly of Spanish works, and com-  
prise many volumes of great rarity and value.

It was in September, 1879. The train that  
bore Bode Hawkins to college caught him  
away from the arms of his mother and the  
kisses of his sisters. Very glum was Bode  
Hawkins, and very reluctant he to go to  
school.

"Aw, shaw!" he growled, "I donkare to  
go nuther, so what's the use? Doggone the  
collidge, it don't do no good, an' I won't  
know no more w'en I come back than I do  
w'en I go away. I'd drather drive a team 'r  
learn a trade 'r somethin'. Dod fetch the  
thing, anyhow."

June, 1883. Ambrose Hawking returns to  
his home on the farm; his family weep for  
joy. All rush to embrace him as he steps  
from the train. Ambrose Hawkins gazes  
fixedly at them through the oriel window  
that includes one eye, and delicately extend-  
ing two fingers for them to grasp, he mur-  
murs:

"Aw, fathaw! gently, my deah fellah, gen-  
tly; easy on the rings, ye know; bless you,  
me mothaw; aw, no, thanks; kiss you when  
we get home, ye know; how do, brothaw—  
brothaw—well, bless me soul, but, aw, I've  
forgotten the boy's name. Sistah, deah, will  
you kindly hand these brawses faw me boxes  
to the luggage mawstah? Aw—is this—is  
this—is this the vehicle?"

And all the way home the old man didn't  
say a word, but just drove and thought, and  
thought and drove, and nearly all the night  
he sat up twisting hickories and laying them  
to soak in the watering trough down by the  
cow barn. And he told a neighbor the next  
morning that Charles Francis Adams was  
right, and "he had about four years of col-  
lege larnin' to unlarn for Bode afore the boy  
could holler at a yoke of steers like he used



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to, but the boy seemed to be comin' round all right, and reckoned he'd do by'n by.—*R. J. Burdette.*

Among great Americans who have expended their youthful talents in editing college papers are the poets, Holmes and Willis, the statesmen, Everett and Evarts, the eloquent divine, Philips Brooks, and the pleasing author, Donald J. Mitchell.

A French grammarian has bequeathed to the Mazarin Library at Paris, a collection of 3,500 specimens of bad French, written by members of the Academy from its foundation to the present time.

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Brain fever—he's dead—  
A Senior—

False, fair—hope fled—  
Heart broken—he's dead—  
A Junior—

Went skating—'tis said—  
Floor hit him—he's dead—  
A Sophomore—

Milk farmer—not fed—  
Starvation—he's dead—  
A Freshman."

A chair of Journalism has been recently established at Harvard, and is to be filled by Mr. Joseph McCallagh, editor of St Louis *Times-Democrat*. After delivering ten lectures he will receive \$4,000.

All students in Russian Universities are now compelled to wear, on ceremonious occasions, a uniform consisting of a blue cap, grey coat and green trousers, all plentifully embellished with gold lace. The suit will be so costly that poor boys can hardly afford to buy it, and the belief is that the requirement is intended to hinder the impoverished masses in educating their sons.

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
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
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Vol. VI.

University of Toronto, Dec. 5, 1885.

No. 7.

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Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

## Topics of the Hour.

FOLLOWING the praiseworthy traditions of the past, we shall issue in due time a special holiday number of the VARSITY. We owe a debt of gratitude to several of the best writers in the Province, who have kindly promised us their assistance in this project. Many graduates and undergraduates will also contribute, and there is every indication that in variety and excellence of literary matter the coming Christmas number of the VARSITY will not be surpassed by any Canadian journal. Among the writers who will contribute to this number are T. Arnold Haultain, G. Mercer Adam, R. W. Phipps, Agnes E. Wetherald, F. H. Sykes, E. J. McIntyre, William Houston, D. R. Keys, Arch. MacMechan, J. H. Burnham, Samuel Woods and R. Balmer.

CLERICAL exemptions from taxation are among the last relics of a state church system, and it is high time that these also were

quite done away with. When Church and State were one the amount of exemption was, of course, allowed as part of their salary to clerical officials of the State. But we in Canada have changed all that, and it is to be regretted that our clergymen and theological professors have not fully recognized this fact. Nothing is calculated to bring a much greater scandal on the cause of religion than the spectacle which certain well-salaried city clericals presented at the Toronto Court of Revision the other day. These gentlemen share in all the advantages of the State, and it is marvellous that they should virtually beg to receive these advantages for nothing. They can claim exemption on no just grounds, and it is decidedly undignified, if not worse, for them to set up such a claim. Even in the cases where a legal right still survives, the moral right has lapsed. The mendicant friars of the middle ages are not good models for our clergy to follow, if they hope to retain the respect of the world at large. It is pleasant to be able to say that many ministers now pay their taxes like other men and also that the present generation of theological students have their minds made up in the same direction.

IN a recent number of the *Week*, Mr. Gladstone is taken to task for "gambolling and capering on his hobby horse" at the present critical juncture,—that is to say, for writing in the *Nineteenth Century* on the "Dawn of Creation and Worship." Mr. Gladstone, we may presume, does not read the *Week*. He will not have the happiness of seeing his name in such well-balanced sentences of sarcasm as these: "Chamberlain and Churchill hotly contend with social problems; Mr. Gladstone descants on the Mosaic cosmogony. Parnell inflames Ireland, and dictates to England; Mr. Gladstone discusses different readings of the Septuagint. Prelates and laymen wax wroth at the severance of Church and State; Mr. Gladstone shows that 'instead of Ixion loving the wife of Zeus, it was Zeus who loved the wife of Ixion.' England may perish; the 'grand old man' must prove" —, and so forth, in good set terms. He will miss, too, the pleasure of seeing himself compared to "Nero fiddling over burning Rome." It would be so new to him and so startling. Mr. Gladstone—though he does not read the *Week*, it is to be feared, with as great regularity as the Bible—has lived the intellectual life as few men have lived it. But that he is more than a mere theorist, he has shown by his solution, while holding the highest post of trust in the nation, of practical questions of almost infinite importance to the British empire. He has been spoken of as the ablest and most honest man, as well as the ripest scholar, within the three kingdoms. This is a sweeping assertion; but, if there is one man of whom it is true, that man is Mr. Gladstone.

THE proposed appointment of a tutor in Oriental languages as an assistant to Mr. Hirschfelder, is a matter that will bear looking into. In the language of a neighboring republic we may say that it is pretty certain that there is an African or two



concealed in the fence somewhere. It is remarkable that the present lecturer in Orientals, after having filled the position so worthily for so many years and being yet as hale and vigorous as ever, should suddenly be found in the middle of a session to be in need of an assistant. Unfortunately this is not the first time in the history of University College when positions were created and appointments made according to principles and methods which to say the least were somewhat irregular. In the present case the university public have a right to know the true inwardness of the matter. How is it that the urgent needs of the modern language department, which have been repeatedly pressed on the Senate for years have been entirely neglected on the plea of lack of funds, and now an extra lecturer is being provided at a salary of one thousand dollars for a department which nobody had previously supposed to require assistance? Or look at the facts in this way: One lecturer is required to teach all the English and Italian of the college at a miserably insufficient salary, and, moreover, the Senate was pledged to open a lectureship in Political Economy as soon as the allotted salary (eight hundred dollars) was available, but now both of these urgent necessities are quite ignored and a new position created, for which relatively speaking there is not the slightest need. The only explanation of the fact is that the representatives of the affiliated theological colleges have acquired additional influence in the Senate and are using this influence to saddle upon the poverty-stricken University College the expense of work which under the circumstances these other colleges should themselves perform.

AN article on "The Depression of English" in the November number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, shows clearly how complete a change has come over the spirit of English scholarship during the past quarter of a century. The writer complains of the diminished importance now attached to the subject in two public competitive examinations, (1) that for entrance into the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, and (2) that for entrance into the Indian Civil Service. It is unnecessary to specify the details of the case he makes out; the significant fact is that English as a subject of school and college study can now count on a host of champions, who are determined to see that justice is done to a subject too long neglected. English is not second to any subject in our own curriculum in importance, and what position does it occupy? It counts as one of five modern languages to form a department of the Arts curriculum, while Latin and Greek alone form a department. In the curriculum of 1885, there are only 150 marks awarded to English in the general proficiency scale for junior matriculation, while 220 marks are awarded to Latin, and the same number to Greek. For the first year the English marks are 200, and the Greek and Latin 250 each. A similar discrimination against English obtains with respect to scholarships, the preponderance in favor of classics and mathematics at junior matriculation being greatly increased by the regulation governing the award of the Prince of Wales prize. We can scarcely speak here of the "depression" of English, as the writer in *Macmillan* does, for a subject cannot be depressed until it has first been elevated, and English never occupied any better position in Toronto University than it does just now.

THOSE who want a good description of an ideal University lecture will find it in the preface to one of the text-books in the Faculty of Law, the "Compendium of the Modern Roman Law" by Messrs. Tomkins and Jencken. The authors say:

"It ought never to be forgotten that the jurisprudence which has regulated the affairs of mankind for nearly three thousand years, so rich in its principles and so prolific in its examples applicable to practical life, should not be treated by its professors with the coldness and the pedantry of antiquarian research, but that it should be illumined with the warmth and enthusiasm which an adequate and deep acquaintance with its precepts can alone impart. A formal and diffuse lecture, or a mere literary essay, coldly read,

must always fail to awaken sympathy and to evoke the ardor of the student."

The following passage is in the same preface cited from the preface to Von Vanyerow's work on "The Modern Civil Law":—

"I hold it to be an essential requirement of lectures on the Modern Roman Law that the verbal discussions of the lecturer should not only comprehend in a fragmentary manner the several distinct parts of the law, but should present for the contemplation of the auditors the entire system as an organic whole. Of course I here presume a free and characteristic delivery, one in which the professor is, at the time of his lecture, really self-active. Lectures that are dictated or read, ought in common justice not to be given, for they are only destructive to the intellect of the professor, tending to convert his avocation into actual misery, whilst they lack the penetrative vitality which gives to a spoken lecture its real value."

The kind of lecture condemned by the great German jurist has been only too common in universities, including our own. For all practical purposes lectures that are read year by year from a desk, might as well be printed and placed in the student's hands for perusal. Attendance on such lectures is as likely to induce "cramming" as is the effort to master their subject for examination by the use of printed treatises. Not so the seminary method, which supposes as a *conditio sine qua non* a living contact between the minds of teacher and taught, and the freest intercourse between the lecturer and the members of his class. The seminary is rapidly driving the formal lecture out of the great American Universities, while our students as yet know about it only by hearsay. The nearest approach to it we have is to be found in the practice of some of our mutual improvement clubs, which are moreover of indigenous growth.

THE fourth Monday Popular Concert took place in the Pavilion on Monday evening last, the 30th inst. The attendance was large, and the interest manifested was hearty and encouraging. Mrs. Annie Louise Tanner, of New York, an old-time favorite in Toronto, was the solo vocalist. Mr. Thomas Martin, who succeeded Mr. W. W. Lauder as musical director of Hellmuth Ladies' College, London, was the solo pianist. Mrs. Tanner sang the celebrated aria allotted to the Queen of Night from Mozart's opera of "The Magic Flute." The accompaniment to this number was arranged for the quartette by Mr. Bayley, one of its members. This aria requires for its execution a phenomenally high range of voice, and the ease and perfect intonation with which it was sung by Mrs. Tanner proved her wonderful powers as a vocalist. Her voice is singularly clear, her phrasing correct and artistic, and her method almost faultless. Her manner is unaffected, and artless to a degree. As an encore Mrs. Tanner sang "Annie Laurie" rather carelessly and without much taste. Her second song was Ardit's "Daisy," a somewhat trashy piece, and interesting only in so far as it showed Mrs. Tanner's remarkable powers of vocalization. Her last song, Reinecke's "Spring Flowers,"—violin obligato by Herr Jacobsen,—was by far the most successful number. She sang this delightful ballad charmingly. Mr. Martin substituted Chopin's Polonaise in A flat major for Henselt's "Cradle Song," and rendered this difficult piece with great dash and brilliancy. Mr. Martin has a firm touch, good technical powers, and exhibits great delicacy and artistic finish. He also played most acceptably in the Schumann Trio with Messrs. Jacobsen and Correll. The work of the Quartette was certainly the most ambitious yet attempted by them, and the manner in which they acquitted themselves showed that they had not over-estimated their powers, but that they can interpret the most difficult music with success and *eclat*. The works presented on Monday night were Mendelssohn's Quartette in D Major, Op. 44, No. 1, and the Adagio and Allegretto from Beethoven's Quartette in E Minor, Op. 59, No. 2. The Mendelssohn quartette, abounding in rich, flowing melody, so characteristic of its author, was rendered with great taste, and the final movement, a brilliant *presto*, was played in a most spirited manner. The Beethoven number was equally well played, its broad and elaborate harmonies being effectively brought out. The next con-



cert will occur on the 14th of this month, when Miss Henrietta Beebe, of New York, and Mr. J. M. Sherlock, of Kingston, will be the soloists. The vocal selections will consist of English ballads, and a rich treat may be expected.

A SUGGESTION was made at the last meeting of the Modern Language Club which we would very much like to see carried into effect. It was proposed that English, French or German plays be produced by members of the Modern Language Club and under their management, in Convocation Hall. We believe this to be an excellent idea, and one that will, if properly carried out, be a source of much profit and pleasure alike to the performers and the large audiences which such performances would undoubtedly draw. The production of the *Antigone* of Sophocles three years ago was a red-letter day in the history of University College. It was a unique event, and one worthy of abundant emulation. To Professors Hutton, Wright, and Pike are due, in a large measure, the credit of the initiation and successful presentation of the Greek play in 1882. We understand that the several lecturers in the Modern Language department have interested themselves in this matter, and this will go far to secure its success. The cultivation of histrionic talents should not be looked upon as a *dilletante* and next to useless acquirement. It affords infinite opportunities for the study and portrayal of character and for the display of individual powers of no insignificant order. For the inauguration of an Amateur Dramatic Club in connection with University College there is abundant precedent. Oxford and Cambridge, Harvard and Yale have such societies. They are encouraged and supported. Why should not a similar movement be successful in Toronto University? We would, however, impress upon those who contemplate the formation of an Amateur Dramatic Club the advisability of giving the most important place to the production of English plays of the higher class. This is almost absolutely necessary in order to secure for the movement that measure of popularity which in its younger days at least is essential to its very existence. The successful production of plays in other languages is an intellectual feat which may challenge the admiration of an audience, but their appreciation of the beauties of the play and of the dramatic powers of the actors will be limited and curtailed by their inability to understand foreign languages. One great reason we would urge in favour of confining efforts in this direction largely to the production of English plays is the taste which it would revive in good healthy plays, in which the literature of the English drama so pre-eminently abounds; plays which are free from the sensational and unnaturally-colored and highly-spiced situations which seem to be the staple of the modern school of playwrights. The comedies of the late T. W. Robertson, author of "School," "Caste," and other society plays, and the light comedies of Buckstone and Matthews are excellent examples of the kind of plays which, unfortunately, are so rarely heard now-a-days, but which, to our way of thinking, are the most enjoyable and the most profitable for study. We sincerely hope that this scheme will not be allowed to drop, but that it will be taken up seriously and discussed enthusiastically.

GREAT credit is due to Dr. Wilson for his energetic efforts towards increasing the revenue of University College. The kindly spirit of helpfulness towards needy students, which prompts his solicitation of scholarship endowments from private persons, is worthy of all commendation. But at the same time, and with all deference and respect to Dr. Wilson, we must express our regret that he has seen fit to turn the stream of private benefaction in the direction of scholarships. The friends of the College will gladly welcome any amelioration of its impoverished condition. But whatever funds are received for that purpose might be expended much more advantageously in many other ways. The Modern Language course throughout, and especially the English sub-department, should be

put on a better financial footing. A lectureship in Political Economy is urgently needed. The Library fund should be largely augmented. Until these and many similar needs are supplied we cannot afford to offer pecuniary remuneration to students for their attendance at University College. Let us again point out that a much better plan of attracting students than this system of bonuses is to make the college course itself more interesting and more intellectually profitable. George Munro's magnificent endowment of chairs in Dalhousie College and the similar action of Senator McMaster, in McMaster Hall, are examples which we earnestly commend to Dr. Wilson and those gentlemen whom he may find able and willing to become our benefactors. It does not affect our position to say that the benefactions that are being received by University College are not severally large enough to apply to such a purpose. It would be an easy matter to consolidate the funds received from these sources, and the aggregate result would be sufficient to endow a chair. Or it might be used to secure a short annual course of lectures from some outside Canadian or American scholar, such a course as, for example, Goldwin Smith delivers, in Cornell, or as Edward Freeman, Edmund Gosse and Sir William Thompson delivered recently in Johns Hopkins. Or it might become the nucleus of a loan fund for the use of students. This excellent plan is followed in some American theological colleges with the most beneficial results. But if we must have scholarships at all, they should not be allotted by the usual competitive examinations. Nor should they be available to students whose private means are amply sufficient to provide for their education. Let them rather be granted as a recognition of singular merit in original research or individual investigation, and when such a grant would be necessary to secure the continuance of similar intellectual activity. If our country is ever going to take an advanced position in the intellectual world it is only by original work. The present scholarship system places a premium on superficial knowledge and mere memory work, and these are the death of intellect.

## Literature.

### THE LAMENT OF ANDROMACHE.

The following is an attempt to render into iambic hexameters the last lines of the Twenty-second Book of the *Iliad*, according to the dictum of Matthew Arnold that Homer can only be adequately rendered into English by the use of the hexameter. Objection may be taken to the Alexandrine; but the emotion is pathetic throughout, and requires a slower movement than the usual narrative.

"Ah! Hector! wretched me! in truth we both were born  
To the same destiny; thou Priam's son, in Troy,  
And I in Thebes, by Placus' groves, Eëtion's child.  
Ill-fated day on which I was begot; yea, thrice  
Ill-fated he who nourished me, a little one.  
For now thou leavest me in heavy, hopeless grief,  
A widow in our lonely halls, and far away  
Beyond the boundaries of day, thou wandering goest  
To shades of hell. And, Hector, see thine only son  
As yet an infant! how canst thou advantage him  
Since thou art dead? Or how his childish prattle soothe  
Thy care? For even if indeed he shall escape  
The lamentable war of the Greeks, still shall the toil  
And sorrow of despair be his sad lot in time  
To come; for others shall deprive him of his fields,  
Taking away the landmarks, Hector, of thy home.  
Alas! this orphan-making day hath brought great grief  
To him, rendering him destitute of wonted friends.  
Even now his little heart is sad with its young grief;  
His cheeks are wet with bitter tears. The boy henceforth



Shall go to the companions of his father ; he  
 In want shall pluck one gently by the cloak and then  
 Another by the coat. Perchance one pitying him  
 Shall offer him a little cup ; and he will wash  
 His lips, but shall not slake his thirst. Then also one  
 Whose father is not dead will drive him from the feast  
 In tears, striking him, and revile with the reproach :  
 ' Begone with a curse ; thy father now feasts not with us.'  
 Then, Hector, shall thy son, the boy Astyanax,  
 Come weeping to his widowed mother, he who once  
 Was wont to eat, sitting upon his father's knees,  
 Rich fat of sheep and marrow of white bulls ; and then  
 When sleep came o'er him and his childish crying ceased,  
 He rested on a couch, within his nurse's arms.  
 His little heart eased with soft slumber's calm delight.  
 But now Astyanax, thus called in Troy, because  
 Thou didst defend for them their gates and lofty walls,  
 Shall suffer many griefs, being bereft of thee.  
 And thee, thee, Hector, shall the crawling worms devour,  
 Naked, beside the curve-beaked ships, after the dogs  
 Have satisfied themselves on thy dishonoured corpse.  
 Thy garments, fine and beautiful, so deftly woven  
 By thy women's hands, lie useless in thy halls.  
 These, since thou canst not lie in them, I will consume  
 With glowing fire, as they are useless now to thee ;  
 Yet do the Trojan men and women glory in them "  
 Thus, weeping grievously, she made lament, and all  
 The Trojan women around her also wailed aloud,

PRO GREGE.

#### A BIT OF PLANTATION LIFE.

ONE beautiful evening in June, in the height of crop, Sinclair and myself were returning from old G——'s, where we had been spending what Sinclair called as he left the house, "a most 'gree-able evenin'," which, of course, meant a jolly dinner, followed by cigars, cards, and more or less copious libations of "open razors."

We were cantering slowly along, enjoying the magical beauty of the moonlight as it lit up the broad reaches of white sand just left bare by the tide and glinted in waves of light from the fringing cocoanuts as their glossy fronds souged under a freshening breeze. As I was gazing over the sea, noticing the beautiful effect of mingled moonlight and phosphorescence on the surf, Sinclair said abruptly, "Old G——'s coolies are in a deuced bad way to-night about their pay. The old man has docked wages all round, and they threaten to fire his cane." Now's their time, thought I, as I noticed the freshening breeze and the surf rolling momentarily louder and louder. Just then we rode into the deep shadow of a huge over-hanging cliff that hid from view the estate. We rode carefully, for only a week before a great slice had toppled over into the undermining waves, and there was always danger of getting a piece of the loose chalk of which the cliff was composed about one's ears. We had just emerged into the moonlight when Sinclair, who was behind, shouted, "By Jove! the devils have done it ;" and turning round in the saddle, I saw a rapidly brightening glare that now and then threw up a tongue of flame above the low, bushy line of hills that hid the fire from view. We turned round and rode like mad towards G——'s—back under the dreaded cliff, forgetting all about it in our excitement. Five minutes later we clattered into the yard. Old G——, who was just turning in, poked his night-capped head out between the "jalousies," and bawled, "What *the something's* the matter?"

"Fire!"

"Where?"

"Windward field."

"Call out the men."

Instantly someone seized the bell-rope and tolled away on the great bell. Old G—— jumped out of the low window, and, hatless and coatless, rushed into the stable, got mule and cutlass, and was

away down the hill before one could say "Jack Robinson." The hands tumbled out and away we went as fast as the animals could carry us over the savanna, through the tangled traces, jumping the trenches, and floundering through the canes, once in a while sighting Old G——'s bald head as it glinted in the moonlight over the tall cane. At last we came up to him on a ridge, and saw a hundred yards below a field of cane burning like a furnace. The flames were advancing rapidly towards where we stood. The rascals had chosen a capital spot for their cowardly revenge in a slight hollow where the flames had taken a fatal hold before being seen. Old G—— had lost his wind, but not his head. Taking in the situation at a glance, he panted, "Can't save the wind'ard field. Sinc., you take a gang and clear a trace next the mill. Joe, you slash away here, and don't let the fire get over the ridge. I'll take the other side. Come on, boys, I'll pay you well for this night's work." To work we went with a will, and quicker than I can tell you we had a trace right across the field. None too soon, though. Almost instantly the fire was upon us, the strong wind behind sending out tongues of flame twenty feet into our trace, threatening each instant to leap across to the cane behind us. Burning cane tops whizzed blazing over our heads, and kept us dancing to beat them out before they set fire to the rubbish strewn thickly all around. We fought hard, and in another minute would have been victorious but for an unlucky incident.

A poor, half-singed "guazupeta" (the native deer), blinded, I suppose, by the smoke and glare, came bounding up the trace and blundered right into our midst. The men surrounded it and killed it with their cutlasses, but the moment of delay cost another field of cane and another half-hour's hard work. The fire had caught in twenty places, and we had to fly for our lives to the next dividing trace, where we made another desperate stand, for all knew that if the fire got beyond us again the whole plantation, buildings and all, were doomed. Here we were reinforced by a crowd of men from the village and neighbouring estates, and quickly had a wide trace for a second time across the path of the fire. On it came with the speed of the wind, roaring like a hurricane, throwing out threatening flame-tongues and still more dangerous fire-brands, lighting up the streaming faces and half-clad bodies of the negroes, who jumped about like demons, dodging blazing cane-tops and stamping them out as fast as they fell. More than once our task seemed hopeless, as the blazing brands fell into the canes and kindled into instant flame, fanned by the strong breeze. Sinclair and Old G—— had beaten the fire out on the other sides and came up just as we were hardest pressed. With their assistance we soon had the fire under control, and in a few minutes it was out.

We went back over the charred fields, picked up our deer (it was half-roasted), mounted our mules, and rode off to the house, as dirty, tired, and glad as men could be, followed by the coolies and negroes, who made merry over the prospect of unlimited potations of rum, their expected reward. You couldn't tell black from white that morning. We were all as black as charcoal could make us. One old darkey remarked, "Dem Buccra (white men) look too pretty dis mawnin'," and his companion replied, "Dey's niggah fo' true dis time. We is all niggah w'en de cane done burn." We arrived at the house just as the moon hung over the distant Cordilleras and the sun rose over the dark Atlantic which formed our eastern horizon. G—— brought out the rum and distributed it among the hands. Libations to Bacchus were in order all the morning, and more than one "niggah" went home hiccupping his regrets that "dere warn't fire ebberry night."

SEE BEE.

CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

(Concluded.)

It may be interesting to compare our author in respect to this quality of humanity with the other great American short story writers, both of the past and the present. The best known authors



of this class of literary productions are Nathaniel Hawthorne, Edgar Allan Poe, T. B. Aldrich, George W. Cable and Bret Harte,

Hawthorne's tales may be described as short studies in moral psychology. In the analysis and careful appreciation of subtle moral motives and states, this author has been especially powerful. The main character of Poe's "Tales of the Arabesque and the Grotesque" is in a considerable degree indicated by this title. Many of them are of the nature of intensely interesting solutions of complicated intellectual problems; others are vivid descriptions of various emotional states, principally those of terror and horror. Both of these writers' productions are saturated and tinged with the morbid and fantastical fancies of their authors. But neither Hawthorne nor Poe appeal to the warmest, and the highest sympathies of humanity to nearly the same degree as does Charles Egbert Craddock. Sometimes Thomas Bailey Aldrich attains to this excellence, as in the tales entitled "Quite So" and "Miss Mehitabel's Son," but his principal characteristics as a story writer are delicacy of humour and a certain exquisite daintiness of style which cannot be described, but may be seen at its best in "Marjorie Daw." George W. Cable's tales, "Old Creole Days," are full of the spirit of the highest humanity, and tender and delicate in tone and style, but people of other regions cannot enter in complete sympathy with his Creole heroes and heroines, because they represent a peculiarly developed and highly artificial class of humanity which few can properly comprehend without a personal acquaintanceship. Bret Harte's graphic pictures of Rocky Mountain life are inspired with an intensely human sympathy, but there are extravagances and inconsistencies in his characters which strike the reader unfavourably. Then it is a failing of many of this author's stories that he attributes great moral effects to causes which seem entirely inadequate.

The Tennessee Mountain tales are in the main free from the defects or drawbacks which tend to prevent Cable's and Bret Harte's stories from gaining a wider popularity. The characters are simple and natural, and they act their parts in the tragic drama of their rude mountain life in such a way that they enlist all our sympathies.

Our author's descriptive powers are also of the highest order. The tale entitled "Drifting Down Lost Creek" opens as follows:

"High above Lost Creek Valley towers a wilderness of pines. So dense is this growth that it masks the mountain whence it springs. Even when the Cumberland spurs, to the east, are gaunt and bare in the wintry wind, their deciduous forests denuded, their crags unveiled and grimly beetling, Pine Mountain remains a sombre, changeless mystery; its clifty heights are hidden, its chasms and abysses lurk unseen. Whether the skies are blue or gray, the dark, austere line of its summit limits the horizon. It stands against the west like a barrier. It seemed to Cynthia Ware that nothing which went beyond this barrier ever came back again. One by one the days passed over it, and in splendid apotheosis, in purple and crimson and gold, they were received into the heavens, and returned no more. She beheld love go hence and many a hope. Even Lost Creek itself, meandering for miles between the ranges, suddenly sinks into the earth, tunnels an unknown channel beneath the mountain, and is never seen again."

This is quite different from the mere catalogue of places and qualities which sometimes passes under the name of description. It is nature etherialized and transfigured through the medium of a refined and intensely appreciative mind. Such descriptions are like the rich, deep coloring of the background of ancient pictures, or the soul-reaching strains of a powerful musical accompaniment. The following passages also show clearly the vivid and graphic picturesqueness of Miss Murfree's style:—

"With wild and haggard eyes he saw the day break upon this vision. It came in at the great gate,—a pale flush a fainting star, a burst of song, and the red and royal sun."

"Twilight was slipping down on the Big Smoky. Definiteness was annihilated, and distance a suggestion. Mountain forms lay darkening along

the horizon, still flushed with the sunset. The Cove had abysmal suggestions and the ravines were vague glooms. Fireflies were afficker in the woods. There might be a star, outpost of the night."

As an instance of continued description interwoven in a story, dropped at times, but resumed again with striking effect, we know of nothing of equal length to surpass the following passages:—

"After supper they were all sitting, dusky shadows, on the little porch, where the fireflies sparkled and the vines fluttered, and one might look out and see the new moon, in the similitude of a silver boat, sailing down the western skies off the headland of Chilhowee mountain. A cricket was shrilling in the weeds. The vague sighing voice of the woods rose and fell with a melancholy monody."

"The moon, still in the similitude of a silver boat, swung at anchor in a deep indentation in the summit of Chilhowee that looked like some lonely pine girl bay; what strange mysterious fancies did it land from its cargo of sentiments and superstitions and uncanny influences!"

"The moon had weighed anchor at last, and dropped down behind the mountain summit, leaving the bay with a melancholy waning suffusion of light, and the night very dark."

Humor is not a characteristic of Miss Murfree's descriptions, but the following passage from "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain," will show that she is not without ability in this regard:

"There was another long pause. The empty dwelling behind them was so still that one could hear the footsteps of an intruding rooster, as he furtively entered at the back door. 'Shoo!' she said, shaking her knitting needles at him, as she bent forward and saw him standing in the slant of the sunshine, all his red and yellow feathers burnished. He had one foot poised motionless, and looked at her with a reproving side glance, as if he could not believe he had caught the drift of her remarks. Another gesture more pronounced than the first, and he went scuttling out, his wings half spread and his toe-nails clattering on the puncheon floor."

In concluding these articles on Charles Egbert Craddock, the writer again takes the liberty of stating that no review is sufficient to give a fair and properly beneficial idea of any able author's work. In such a case, if the reviewer succeeds in inducing people to read the author's books for themselves his highest mission is accomplished.

A. STEVENSON.

#### MIND-READING.

[Through the kindness of Professor Young we are able to place the following interesting correspondence before our readers. — ED.]

G. P. Young, Esq., LL.D.

DEAR PROFESSOR,—I have had the fortune to meet in Kingston here one who is ordinarily called a "mind-reader," and thinking that his proceedings and some little experiments of my own in the line of mind-reading may not be without interest to you, I take the liberty of forwarding you the following accounts.

I first witnessed the manifestations of Mr. Miller, the "mind-reader," at Principal Grant's, where he performed most of the remarkable feats of Stuart Cumberland, such as discovering things hidden in out-of-the-way places, touching certain points, such as keys on a piano, etc. A somewhat intimate acquaintance with the gentleman since has convinced me of his power not merely of doing with certainty such things as I have mentioned, but of performing the curious feat of telling with certainty the number say of a bank-note. An explanation of his way of doing that will be sufficient for his whole proceeding. He requires in all cases that the hand of a person able to concentrate his thoughts on the figures—one by one—should be in his right hand—the hand he uses to write out the numbers. His explanation of his faculty is simply this, and it is a remarkable confirmation of the "return of nervous energy on the old sense-tracks," of the doctrine of ideal sensations. In thinking earnestly of a point in a room the thinker unconsciously feels drawn thither—he would sooner go there than any other place, and a delicate sensibility to pressure of the thinker's hand on the mind-reader's, enables the latter to discover direction. So in thinking of



a figure, say 6, the mind-reader detects the greater willingness of the hand to a circular movement than to an angular one, as in 4, and carrying this further, he can detect the difference between even a 6 and a 9.

An experiment, not very novel, I believe, we have tried, is to lift a very heavy weight, such as one cannot ordinarily lift, in the following way. The object to be lifted is a man; there are four people to lift him, who, however, are to use only the tips of one finger of each hand—one person to lift under each arm, one at each knee. They try without previous preparation and cannot do it. They then take three long breaths, lifting their hands up together in taking the breath, and lowering them on breathing out, then placing their fingers in the places mentioned, they have not the slightest difficulty in raising the object. That it is a genuine lift, I am convinced from the exhaustion felt afterwards. But how the immense amount of nervous energy is made to flow in the one direction is a mystery. There is no doubt a similar case in the almost miraculous actions of people under strong excitement.

But as to one or two little experiments of my own: Let a person hold a coin in his hand and play what we may call "odd and even," changing the coin behind his back. I have found that with almost absolute certainty one may tell which hand holds the coin by the unconscious inclination of the holder's face in the direction of the hand holding the coin. The only condition, of course, is that he shall *think* of the hand holding the coin.

But a stranger experiment still is the following, that often breeds thoughts that make one shudder:—

I have blindfolded myself and placed myself close to a person holding a coin as before, except that instead of the game being "odd or even," this time he darts both hands straight from him, gathering all his thoughts in the *direction* of the hand holding the coin. I have told the *direction* with a certainty beyond all guessing. This has been done independent of contact with the person, independent of any suggestions by sound or otherwise, solely by the idea of the direction springing up in the mind.

For this I can find no explanation. Perhaps the new Psychological Society may soon throw light upon it, but at present I must confess I am nonplussed at this evidence of "mental magnetism."

Believing you will not be offended by my writing you these things,  
I am faithfully yours,

FRED. H. SYKES.

424 Princess St., Kingston, Nov. 5, 1885.

Professor G. P. Young.

DEAR SIR,—I received your kind letter with great pleasure, but have delayed answering it in order to try more fully the most important of the experiments I mentioned—the last.

I wish to add to what I have already said about it, that so far as our experience goes, it demands for its success an intense nervous excitement, the most concentrated mental activity on the part of the one holding the coin, and the most perfect passiveness on the part of the one whose mind is to be affected. The only cases in which we have been successful are those in which these conditions have been fulfilled.

It is surely not difficult to believe the truth of the result when we consider similar cases in which mental effect is produced without the intervention of anything material, such as waking a person from sleep by looking fixedly at him, or becoming conscious of the entrance of a person into a room without seeing or hearing him, among the numerous experiences which everyone has had.

Our minds seem like electrified wires only imperfectly insulated. Sometimes they touch and the great current flashes its strength and direction over the weak one. Thus the moral enthusiasm after a great preacher's words, thus the warlike ardor after the "trumpet-sounds" of a "Chevy Chase."

It seems to me that the publication of my letter would at least call attention to an important sphere of mental science, and therefore I gladly consent to its proposed publication. Perhaps a word

or two of the explanation I have given here might not be out of place.

I might say that the gentleman who has been experimenting with me is Mr. R. Balmer, B.A., of ours.

Faithfully yours,

FRED. H. SYKES.

424 Princess St., Kingston, Nov. 18, 1885.

NOTE BY PROFESSOR YOUNG.

The circumstances mentioned in Mr. Sykes' letter of Nov. 5th all admit of easy explanation, with one exception. I am puzzled to understand how an experimenter, not in contact with the person operated on, can tell the direction in which the latter is stretching out his hand with a coin in it. In replying to Mr. Sykes, I mentioned my difficulty on this point. His second letter has not removed my perplexity. While I have every confidence in Mr. Sykes and Mr. Balmer as accurate observers, I should like to have an opportunity of witnessing for myself the "coin experiment." With the evidence at present before me, I remain somewhat incredulous.

G. P. Y.

### WOMANLINESS.

#### AN ANSWER.

IT is much to be regretted that your contributor "Pro Grege," in his article on "Womanliness," did not pursue his line of argument to its only legitimate conclusion. As the same timid half-views there expressed prevail only too widely, I wish in a few sentences to show their insufficiency and to bring forward some considerations which will, I think, reveal the problem in its true proportions and with its only sufficient solution.

The article in question may be summed up briefly thus:—We are assured that no objection can be made to the highest education possible being accorded to woman; that, moreover, the employment of such an education in securing a competence and independence is likewise legitimate and desirable; but that such employment, when it results in bringing women into competition with men, is injurious and exceedingly undesirable—it "tends to destroy that charm which underlies all the loveliness of a woman's character."

As your contributor says, the subject is a broad one; still I most emphatically agree with him as far as he goes. He does not, however, go far enough, and hence his conclusion, unqualified, is misleading and pernicious. Competition of woman with man is undoubtedly injurious to the best in both; but so also is competition between man and man, between woman and woman. The trouble lies, not in the conflict between the sexes, but in the conflict at all between fellow-beings, in the great wrong of brother struggling for existence against brother.

Another of your contributors was, indeed, unfortunate enough to say: "For my part, I should like to find a man who, possessed once of lofty aspirations and generous impulses, has been degraded, and whose motives have been rendered sordid and base by the fact of having to earn money either by competition or by other use of his brain for the purpose of realizing those cherished aims." He asked further for illustrative cases. The easy answer to this childish assertion and question is, that only with difficulty can lofty aspirations and generous impulses come forth and survive in an atmosphere of mean deeds, which the very term "competition" implies. To take bread from another man's mouth, is not that a mean thing, and does it not sully the noblest motive that could prompt the deed? The illustrative cases asked for will be easily found on every side around us in the grovelling masses whom competition has thrust down to filth and starvation. The most degraded among them had in their childhood pure aspirations and generous impulses. And do you suppose the successful even have not suffered? I would instance simply the notorious dishonesty of business men. Finally I would say, without fear of contradiction, that the mind in its best mood disdains competition. This one



fact is the best and shortest answer to all apologists for the competitive system.

To struggle with one another, we were not made so. "The soul has a principle of kindness in itself, and is born to love, as well as to perceive, think, or remember." Nor does the fault that things should be as they are, lie in the niggardliness of nature. "The Creator showers upon us His gifts—more than enough for all. But, like swine scrambling for food, we tread them in the mire—tread them in the mire, while we tear and rend each other!" This ghastly incongruity we can only hope our littleness may hide from the eyes of other humanities, till we have wiped the shame away. Here is the one great problem before society, in the solution of which all others are solved. It is important that it be once clearly realized by our young reformers, for it will prevent much hasty, half-enlightened, hurtful zeal. Let us hear no more sentimental wailing over lost womanliness, and vague half-measures for its restoration, while our general manhood is strangling in an unnatural, brutal struggle. Let us rather buckle to and assert the great forgotten principle of human brotherhood, and take as our device one like that of Bishop Headlam, the eloquent leader of Christian socialism in England:

"I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land"

— William Blake

R. BALMER.

## University and College News.

### MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The Modern Language Club held its weekly meeting on Monday afternoon last, at the usual hour, Mr. Rowan, the president in the chair. The meeting was conducted throughout in French. Essays were read by Miss Eastwood and Mr. Needler, both of them eliciting very favorable comments from members present. The subject of Miss Eastwood's essay was the "Life of Honore de Balzac," that of Mr. Needler's, "Le Père Goriot." "Gai le Rosier" and "Malbrough" were sung with great vim, most of those present participating. The society is greatly indebted to Mr. Jones for the trouble he has taken to collect these songs for the Club and for the able manner in which he conducts the rendering of them.

At the meeting on Monday afternoon next the society is to be favored with a lecture on "Music in Speech" by Mr. M. L. Rouse, a gentleman whose well-known attainments in the subject should ensure him a large attendance.

Y. M. C. A.

The regular Thursday afternoon meeting was held in Moss Hall at 5 o'clock. Mr. J. O. Miller conducted the meeting. The subject was Growth in Grace, 2 Peter 3:18. Growth is the condition of the Christian life, just as it is of all other living things. An analogy may be drawn between the natural world and the spiritual world. As the sun is the source of life to the plant, so the grand underlying principle of growth in grace is the sunlight of the spirit of God. And as the flower turns its face to the sun to receive all the warmth it can, so we are to expose ourselves to the influence of the Holy Spirit. If we strive to do this our growth will be visible in two ways. First, by an increased forgetfulness of self. We will not want to hide our light under a bushel any longer. Secondly, by a more perfect sympathy with each other.

The above are some of the evidences. Now let us look at some of the means which facilitate growth in grace. The following may be enumerated:—first, a diligent study of the word of God; secondly, closer communion with God by prayer and otherwise, and lastly, by fellowship with one another. God works by means, and it is our duty and privilege to do all we can for our Master. The diligent soul shall be made fat.

### BOOKS OF GENERAL INTEREST ADDED TO THE LIBRARY.

Bancroft's United States, 19 vols.  
Paston Letters, ed. Gairdner.

Keat's Poetical Works, ed. Palgrave.  
Mechanics and Dynamics, by W. Whewell, 2 vols.  
Ethical Studies, by F. H. Bradley.  
Lectures and Essays, by H. Nettleship.  
Horace, Epistles, ed. Wilkins.  
Scientific Papers, by Sir C. Wheatstone.  
Common Sense of Exact Sciences, by W. K. Clifford.  
Hebrew Syntax, by Aug. Müller.  
American Lectures, by E. A. Freeman.  
State Trials in 18th Cent., by G. L. Browne.  
Battlefields of Germany, by G. B. Malleson.  
The Unknown Eros, by Coventry Patmore.  
Misc. Writings, etc., of Lord Macaulay.  
Secret of Death, by Edwin Arnold.  
Marius Faliero, by A. C. Swinburne.  
Gordon's Journals at Kartoum.  
Nova Britannia, by Alex. Morris.  
Life of George IV., by P. Fitzgerald.  
Essays on Educational Reformers, by R. H. Quick.  
History of French Literature, by C. Bridge.  
Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist, by R. G. Moulton.  
International Law, by J. K. Stephen.  
Rise of Const. Govt. in England, by C. Ransome.  
Life and Times of Algernon Sydney, by A. C. Ewald.  
Physiography, by T. H. Huxley.  
Social Philosophy and Religion of Comte, by E. Caird.  
Malthus and His Work, by J. Bonar.  
Shakespearian Grammar, by E. A. Abbott.  
English in the 14th Cent., by S. H. Carpenter.  
J. R. Lowell's Poetical Works.  
O. W. Holmes' Poetical Works.  
Lyrics, &c., by A. H. Chandler and C. P. Mulvaney.  
Life and Letters of John Brown, by F. B. Sanborn.

## Drift.

### REST.

Rest is not quitting  
The busy career.  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis loving and serving  
The highest and best;  
'Tis onwards unswerving,  
And that is true rest.

JOHN S. DWIGHT.

### LIFE.

I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty;  
I woke, and found that life was duty.  
Was thy dream, then, a shadowy lie?  
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,  
And thou shalt find thy dream to be  
A noonday light and truth to thee.

MISS ELLEN HOOPER.

THE true purpose of education, as can never be enough enforced, is not to learn lessons and get explanations from teachers, and to accumulate information, but to develop power in the minds of the young to observe carefully, to reason correctly, and to think independently about the things that are important and vital in the experience of life. The minds of the young require to be cultivated and trained in this kind of activity; but all the mighty apparatus of books, teachers, superintendents, and boards of education, backed by millions of money, instead of leading to this result, stand in the way of it. The two methods are incompatible. Listening to explanations and cramming the contents of books are radically antagonistic to thinking things out, and to that self-instruction the sole condition of which is mental effort, and that should be kept in view as the essential thing to be secured in all education of children and youth.—*Popular Science Monthly for December.*



## THE FUTURE IS BETTER THAN THE PAST.

Not where long passed ages sleep,  
 Seek we Eden's golden trees  
 In the future folded deep  
 Are its mystic harmonies,

All before us lies the way,  
 Give the past unto the wind ;  
 All before us is the day,  
 Night and darkness are behind.

Eden, with its angels bold,  
 Love and flowers, and coolest sea,  
 Is not ancient story told  
 But a glowing prophecy.

ELIZA THAYER CLAPP.

## Editor's Table.

## AN ESSAY ON PHONETICS.\*

WE have received from Mr. M. L. Rouse, an English barrister at present resident in this city, a copy of his essay on the *Number and Nature of the Vowel Sounds*. In it the author gives a *resumé* of the systems of Helmholtz, Walker, Isaac Pitman, Webster, Nuttall, and other dictionary makers, and gives a table of the vowel sounds used in the English, German, French and Italian languages. From this table we find that the Italian possesses twelve simple vowels and one diphthong; French, fifteen simple vowels and three diphthongs; English, thirteen and five respectively; and German, the full sixteen and five, besides one triphthong.

Mr. Rouse states that the object of his essay is "to make a complete table for all the vowels and vowel compounds uttered by the different nations of the world." The result he has arrived at is given in the table we have referred to, but which is too extensive to be reproduced here. The author also draws attention to "the strange fact that many nations dwelling far apart and speaking tongues very unlike each other, possess certain interjections in common. Thus the English, the French, the German, the Hindoos, and the Japanese use *oh!* to express surprise, and *ah!* or *ach!* to betoken sorrow; the English, the French and the Japanese use *eh!* to enforce a question; and while the boys of England use *aw!* to show extreme wonder, the men of Japan have recourse to *awee!* for the same purpose. Mr. Rouse regards this, not without an apparent show of reason, as "a remnant of a language that the peoples of the earth had in common before they were dispersed at the building of Babel, and which they were suffered to retain as evidence of their community of speech." Mr. Rouse makes a discovery which, if nothing else, is certainly a strange coincidence. He gives a list of the eight long simple vowels which he maintains occur in English, viz.: *oo* (boom), *oh* (mote), *aw* (dawn), *ah* (path), *u(r)* (burn), *eh* (age), *ii* and *ee* (keen). He then shows that "each of these long simple vowel sounds is used in English as an interjection with a distinctive meaning (albeit sometimes with the help of a guttural attached to it)." The list is as follows:—

<i>oogh!</i>	expresses	anger
<i>oh!</i>	"	surprise
<i>aw!</i>	"	wonder
<i>ah!</i>	"	sorrow
<i>urgh!</i>	"	disgust
<i>eh!</i>	"	inquiry
<i>uch!</i>	"	contempt
<i>eegh!</i>	"	pain

\* *The Number and Nature of the Vowel Sounds*: by Martin Luther Rouse of the English Bar. Toronto; Rowsell & Hutchison.

The essay is necessarily somewhat technical in its nature, and requires to be carefully read. We understand, however, that Mr. Rouse will lecture before the Modern Language Club, on "Music in Speech," at its next meeting, and those interested in this important study should take the opportunity of hearing the author expound his theory on this and kindred subjects.

## Communications.

## AN OPPORTUNITY FOR THE Y. M. C. A.

To the Editor of THE VARSITY:

SIR,—There are few, I venture to think, who will be so fanatical as to deny that certain amusements would be harmless in themselves were it not for their associations and surroundings. The two amusements which have been especially placed under the ban are card-playing and billiards. Now, neither of these would be tabooed were it not that the only public places in which a taste for either can be gratified are such places as should be avoided by respectable people; places in which special temptations for gambling and drinking are afforded. But much of the force of such objections would be neutralized if opportunities for the playing of either of these games were given in which neither of the two evils complained of were tolerated; and laws against their infringement framed and rigidly enforced. Now, what more practical proof of a liberal-minded desire to do a most positive good, and to redeem two most scientific and fascinating forms of amusement from the ban under which they have so long and so unjustly been placed, could the Y. M. C. A. authorities have than to allow the use of a room in their new building—and I take it they have one or two to spare—where there games could be indulged in by undergraduates without the attendant evils which ruin and dedauch so many? Of course it is understood that those wishing to play these games provide the requisites and hire the room at a low rental. I may add, by way of precedent, that in a Roman Catholic College in the United States there is a flourishing billiard association, of which a reverend father is President. I write this in good faith and seriously, hoping for a reply. For the present I will sign myself,

CUE.

## AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

To the Editor of THE VARSITY:

SIR,—Most of us (in the opinion of a late writer), at one time or another in our lives, have felt the charm of an actor's life, as we were free to fancy it, well-nigh irresistible. One may spend a very pleasant half-hour imagining one's self a great actor,—for who would needlessly fancy himself a small one? I do not, however, wish to be understood as insinuating that it is by reveries such as these that the Modern Language Club has been led to the desire of acting a play. The idea, I feel sure, is one that will meet with great favour. A play might very well be produced at the *Conversazione*, in the mathematical lecture room. The cost of mounting it well on the stage would not be great, and it would be one of the most attractive entertainments of the evening. I understand that the Club has been considering the advisability of acting, in French, one of Molière's comedies. It seems to me that the members of the Club could not do better than choose an English comedy, since they seem to have a becoming diffidence of their ability to act plays or scenes from Shakespeare. I would suggest "She Stoops to Conquer." There is, however, a wider field for choice. Our dramatic literature—if we Americans may be permitted to speak of it so—is our greatest literature. "It is the thing we have done best."

AN OUTSIDER.



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Subject for Sunday evening, December 6  
"The Wooden Man in New York"

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"The Hell of the Future and the Real Hell."

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REV. MANLY BENSON, Pastor.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6:

At 11 a.m.—"Responsibility of a Witness."

At 7 p.m.—"MOSES—A Pattern for Young  
Men."

## Fact and Hum.

The choice does not *lay* with the other  
party.—*The Week*, Nov. 26.

This unintentional verse, written as prose,  
in Whewell's "Treatise on Mechanics":

"For no force, however great,  
Can stretch a cord, however fine,  
Into a horizontal line  
That is exactly straight."

is capped by a correspondent of "Notes and  
Queries," with this unmeant bit of poetry  
from one of Mr. Lincoln's messages:

"Fondly do we hope,  
Fervently do we pray,  
That this mighty scourge of war  
May speedily pass away."  
—*N. Y. Tribune*.

To these the VARSITY would add the fol-  
lowing stanza from Carlyle's "French Revolu-  
tion," vol. i., book x., chap. vi.:

"In of battles, wars more than civil,  
Confusion from above and from below;  
In such environment the eye  
Of Prophecy sees Comte de Mirabeau."

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of  
Cornell University, held on the 20th prox.,  
Henry W. Sage, chairman of the board, gave  
\$60,000 to endow a chair in Moral Philosophy  
and Ethics, \$10,000 being for a residence  
for the occupant of the chair, and \$50,000 for  
investment to pay his salary.

The *Dublin Mail* recently published the  
following communication:—"I enclose copy  
of an inscription in mediæval Latin from a  
stone discovered during the excavation now  
proceeding at Cork Hill, near which stood a  
church dedicated to a saint and missionary,  
known to the chroniclers of the time by the  
name of Uncatus Ambulans. The inscription  
is as follows:

"I SABILLI—HOERES' AGO  
Fortibus es in . . .  
Nosces 'mari 'thebe 'trux  
Votis 'innem . . . . . Pes 'an dux."

Upon this a contemporary observes that,  
though not versed in antiquarian lore, it  
offers a translation which may suit all pur-  
poses:

"I say, Billy, here's a go,  
Forty 'busses in a row."  
"No," says Mary, "them be trucks,  
What is in 'em . . . . . Peas and Ducks."

Mr. Lowell said in his address at Bryn  
Mawr College that applause in behalf of re-  
taining the Greek language in a college cur-  
riculum always comes from men who "are  
old enough to have forgotten their Greek and  
too old to find any necessity for beginning  
its study."

A small child being asked by a Sunday  
school teacher, "What did the Israelites do  
after they crossed the Red Sea?" answered,  
"I don't know ma'am, but I guess they dried  
themselves."

An editor who was impelled to give up his  
seat to a lady in a street car described it as  
being "crowded out to make room for more  
interesting matter."

President Elliot, of Harvard, advocates an  
entirely optional curriculum.



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Money to Loan.

Thomas H. Hendricks, the late deceased Vice-President of the United States, was at the time of his death under engagement to speak at several college commencements during the coming year.

The report is current that James Russell Lowell is to be Vice-President of Harvard College next year, and that he will be in full charge during President Elliot's absence.

The farmer-boy to college's gone,  
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I met the girl of the  
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
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
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# 85- VARSITY

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY THOUGHT AND EVENTS.

Vol. VI.

University of Toronto, Dec. 12, 1885.

No. 8.

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## THE VARSITY.

THE VARSITY is published in the University of Toronto every Saturday during the Academic Year, October to May inclusive.

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All communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

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## Topics of the Hour.

THE holiday number of the VARSITY will follow directly upon the present issue. It will probably appear about the 23rd inst. We still have room for a few contributions, and if our undergraduate friends will do their fair share of this work, the entire success of the Christmas issue will be assured. All contributions should be in our hands not later than Thursday next. We have secured contributions from several able writers in addition to those mentioned last week. Mr. Martin J. Griffin has sent us an article on "A New Volume of Thackeray." A beautiful poem, "Carmen Nativitatis," is contributed by "Fidelis," whose name is familiar to all Canadian magazine readers. Dr. Wilson has also sent us a poem, and with it all kind wishes for the future of the VARSITY. Mr. C.

Brent will describe "A Christmas in Trinidad." Mr. H. L. Dunn contributes a sonnet; and a writer of wide reputation will appear anonymously in a brilliant article on "The University of the Future."

WE have often had occasion to speak of the harm done to the young student of English by the injudicious questions of examiners and by the excessive use of annotations of the text prescribed. Most editors of literary texts commit the exceedingly reprehensible error of breaking up all the intellectual food there is in an author into spoon-victuals, for the supposed greater advantage of the student. They mistake instruction for education. In this case the annotator gets all the education, and the student simply commits to memory the dry external results of another person's mental labor. Nothing more deadening in its effects upon the intellect can be conceived, and yet it is the process which seems very generally to prevail in schools and colleges under the name of English literary education. We notice in our contemporary, the *Educational Weekly*, a style of annotation which differs very materially from that just mentioned. The editor of the literary papers signed "Philetus" seems to have struck the right idea that the proper use of notes is rather for the purpose of suggestion than of information. He seems to think, and rightly, that literary education can only be obtained by the study of literature itself, and so he is contented with asking such questions and throwing out such hints as will lead the student to think out the meaning of the text for himself. No information is given except what cannot be got from a careful study of the lesson itself, or from other general sources which are ordinarily available to the student, and there is no attempt to drag into the lesson the general information which is such an attraction and a snare to the ordinary annotator.

IN our news columns will be found an account of a dramatic episode which occurred at an early hour last Saturday morning in the subterranean halls of University College. We cannot but think that the College Council have dignified this little freak to a far greater degree than its intrinsic importance deserved. We have no sympathy with rowdiness in any of its phases, and we shall always uphold the authority of the College when there is need for its exercise. But really, a ceremony conducted with such decorum as it is said characterized this affair, seems open to objection mainly on account of the anxiety which it causes the faculty. Apart from unimportant incidents of place and time, and the theatrical paraphernalia of dress and stage scenery which appertain to college initiations, there are quite as serious disturbances every week among the undergraduates of every cross-roads school in the country, and nobody pays any attention to them. As a general thing the novitiates enjoy the fun of college initiations. The main objection appears to come from those who do not know by personal observation or experience how really harmless and trivial the whole affair usually



is, but form distorted opinions from the exaggerated and sensational reports of the newspapers.

IN a letter to the *Mail* and the *Telegram* the other day, Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, under the guise of "suggestions" to Mr. Houston, made a fierce onslaught upon the scheme of reform in the English course of the University, which the latter gentleman brought before the Senate and the university public recently. A part of this scheme is embodied in the draft for a new curriculum in English which we published a short time since, and it is against this part of the scheme that Mr. Cockburn appears at first-sight to direct his principal attack. But if in reality he had only wished to show the defects of the draft, one would think he would have published his communication in the journal which had contained the draft. Readers of his strictures would then have been able to judge of their fairness by comparison with the matter criticized. But criticism of the draft does not appear to have been his entire intention. The letter opens with the assertion that the draft proposed "differs but little in its essential elements from the course which has been in operation for many years, and is so far worthy of our approval." This sentence has a general tone of inspiration in it with which we are not entirely unfamiliar. It is not the first time in the history of the University and College that an attempt has been made to obstruct the advance of reform by an idle and futile appeal to the past. The main source of this critic's indignation, then, appears to lie in the fact that a lay member of the Senate should wish to re-organize a course of study which meets with the approbation of Mr. Cockburn and his friends; a course, moreover, rendered sacred by the dust of past ages settling and resting upon it. Nevertheless, and in spite of the critic's assertion, there is a very considerable difference between the old course and the one which Mr. Houston proposes to substitute for it, as any unprejudiced person can easily see. The alleged course of English in Toronto University and University College has hitherto been a deceit and a delusion. We showed last week how little importance was attached to this subject by the low relative value of the marks assigned to it in examinations, and by the fact that the solitary instructor who was at last provided for this course, has been overburdened with the charge of Italian as well. Those who have graduated from Toronto University with any especial enthusiasm for the study of English, cannot be said to have gained it from the education received in that department here. As an additional illustration of the past misdirection of this course, we may mention that certain members of the Senate will not hear of a living author being represented on the curriculum, however justly famous he may be, and that in spite of the unprecedented growth of literature in the United States, American authors are entirely ignored upon our course. Mr. Houston asks the Senate to effect certain reforms which he and his constituents, the graduates of Toronto University, think urgently necessary to the future welfare of their common *Alma Mater*. He is very far from claiming that his draft curriculum is perfect, and he has both publicly and privately asked for suggestions in the preparation of it. He will doubtless answer Mr. Cockburn's objections for himself. But whatever defects there may be in the proposed curriculum they are very far from furnishing a respectable pretext for an attack upon the main intention of the reform. It might also be said here that Mr. Houston's relations to the Senate are of a quite different nature to what those of his critic were. The latter owed his seat to the political accident that gave the institution under his control representation on the Senate, the former, as well as Messrs. Kingsford, Miller, and Embree, were elected to their positions by our own graduates, for the express purpose of effecting reforms, and galvanizing into vigorous life that asphyxiated body of which Mr. Cockburn was a member. If this gentleman sneers at Mr. Houston's activity in the Senate, we must infer his own inactivity there, and it will now be in order for some one to tell us of a single beneficial measure brought into operation by him.

## Leading Article.

### FEDERALISM IN GOVERNMENT.

AT a recent meeting of the Young Men's Liberal Club of this city, Mr. William Houston, Provincial Librarian, delivered an address on "The Federal Principle in Government," which was a good practical illustration of the topical method of studying history. After pointing out the close connection that exists between the present and the past, between politics and history, the lecturer briefly described the inductive and deductive methods of treating his theme, preferring the former if time were available, but adopting the latter because so much ground had to be covered in a single address. The subject was then discussed under four divisions, (1) the definition of federal government, (2) the origin of federal government, (3) historical examples of federal government, and (4) the future of federal government.

The definition adopted by the lecturer was substantially that given by Freeman in his unfinished history of federal government, where he divides all states into three classes: (1) small states, in which all citizens take part directly in making and executing the laws; (2) large states, in which the work of legislation is carried on by representatives elected by the people, but the community is undivided; and (3) federal states, the government of which is intermediate between that of a small and that of a large state. A federal state is a large state in its international relations, but is made up of a number of smaller ones in its relations to its own citizens. Of federal governments there are two kinds, for which we have no distinguishing names in English, but which are called in German respectively "Staatenbund" and "Bundesstaat." The Staatenbund is a state in which the central government deals directly only with the governments of the various subdivisions and not with the individual citizens. The United States of America were from 1776 to 1787 a Staatenbund. A Bundesstaat is a state in which the central government deals directly with the individual citizen in some of the relations which always obtain between subject and sovereign. The United States of America is now a Bundesstaat, as the Federal Government not only collects taxes, but exercises other kinds of control by means of a system of courts of law and in other ways. It is impossible to say which of these forms is best. With respect to these and all other types of government it may be said that the one which best serves its purpose is best. Often a certain kind of government is the only one possible, and that is *ipso facto* the best kind. The historical method of studying the science of politics is the best corrective of any tendency to doctrinairism.

It is a mistake to suppose that, ingenious as the federal form of government is, any man or any body of men ever preconceived or invented it. The first federation was in some measure a political necessity, adopted not because it was theoretically the best, but because it was the only device practically possible; and the same remark applies to all subsequent federations. The American colonies, for well-known and perfectly intelligible reasons, could not coalesce in 1776 more completely than they did. Only with great difficulty were they brought ten years later into the closer union which still endures. The Arcadian league was constructed as a counterpoise to the influence of Sparta in the Peloponnesus. The Achaean league was intended to check the growing power of Macedonia. The Dutch league was forced into existence by the aggressions of Spain. The Swiss league is due to the instinct of self-preservation which pervades a number of small Alpine communities surrounded by large and powerful states. The league of Austria-Hungary is the outcome of the battle of Sadowa, and was resorted to as the only possible means of preventing the dissolution of the Austrian empire. The United States of America grew out of the common resistance made by the separate colonies to the unjustifi-



able encroachments of the British Government on their colonial autonomy. The federation of the Canadian Provinces was occasioned by a threatened breach between Upper and Lower Canada, and suggested by the great and successful federation of the United States. Federations have usually been aggregations of political units into a relationship closer than that which they formerly bore to each other, though there are exceptions to this rule—notably the case of Austria-Hungary.

In citing examples of federations, Mr. Houston referred briefly to the Amphictyonic League, which, though it was a religious union, exercised a certain amount of political influence, owing to the now exploded idea that it was at least partly political. Passing over the Arcadian and Achæan leagues with a mere mention, he described at greater length the constitution of Switzerland, which has been since 1848 a Bundesstaat, and is now one of the most perfect examples of the federal form of government. In its older form of government the constitution of Switzerland exercised a potent influence over the minds of the statesmen who formed the first constitution of the United States, while the later form of the United States constitution was to a large extent the model on which the new Swiss constitution was framed. The present constitution of Austria-Hungary, which came into existence since Mr. Freeman's book was written, was described still more minutely. Though it is only a Staatenbund, and one of the lowest kind, it has been the means of bringing order out of confusion in a region more than usually diversified both ethnically and ecclesiastically. Teutons and Magyars, who had for generations scarcely tolerated each other's existence, dwell peacefully together under the constitution devised by the great Hungarian statesman, Deak, which, moreover, enables the whole empire to indulge in a spirited foreign policy. The constitutions of the United States and Canada were very briefly touched upon, the lesson to be learned from them being the erroneousness of the idea that looseness of the federal bond is unfavourable to perpetuity. In Mr. Houston's opinion, the tendency towards centralization is more dangerous than the opposite one.

Possible federations suggested by current events are (1) South Africa, (2) Australia, (3) Turkey in Europe, (4) Great Britain and Ireland. The last-named kingdom was for eighteen years of the 18th century—during the period of Grattan's parliament—a real federation, and no future event in political history is more certain than the near solution of the Irish problem by the concession of a measure of home rule not merely to Ireland, but at the same time to England and Scotland. A careful study of history will convince all but the most pessimistic observers that such a federation would promote, rather than endanger, the stability and unity of the empire.

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## Literature.

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### MIND-READING.

(After Burdette.)

"I tell you what, by George, I was never so completely—why did you go and load me up with such idiotic stuff as that? Sykes What does Sykes know about it? Sykes be—"

"Oh, but such psychical—er, ah—phenomena, you know, Phenomena." I had to say something at once, for when my friend Leatherby is irritated, he is apt to use strong language. It was the hour between eleven and twelve last night, and we two were sitting before the grate. Fred, whom I had met going out just before eight o'clock, had dropped in about half-past ten, utterly depressed and downcast—as I had never seen him before; his knitted brow telling of intense mental suffering, and the style in which his overcoat was buttoned, three holes over the same button, seeming to

lend an air of moody abstraction to the general dejection of his appearance.

What astonished me most was his apathetic disregard of the disorder of his sartorial habiliment; for Fred Leatherly, I must say, is of the Body Dandiacal,—a "*dude*," Maud Gerolman's little brother calls him. *Jam dudum et cerno te*, Æneas said to the pilot, while sailing away from Dido; this being the earliest recorded fitting use of the word: fitting, because the sleek son of Anchises was open himself to the same imputation, and knew "a hawk from a hand-saw." Belike he applied this epithet to the pilot because the latter had just imparted the outcome of his excogitations on what was to be done now that the *wind had risen*,—*vespere ab atro consurgunt venti*, etc. Indeed, that worthy archetype of dudes, the wind being risen, had, on the whole, better fortune than the dudes of later ages, inasmuch as these have chiefly spent their time in unavailing efforts to raise the wind; as many even now are trying, both here in Toronto and elsewhere under the moon. But to return to Fred Leatherby. When I met him going out last night I surmised he was going over to Gerolman's, just to drop in casually, either to get his cane, which he had left there, or because she had asked him over, or—perhaps to have a pleasant chat with old Mr. Gerolman himself. His affection for the old gentleman is all the more remarkable from the fact that he was not acquainted with Mr. Gerolman before this term. However, I could not gather from what he said after his return that he had been at Gerolman's; but his clamorous abuse of Mr. Sykes led me to think that, wherever he had been, he had had a hand in some untoward experiments in mind-reading.

Now, Leatherby is in general an easy-going mortal, with no very decided opinions of his own, acquiescing in the opinions of those around him with characteristic *lâcheté*. I was therefore somewhat surprised last Monday evening, when, after having read to him the letters on mind-reading in last week's VARSITY,—he having said beforehand in his untutored manner of speech that "I needn't mind reading it; he didn't want to be bored to death"—I was surprised, I say, to find him showing true metaphysicianly combativeness, in upholding the theory on which the possibility of mind-reading rests. I held that the fallacy of the whole thing was unintentionally shown in a certain passage from the second letter. This Leatherby would not admit; denouncing it as a lame and impotent conclusion, based on misconstruction and false reasoning. In the end, arguments of learned length and thundering sound proving of no avail to either of us, we had recourse to experiments; and more by luck, I am sure, than by any skill in mind-reading, Leatherby did such feats, I being the "subject," as even to astonish himself. This happened, as I said, on Monday evening.

It was nearly twelve o'clock last night, and we two were still sitting before the grate. Leatherby was yet in a sulky mood, staring at the fire. I was waiting. At length he broke out into boisterous laughter, followed, I am sorry to have to say, by some profanity. I said "Well?" with a note of interrogation in the word; being curious to know what had befallen him.

"I was over to Yonge street," he began, having taken off his overcoat, "and on my way back I called at Gerolman's. There was quite a party in there. That Blosberg was turning the music for her at the piano. Well, Mrs. Gerolman asked me to stay for a while, and I did. There was nothing much going on; so before long I just chipped in with something about mind-reading. And then that ass Blosberg began to talk against it."

"I was talking against it the other night," said I.

"Yes," he went on, "but I guess I downed him too. You see, they all took a hand at it; old Gerolman sided with Blosberg. I just lay low till they'd all had their little say pretty much, and the discussion was getting spirited, and then—you see, I'd learned off a page from what I called 'the great American authority,' and I reeled it off this way: in certain aesthetic states of the mental and physical systems, peculiar psychic forces which always exist, though



in a latent condition, are excited into activity; and the ideal sensory percipience in cerebrum and cerebellum, you see, is transmitted by protoplasmic action to the nerve centres, where the objective transfusion of the occipital parietes makes the Ego as cognizant of the cerebation of the non-Ego, as though the psychic modifications really impinged upon the same ganglion; being by a touch of the hand, you know, transmitted in mesmeric condition on the nerves along the ganglia of the two systems; and they, therefore, are, and can only be, identical."

I thought that pretty good for Leatherby.

"Yes," he continued, "but the other side just shook their heads, and said 'it was only a theory after all; they'd like to see the hypothesis demonstrated.' And just at that critical point the kid put in——"

"You mean that Tommy Gerolman took part in the argument?"

"He put in his oar and said they'd tried it at school, an' he could let the boys hide things, an' then lead them right to the place where they were hid. I knew the little cus was lying. But Blosberg said I should be the first subject, of course, because I had faith; and after some more talk I agreed. I put on a pensive air, you see, and announced that my thoughts were concentrated on one subject, to the exclusion of all other terrestrial things."

"I guess any one could tell that from the way you looked at her."

"The kid took my hand, placed it against my forehead a while, then placed it against his own, and stood in a thoughtful posture for a few seconds. Then he led me out in the hall and up to my overcoat on the hat-rack, the whole company following, and he took out of the pockets——"

Leatherby went over to his overcoat and drew forth from the pockets himself, a pound of coffee, half a dozen eggs, a box of boot-blackening, and a flat whiskey-bottle, partly full. "The little devil," he went on, "showed me these and said, 'There, that's what you're thinking about.'"

"As you certainly were at the time," I said.

"They didn't smile," said Leatherby, reaching out to poke the fire, "Oh no! Blosberg guffawed, and Miss Gerolman tittered, and the rest looked funny. I was shaking my head like an idiot, and trying to laugh, but I couldn't say a word."

"*Obstupuit visu*," I quoted, "*et vox faucibus haesit*." It was lost on Leatherby. (I may here state that in the matter of the flat whiskey-bottle, partly full, Fred was altogether guiltless, having borrowed it from the present writer, empty, to have some alcohol put in it, wishing to preserve, as he assured me, a very fine specimen of that interesting animal known to science as the *Cimex Lectularius*.)

"Well," he continued, having lit his pipe, "when we got back from the hall, the old gentleman said that though I had not denied the accuracy of Tommy's mind-reading, there had been an omission; you see, I should have written down on a slip of paper what I was thinking of. However, the community hung back; none of the visitors would have anything to do with it, and general applause greeted Mr. Gerolman when he said that he'd be the subject. He wrote something down on a piece of paper, and sat for a while in deep thought,—just like you when you are wondering where you can borrow three dollars, donchuknow!"

Leatherby does not say "donchuknow" as often as he used to. One morning about a month ago he walked into the VARSITY sanctum with a poem he had dashed off the night before. He handed it to the editor, saying, "I'd like to write for the VARSITY, donchuknow!" "So you'd like to write for our paper, Mr. Leatherby?" came from the editor in an undertone, as he gazed in consternation at the length of the manuscript, throwing out signals of distress to Manager Irving, who was busily writing. "Say," asked the latter suddenly of the new-comer, "got a lead-pencil? No? Well, never mind." And, taking up his pen, he reached over for the mailing list, saying as he wrote, "F. Leatherby, Univ. College. I'll see it's sent you. Save you all the trouble of writing for the VARSITY,

donchuknow! Good morning." And the astounded Leatherby turned in speechless amazement, and left the sanctum, hat in hand. And he was half-way across the lawn when Blosberg met him, and told him to put his hat on his head.)

But we have left Mr. Gerolman sitting in deep thought. Leatherby went on to say that the worthy gentleman, glancing sternly at his son, took his hand, and the whole congregation arose to follow. Tommy led the way upstairs into the study, and, despite several stealthy nudges from his indignant parent, was about to reach behind a book-case, when Mr. Gerolman cuffed Tommy's ears soundly, and, losing temper, drove the whole party down-stairs again in great confusion and disorder. And a shadow fell upon that party that not even Mrs. Gerolman's cheerful good nights could dissipate.

While I write Leatherby is lamenting that on him is cast the blame of it all. He has just told me that he met Mr. Gerolman on College street this morning, and that "the old boy scowled at him like a thief." I fear that the *entente cordiale* hitherto subsisting between my friend and the house of Gerolman has been rudely shattered.

JEWLYAH.

## THE FUTURE OF WOMAN.

THE position which our University has taken in regard to the higher education of women is a just and sound one. Having granted this right of higher education to women, are we going to ignore the necessary rights which are involved in it? Should we give the power which comes with the development of her faculties, and limit the sphere of its use? In giving the means are we going to lose sight of the end? What is the future of a female graduate leaving her Alma Mater and entering the world? Suppose we interview her. We say to her, "Do you not feel discouraged at the prospect which lies before you? You have a fine education—better, perhaps, than many of the young men who are entering life with you. Would you not like to give your culture and powers for the benefit of mankind?" What is her answer?—"I have spent four years and more to obtain the education of which you speak. It has been a great source of development and delight to me, and I should like to use the powers I have in those spheres for which my education has fitted me, but those spheres are closed to me because the majority say it would not be consistent with womanliness."

A question here arises, about which there is apt to be a misunderstanding. What is womanliness? Have a care that we are not misled by fortuitous custom. "We are hoodwinked by custom," says that mighty iconoclast Carlyle, and let us add that we are too often hoodwinked by our language. It is womanly for the squaw to do the work of the Indian; for the Hindoo's widow to allow herself to be burned; and it was womanly for Queen Victoria to propose marriage to Prince Albert. Mayhap, in the centuries to come, it will be womanly to be a Prime Minister. No doubt the votaries of custom may smile at this, but the coming generations may smile at them in return, and congratulate themselves on the improvement and development of mankind. It would thus seem that custom to a great extent gives meaning to the relative term womanliness. One says it is unwomanly to vote, or to stand for election to Parliament, but he must not forget that if these political rights are allowed to women this new custom will give increased intention to the term womanliness.

What does the argument of expediency amount to? It merely raises the question of what is fit and proper, and how, in a matter of dispute, can this be positively known without a fair trial? The argument put forward seems to be that woman's character will be lost in competition with man. This is the old argument to all reforms, that of expediency. Until an issue has had a fair trial, in order that expediency may be a conclusive argument, we must assume infallibility. But no man is infallible, although there still



widely lingers a belief that books are infallible—as if books were not men. During the slave agitation it was urged that it was not expedient to emancipate so many thousands of slaves at once, and during the Anti-corn Law agitation expediency was urged, as it was assumed the repeal would ruin the farmers. But the slaves were liberated, because it was just; and the Corn Laws were repealed because they were unjust. Is this an infallible assertion, then, that competition with man will destroy the charm of a woman's character, or does it not involve the assumption that woman's character will gravitate to man's like the needle to the magnet—that woman will become man in the public world. But these writers are fond of saying that in home life woman is supreme, that the man gravitates towards the woman. Let them then not forget that the State is nothing more or less than an aggregation of homes. If woman is allowed to exercise her influence in the interests of the individual home, why not in the interests of the aggregation of homes? as the interests of the many must approximate to the interests of the one. If the influence of woman in a limited sphere is granted to be so great, then if this sphere be extended the probability is that this influence will continue. At least the opposite must not be taken for granted without proof. Neglected as is the department of Political Science in our University, we venture to say that women are passing through who know more about the principles of politics and good government than seventy-five per cent. of our politicians. We might say here, in passing, that if less Hebrew were taught in our non-sectarian College, and more political science, the power of the political machine would be considerably weakened, and if men, instead of giving money to perpetuate their own names, would give it for educational purposes, we might have a university of thought and not of names. It is said that woman votes indirectly, and that to give her the franchise merely means an increase in the number of voters. This is an unfair way of putting the case. The franchise is an educator, just as the trial by jury is. Who will doubt but that the two millions recently enfranchised in England will take a greater interest in the commonwealth than before, and seek to become familiar with political issues. This may produce inconvenience until these voters rise to their privileges, but all great reforms have been inconvenient for a time, yet in the great results that have followed they have been beneficial, and have developed the latent energies of mankind. And who can say, if the franchise and other political rights be extended to woman, that she will not develop thought and power that have been lost to the world for ages. Will man lose by the development of woman? What cramps her development must inevitably retard his progress. We have only to think of what Joan of Arc did for her native country, and what Harriet Beecher Stowe did for the slave, and think with regret of what might have been.

"Some village Hampden that, with dauntless breast,  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;  
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood."

Who can say that if woman's sphere had not been circumscribed that a woman's name might not have taken the place of every splendid name in this verse. If we have lost this power for freedom, for right and truth, in the past, is it wise for us to lose it in the future?

This is a matter of justice or injustice. If it is just, then woman need not fear the competition of man. Mean competition arises from the want of the feeling of brotherhood. In the olden time a man's kin alone were his brothers. Then the patriotic spirit developed, and the man's fellow-citizens became his brothers. And here the process of development seems to have ceased, and men of one country look with hatred upon men of another country. The press which fought so gloriously in the past for freedom now prates about Chinese immigration and clamours for war. The blissful serenity of the nineteenth century is astonishing. Millions of dollars are thrown away on an imaginary North Pole, on the

manufacture of lead and powder with which brother murders brother, while rank injustice reigns in every country and the poor die in the streets. It has been said that women are not soldiers, and therefore should not decide in questions of war. What influence more than woman's has tended to promote the feeling of brotherhood, and must this influence cease if woman is enfranchised? It may be that the solution of the problems of competition and war lie here. Will not her vote, her editorials in the press, be against the evils of war and for the widening of the bonds of brotherhood? The tendency of man's selfish nature is towards monopoly. To us there is a noble spirit of competition and a despicably mean one. Has it not been the noble competition of the past that has gained us our freedom? Is there not a mean spirit of competition which is only another name for the desire for monopoly? Is not a seeking-together-for-right a noble competition, and will not this triumph in the end against monopoly.

Many fallacies arise in arguing from an old state of things to a new. Does not selfishness, the mean spirit of competition, vanish to a great extent when the majority of men decide that women shall have these rights? The argument then that the desire for monopoly will destroy the fine character of woman loses its force, for the extension of these rights involves the absence of this desire for monopoly. These rights must be acknowledged by man, who holds the power of giving or refusing, and he will not give until he is taught that the selfish spirit of monopoly is wrong. When this vanishes the cause of alarm concerning woman's character will vanish with it. It is therefore necessary to educate man. Reforms do not come in a day. The hope of the world lies in education. It has banished the gloom of the middle ages, and it alone will solve the problems of the future. This leading-out of the mind, with all its adjuncts, must not be withheld from the female sex or a work is neglected which must be done in the future. The sooner man understands that woman is not a bundle of dynamite flung into the public world, the better for the State.

This reform will increase the influence of woman, giving her higher and wider aims, greater independence, and will place marriage on a nobler plane. At present marriage is looked upon too much as a convenience, and to most women who are dependent and cannot make their own living, it is the only means of subsistence. If these women were allowed to develop their faculties and powers, and to support themselves instead of having to come under the hands of husbands for their living, marriage would be less precipitate, which means less misery and a higher morality in the world.

Some writers are fond of flattering women on something which they make out to be a divine thing in instincts, as if she was wanting in reason and common sense. Some scientific writers measure the brains of woman, so many ounces of clay, compare them with man's, and conclude that it is useless to develop woman because the weight of her brain will not allow it. This gross materialism, which is not the fault of science but of those votaries who misapply it, is degrading true science in the eyes of the vulgar. It is all very well to talk of woman's face as the type of beauty, of her form as the type of grace, but these are dust and perishable. Woman has more than beauty of form and instinct, which are the essence of animality; something which is above and beyond all this. It is her spirituality, her humanity. We have forgotten the latter too much and thought too much of the former. Woman has felt this, and has wasted and is wasting her life in mere temporal adornment of dress and cosmetics, neglecting the adornment of mind, which alone is permanent and truly desirable. Men and women are waking up to the thought of mutual loss. The power and greatness and beauty of the world are not material but transcendental. The essence of history is the conquest of thought over brute force. Let us not be slaves to animality and monopoly, but seekers after the development of humanity in the whole human race. Here is a great field for life work. Are our young men



going to avail themselves of it or fall under the tyranny of machines? The danger of the future is in the machine—in politics, in the pulpit, in the press. All these great fields need reformers, upholders of right. If we are independent enough to champion our convictions of right and justice, are we to weaken our ranks by casting from us the high-souled philanthropy of woman and stand alone? They will help us if we give them a chance for development and union. It will take time, we must wait and work. The poet Tennyson has caught the spirit of the subject finely. Listen :—

"The woman's cause is man's ; they rise or sink  
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free.

If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,  
How shall man grow? but work no more alone;  
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;  
The man be more of woman, she of man.

And so these twain upon the skirts of time  
Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers,  
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To Be.

Ourselves are full  
Of social wrong ; and may be wildest dreams  
Are but the needful preludes of the truth.

This fine old world of ours is but a child ;  
Yet in the go-cart, "Patience, give it time  
To learn its limbs!"

PHILLIPS STEWART.

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## University and College News.

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### A NIGHT WITH UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

"COME up to the University Friday night, there's going to be some fun," had been an invitation given me a day or two previous by an undergraduate friend. A desire to be a participant in any fun that might be going was, as usual with me, a potent inducement, and accordingly the early part of the evening named found me surveying through the falling snow the grey outline of the College buildings. Observing the eastern portion of the building lit up, I surmised at once that the anticipated amusement was to be looked for in this direction. I entered the eastern door and found, among a group standing guard about the entrance corridor, my friend of the invitation. Here the secret nature of the fun was made known to me in subdued whispers. It was the hazing of some four or five alleged unruly freshmen, to be held at the close of the public debate then in progress in Convocation Hall, and which, as it would be a means of passing the intervening time, I was advised to patronize.

Since the entertainment was the ordeal through which I was destined to pass as an introduction to the after ceremony, let me, that you may go through the same preparation, make it yours also by a short description of it.

The meeting had just commenced and the Hon. Geo. W. Ross been installed as chairman. The programme announced a Glee Club chorus. About forty students ascended the platform and with a show of modesty that surprised me, proceeded to arrange themselves so that all might enjoy the hospitable shelter of the piano and hide themselves from the gaze of the audience. This was, apparently, accomplished satisfactorily, though several were of necessity forced out into the cold of the wings, which they evidently resented, for they failed to afford their companions of the bunch any material assistance in their effort to rattle the over-towering rafters. The chorus was sung and encored. Following this came an exceedingly interesting essay on "Humorous Poetry," by a Mr. Miller, a divinity student, I was told, and which indeed I

would have guessed from his manner of reading, for I several times found my hand by a sort of uncontrollable natural instinct searching in the remote corners of my pocket for a stray nickel, in expectation of being suddenly awakened from the reverie into which I had fallen by the well-remembered words striking my ear, "Let your light so shine," etc. A reading, very fairly given by a good-looking young man with a white choker, was followed by a flute solo. The latter the accompanist successfully spoiled by very ill-advisedly taking advantage of his position to settle some old scores against the piano.

This completed the introductory portion of the programme. During its continuance I had noticed on the corner of the stage, hemmed in by a table surmounted by a pitcher and glasses, four lonely-looking individuals. They had sat there surveying the audience with all the cheerfulness of countenance and ease of bearing of the occupants of a twenty-four foot roped enclosure. These I now saw were the champions of the debate on the question of the superiority of the American over the Canadian mode of government, which the programme called for. In appearance three of the quartette were tall and somewhat alike ; the fourth was short and with a more youthful countenance. The card announced as the first contestant J. McD. Duncan. At the call of his name one of the tall individuals took the floor. In an instant he was *in media res*. Neither want of breath, nor ideas nor words barred his course. His language was strong in argument and vigorous in expression, but his speaking was defective in its entire lack of variety of tone. Indeed, I would say that Mr. Duncan saw no reason why "Mary had a little lamb" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade" should not be recited in the same tone of voice.

On the same side spoke a Mr. MacMillan. This gentleman seemed to suggest the predicament of a man who, with his train waiting outside, had just fifteen minutes for refreshments and a twenty-four hours' fast to overtake. His attempt was tolerably successful. His material was well selected and utilized, and he satisfied the audience, if not himself.

These two presented the cause of the affirmative. The negative speakers, Bradford and Roche by name, were sandwiched in before and after the last speaker, but, as these gentlemen seemed to regard their cause as common only between the front row, the chairman and themselves, and did not condescend to notice our existence in the rear of the hall, I shall be forced to treat them in a similar manner.

The debate over, the performance, much to my relief, was finished.

[A contributor having in another column dealt with the initiation proceedings, we omit the description of them given by the writer of the above.—ED.]

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### "IXION'S CAVERNS."

"There was a sound of revelry by night.  
For lo! the Sophomores had gathered there  
Some Freshmen for a chivaree," etc.

The usual number of the good city folk favored our Society public debate with their attendance last Friday evening, little imagining, perhaps, that a rarer entertainment was in prospect for the night. Else how account for the presence of a half-a-dozen sagacious-looking minions of the law posted here and there about the place, the venerable President trudging through the snow, inspecting the Y.M.C.A. building and looking askance at the School of Science, and, last and most infallible sign, McKim more austere than usual as he paced up and down the corridors on sentinel duty. A casual visitor might have thought that these unwonted happenings betokened the expected visit of dynamiters, robbers, or some other equally evil-minded desperadoes. Not at all. It was an attempt to deprive the tutelary deity of the seniors of their annual sacrifice to her of the usual quartette of Freshmen. Alas! it



availed not, and the wrath of the offended deity was presumably placated for another year.

Notwithstanding these attempts, the echoes of Convocation Hall had hardly become once more quiescent when it seemed that they had transferred themselves to the vaults below. For a large throng of stern and outraged seniors could be seen streaming in, accompanied by the unlucky verdants. No time was lost; magic-like, the gathering had resolved itself into mufti, solemnly arrayed, a dozen true and honest-looking jurymen, learned counsel for and against the prisoners, the zealous crier, ushers sturdy and watchful ubiquitous reporters, and, finally, eager and all-attentive spectators. The mysteries of the orthodox knee-drill, grovellings, gallops' passings, together with divers other arcanal rites, were duly inculcated into the delinquents after their case had been more or less carefully and leniently considered by the court. And it must not be imagined that the eminent counsel for the defence left a stone unturned to secure their acquittal. But the odds were against him, for, not to talk of the vigilance on the part of the prosecution, the plea of mental aberration on which much reliance had been laid was peremptorily disposed of by his Lordship, who quoted as his authority the case of *The Seniors v. Holmes*, and, in fact, I must record it as my conviction that the mufti was altogether too conversant with the leading cases on the subject to be hoodwinked by the defence.

Sentence having been duly passed and carried out on the culprits, and their solemn declaration of secrecy being obtained, the court adjourned, with orders that the next session should be holden whenever the state of the docket would call for another general gaol delivery.

A GRAD.

#### MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

The Mathematical and Physical Society held its last meeting for the Michaelmas Term in Lecture-room No. 8. Mr. J. M. Clark occupied the chair. In the absence of the Recording Secretary, Mr. W. Stephen was elected Recording Secretary *pro tem*. Mr. Bowerman, in accordance with his previous notice, moved, seconded by Mr. Martin, "That a medal similar to the McMurrich medal of the Natural Science Association be awarded by this Society annually, and that the following committee: Messrs. Clark, Mulvey, and Martin, be appointed to consider the means of establishing and best method of awarding it, and report at the next meeting," which was unanimously carried. The most interesting part of the programme was a paper by Mr. A. Baker, M.A., on "Geometrical Criteria in cubic equations, and Geometrical Treatment of Fourier's Theorem." In this paper Mr. Baker, in a most ingenious and original manner, obtained geometrically, and graphically represented all the results that are algebraically obtained in cubic equations and Fourier's Theorem, by writers on the theory of equations; he pointed out that in these cases as in others, a marked symmetry between algebraical and geometrical processes and how they were complementary to each other. He stated his opinion that when equations could be solved it was by a certain transformation, if necessary, that corresponded to transforming the curve which the equation represented to a new axis with regard to which the curve bore a certain symmetry. He represented the curve denoted by the cubic equation in its solvable form, and traced the curve represented by the auxiliary equation which it is necessary to solve in order to obtain the roots of the cubic, applying it to all circumstances arising from variations in the constants. Fourier's Theorem was also treated in a similar interesting and lucid manner.

Messrs. Martin and Bowerman solved problems handed to the Secretary.

Mr. Baker, in reply to a vote of thanks tendered to him for the trouble he had taken in preparing a paper for the Society, gave some very pithy advice, and in particular advising them to take advantage of the other Societies whose proceedings are of a different nature to our own, in order to counteract the tendency produced by mathematics to meagerness of expression.

Messrs. S. J. Saunders and A. Elliot were elected members, and A. F. Hunter proposed for membership. The Society then adjourned to meet on the first Tuesday in January.

#### ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

The regular meeting of the above Society was held in the School of Practical Science on Tuesday afternoon. The President, Prof.

Galbraith, occupied the chair. After the routine business had been transacted Mr. E. F. Ball read a very interesting paper on "Asphalt Pavements" which showed careful study and observation.

Mr. Ball first gave a short historical outline of asphalt, then minutely described,—its chemical constituents and adaptation to different climates; the best method of preparing it for pavements; the preparation of the road-bed, and finally the laying of the asphalt on this bed. The next paper was read by Mr. E. W. Stern, a graduate of this school, who, having spent three years in the field, was in the position to add to the transactions of the Society a very valuable paper on "Railroad construction." The organization of parties and the duties of every man on the staff were thoroughly indicated. He then described the best methods of,—staking out work, referencing hubs, cross sectioning, keeping cross section notes, laying out bridges and culverts, and of diverting rivers and streams where necessary. Systems of monthly and final estimates were investigated and an original plan of noting "borrow pits" explained. After pointing out some useful checks on contractors and how to lay track, Mr. Stern gave some valuable information concerning the different instruments used in railroad work.

#### NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The last regular meeting of the Natural Science Association for Michaelmas term was held last Tuesday evening, the Vice-President, F. T. Shutt, B.A., in the chair. In a very interesting paper on "Mining in Freiberg," Mr. H. R. Wood, B.A., charmed his audience by his vivid description of old Freiberg and his first descent of the mines. Mr. Fyfe followed with a paper on "Amphioxus," describing minutely its habits, anatomy and development. Mr. Brent read a paper on "The Physical Geography and Geology of the Lesser Antilles," in which he endeavored to show the former connection of these Islands with South America, as indicated by geology, geography, and the fauna and flora of the group. A number of sketches and diagrams accompanied the paper.

#### HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE CLUB.

At a meeting of undergraduates in Moss Hall on Tuesday, Dec. 1st, it was resolved that an Historical and Political Science Association should be formed, no provision having been made for lectures in these branches. A committee was chosen to draft a constitution and report week from date. On Tuesday, Dec. 8th, the meeting was opened by reading of papers from Messrs. J. W. Garvin and J. McMillan, who respectively supported views for and against Henry George on the subject of "Nationalisation of Land." A lively discussion from those present was summed up by Mr. Houston, who occupied the chair. The report of the committee on constitution was then presented, accepted and adopted. It was formed upon the basis of the Literary Society constitution.

The following were then nominated for the respective offices:—President, W. Houston, M. A.; 1st Vice-President, Messrs. S. H. Bradford, J. McD. Duncan, T. M. Logie, Jas. Ross Chamberlain, Geo. Patterson; 2nd Vice-President, Messrs. J. G. Hume, J. McMillan, Wright and Kelly; Recording Secretary, N. H. Russell, Ferguson, H. Aikins, J. Crawford, McMurchie, J. W. Garvin; Corresponding Secretary, Messrs. Wilson, McGee, McNamara; Treasurer, Messrs. Mitchell, G. Crozier, J. G. Shearer; Councillors Messrs. Mann, J. A. Taylor, W. H. Hunter, E. G. Fitzgerald.

Subject for discussion next Tuesday evening is, Direct and Indirect Taxation. Meeting will be in Moss Hall at 4 o'clock.

A full meeting, to which both graduates and undergraduates are invited, is looked for.

#### MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

At the first English meeting of the Modern Language Society after the new year, the "Life and Works of Longfellow" will be discussed. Dr. Wilson has kindly consented to preside. The programme will consist of:—"Life of Longfellow," T. C. DesBarres; "Evangeline," Miss Lennox; "Hiawatha," A. Stevenson, B.A.; "Tales of a Wayside Inn," J. E. Jones; "Dramatic Works," T. Logie; "Readings from Longfellow," by H. J. Cody and J. Moss. This will be followed by a discussion of the essays and of Longfellow in general.

An invitation is extended to all interested in the subject of the evening. Dr. Wilson has also kindly consented to give a short course of readings from Browning, for the benefit of the College students specially. These will no doubt be given early next term, and on Saturday mornings, so that all students may have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with one of the greatest minds of our century.

At the last meeting of the Modern Language Club, the chair was



occupied by Mr. J. Squair, M.A. Mr. M. L. Rouse gave an address on "Music in Speech." The various theories advanced were not strikingly original, the same ground having been covered by Helmholtz and others.

#### Y. M. C. A.

The regular weekly meeting was held in Moss Hall, on Thursday afternoon. Mr. C. C. Owen read a full and interesting paper on Missions in the North-West. He showed the civilizing influence which the Gospel has had on the Indians in that territory. Brief remarks on the same subject were made by Messrs. Reid and Russell.

A business meeting was held immediately afterwards, at which the semi-annual nomination for officers of the Society was proceeded with. Mr. R. R. McKay, the retiring president, and Mr. C. C. Owen were the nominees for President. Mr. J. McD. Duncan was re-elected to the Vice-Presidency. Mr. T. H. Rogers remains in his office of Corresponding Secretary. Mr. H. E. A. Reid, Mr. J. McP. Scott, and Mr. N. H. Russell, were nominated for the position of Recording Secretary. Mr. J. E. Jones was unanimously re-elected to the Treasurership, while for the office of Assistant Treasurer Messrs. Cody, Desbarres and Forin were nominated. It is hoped there will be a large attendance at the last meeting of the session on Thursday afternoon next.

The ladies of the different churches of the city have decided to undertake the furnishing of the new Y. M. C. A. building, and with that view have organized an auxiliary society in connection with the College organization. It is hoped everything will be in readiness to open the new building about the end of January.

#### WYCLIFFE COLLEGE.

The opening of the new Library has been postponed until early in January, on account of the Christmas examinations. It is, however, finished, and is a very handsome room. A detailed description would be tedious; but the men will be glad to show visitors over the building. The residence could not be more comfortable, every room being supplied with a steam coil and all the latest improvements. We understand that there are four or five rooms available for University Students as there are not quite enough theologists yet to fill the building.

#### THE UNDERGRADUATE DINNER.

The dinner given by the undergraduates of University College, last night, at the Queen's Hotel, was a most emphatic success in every respect. It was a thoroughly representative gathering of undergraduates, there being over 150 present.

Among the guests were: His Worship the Mayor, Mr. Charles Moss, Q.C., Dr. Macfarlane, Rev. Dr. Potts, Rev. Dr. Castle, Rev. Dr. Sheraton, Rev. Father Teefy, Hon. G. W. Ross, A. B. Aylesworth, H. E. Clarke, M.P.P., Mr. Pedley, of McGill, Mr. Kerby, of Victoria, Mr. Symonds, of Trinity, Mr. A. MacMurchy, Wm. Houston, and numerous others.

The faculty were well represented, the only members absent being: President Wilson, Professors Young and Chapman.

Mr. G. A. Cameron, the Secretary, read letters of regret, from His Honor the Lieut.-Governor, Professor Goldwin Smith, Hon. Oliver Mowat, Vice-Chancellor Mulock, Rev. D. J. Macdonell, and others.

The *ménu* was in the best style and well sustained the high reputation of the Queen's. At a little after eight o'clock the chairman, Mr. D. J. MacMurchy, of the fourth year, took the chair, and the guests sat down to enjoy the creature comforts provided for them in so liberal a manner.

The vice-chairs were filled by Messrs. A. H. Young and F. B. Hodgins.

Special mention must be made of the *ménu* card, which was the handsomest thing of the kind yet produced in Canada.

The speeches were most entertaining, and, with one or two exceptions, just the right length. Those made by the undergraduates displayed considerable wit and post-prandial humor, and elicited loud applause.

Before the toast list was commenced, the chairman, in a few well-chosen sentences, welcomed the guests of the evening, and expressed regret that Dr. Wilson, President of the College, and Professors Young and Chapman were unable to be present.

The toast of "The Queen" was then drunk with all the honors. In response to a request of the chairman, His Worship the Mayor made a few remarks.

The Minister of Education and H. E. Clarke, M.P.P., responded with patriotic speeches to the toast of "Canada."

For "The Learned Professions," Rev. Dr. Potts, Mr. Charles Moss, Q.C., and Dr. McFarlane responded.

To the toast of the "Sister Institutions," Rev. Principals Castle and Sheraton, the Rev. Father Teefy, and Messrs. Pedley, of McGill, Kerby, of Victoria, and Symonds, of Trinity, responded most felicitously.

"The Faculty" brought forth responses from Professors Hutton, Loudon, Pike, and Baker.

For "The University and Graduates" Messrs. Baker and Aylesworth, B.A., replied.

The toast of the evening, that of "'K' Company," was responded to by Sergt. Cronyn, and Messrs. Marshall and G. S. Macdonald, B.A., who related some of their experiences whilst in the North-west.

For the "Graduating Class" Messrs. G. A. Cameron and J. Ross did their duty nobly.

Mr. Rowan spoke most eloquently on behalf of "The Ladies," especially the "fair undergraduates with their golden hair," in whom Mr. Rowan has a warm interest.

For "The Press," Mr. Phillips Stewart of the VARSITY replied. Mr. F. H. Moss nobly represented the "dish of greens."

The speeches of Dr. Potts, Professor Hutton—on the "Endowment of Research"—Mr. Aylesworth, and Mr. Pedley (of McGill) were the best among many good ones, the speech by Professor Hutton being a most humorous and happy effort.

The importance of this event is all the more noteworthy, since it is the first really Undergraduate dinner that has been held by the students of Toronto University. We hope that it is the predecessor of many similar gatherings of the Undergraduates of our glorious old *Alma Mater*.

During the evening numerous College songs were sung by Messrs. Morphy, Boyd, McKeown, Hughes, Kent, Needler, Garvin and Hume.

About 1.30 this morning the assembly broke up, and thus ended one of the largest and most successful University dinners ever given in the City of Toronto.

#### RUGBY FOOT-BALL.

The season just closed was very successful for the Varsity, as will be seen from the following record:—

	Won.	Lost.
Oct. 14, Varsity vs. Upper Canada College....	0	2
Oct. 16, Varsity vs. Agricultural College.....	67	0
Oct. 23, Varsity vs. Trinity College.....	21	0
Oct. 28, Varsity vs. Upper Canada College....	19	0
(Played only 40 minutes on account of darkness)		
Oct. 31, Varsity vs. Ottawa College.....	2	19
Nov. 7, Varsity vs. McGill College.....	17	1
Nov. 21, Varsity vs. Toronto.....	33	1

Total number of points.....159 23

Seven matches were played, of which the Varsity won five and had one drawn. The only one lost was that with the Ottawa College team, who subsequently proved to be the champions. On November 21 the Varsity won from the Torontos the challenge cup presented by Mr. J. K. Kerr. The names and weights of the team were:—Forwards—W. B. Nesbitt, 173 lbs., H. B. Cronyn, 173, H. MacLaren, 164, A. Elliott, 161, F. M. Robertson, 153, H. B. Bruce, 153, D. Ferguson, 153, A. G. Smith, 157, G. Richardson, 144, J. S. MacLean, 137. Quarters—J. H. Moss, 146, E. C. Senkler, 146. Halfs—C. Marani, 157, H. J. Senkler, 145. Full—W. P. Mustard, 166. The average weight was 156.

The team certainly deserved all the success they had, as it was won by hard work. This year they played more of an open game in the scrimmage than formerly, which made it very fast; but the forwards were fully equal to it, following up the ball in splendid style. The backs and wings played well together and very unselfishly; their passing and kicking was invariably good and sure, much better than it has been for some years. Another new feature was the number of goals dropped from the field, five in all.

The outlook for next year is very good. The team will lose only three members, Elliott, Cronyn and Mustard, all good men, especially the last, who will be very difficult to replace. On the other hand several good new players are coming to college, and there are some very promising ones among the second team.

The second fifteen practiced the same good team game as the first, with the following success:—

	Won.	Lost.
Oct. 31, against Toronto 2nd.....	23	0
Nov. 14, " Trinity College School.....	5	8
Nov. 28, " Torontos 2nd.....	17	1

Total number of points..... 45 9



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 THE LATE MR. S. W. BROAD, B.A.
 

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It is our painful duty to record the death of Mr. S. W. Broad, B.A., of the University class of 1884. Last midsummer Mr. Broad was seized with a cold which settled upon his lungs, consumption set in, and after an illness of four months, he died on the 2nd inst., at the residence of his father, Mr. John Broad, of Little Britain, in the twenty-sixth year of his age.

Mr. Broad was an honor graduate in the department of Mental Science and Civil Polity. He will be remembered by many as an active supporter of the College Glee Club. After graduation Mr. Broad chose the Law as his profession, and last May passed his first intermediate examination at Osgoode Hall. He was pursuing his law studies at Lindsay when attacked by the illness which proved fatal.

Mr. Broad was a dutiful son, affectionate brother and true friend. In all that he had to do he was a determined and conscientious worker. His death is lamented not only by the bereaved family, but by a wide circle of companions and friends. His leaf has perished in the green, but his memory will be held dear by those who knew him in life.

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 Communications.
 

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 LL.D.
 

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To the Editor of THE VARSITY :—

SIR :—My attention has been called to an article of yours on my proposed amendment to the statute relating to the degree of LL.D. You have let loose the dogs of war upon a very unoffending, innocent bill, but before you slaughter it in such a high-handed manner, perhaps you will listen to what may be said in favour of it.

Suppose the degree of M.A. were to be suddenly wiped out without consulting the present holders of the degree of B.A., would not that course strike you as unjust? Wherein in principle does the abolition of the degree of LL.D., without consulting the LL.B.'s, differ from that case? Yet this is what is now done. A good many men of respectable abilities and fair standing have taken the LL.B. course. It was promised to them that on complying with certain requirements they would become entitled to a degree of LL.D. They have in no way forfeited their standing. They apply now for their LL.D. and they are told "No." These degrees are now only "Honorary." It seems to me the case need only be stated to show how unjust has been the step taken.

Surely what is only fair is that all of those who were entitled to the degree of LL.D. in course at the passing of the statute making the degree honorary, should have an opportunity given them of at all events trying for the degree. That is my proposition. I want faith kept with all men who come up, and while I am as earnest an advocate of reform as anybody, I want reform united with justice.

Theoretically the senate has the right to extinguish the degree, but it has not, in my opinion, the right to abolish it without providing for the case of those to whom it was held out as an inducement to take the course. Your own sense of justice will sustain such a contention.

I would like to add a word or two on another subject. Mr. King's statute, reviving medals, has been defeated. Hereafter a man leaves the University. It is a fair question, and so long as human nature is human nature the question will be asked: What triumphs brings he home? What has he to show in answer to that question? Nothing. Heretofore a man who did well had his medal, and however trifling the value, there was a sentiment about it which no subsequent trials or misfortunes could extinguish—in fact, these very trials and misfortunes make the memory more pleasant. I am afraid the tendency of many of the reforms you advocate is to destroy the romance of education. Your efforts are generally in the right direction and graduates may be proud of the advances you have made. But I would submit as worthy of con-

sideration, whether the prevalent spirit of utilitarianism should not be combated by educated men, and whether this very abolition of medals is not an unfortunate concession to that spirit. As for emulation stirring up malice, hatred and all uncharitableness, forgive me if I refuse to believe any such statement. Our maxim in my time was and I believe it is still: A fair field—no favour—and let the best man win.

Further, I think it not unfair to ask you: Would you have the University refuse a medal presented for competition? I do not think you would. If not, then the argument, *ab inconvenienti*, falls to the ground—leaving the discussion to be confined to a question of expediency from a money point of view. The expenditure is trifling, and past experience, so far as I know it, has warranted the advisability of the expenditure.

I am, yours obediently,

R. E. KINGSFORD.

Toronto, Dec. 3rd, 1885.

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 UNIVERSITY CUSTOMS.
 

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To the Editor of THE VARSITY :

It is impossible for a man possessing even in a small degree the power of observation, to enter our university without at once recognising the despotic rule of that uncrowned king, Custom, and the severity and injustice of his unwritten laws. The custom which at present stands prominently forward is hazing. We are told that in this the British universities are our models, and it will no doubt surprise the advocates of everything British, to know, that the Oxford and Cambridge we copy, date nearly ten years back, and that at present the system is well nigh effete in these places. In Scotland and Ireland the custom has been long since consigned to the limbo of forgotten things. It is passing strange in the face of these facts, that our university, destitute of the plea of heredity or the power of tradition, should cling to a custom, at no time indigenous to a free soil. We pride ourselves (*vide* Dr. Wilson's convocation address) upon building up a system of University Education, suited to the needs of a new country. It seems strange, however, that we should not be able to develop a distinctive college life, but be forced to copy,—as do all copyists—the weaknesses of others.

The time has come for those who take an interest in our university to take sides on this question and compel the senate to adopt strict measures for its suppression.

At present it looks as though bribes were needed, in the form of scholarships, to draw students to our halls and laxity of discipline to keep them. "There is something rotten in the State of Denmark."

The folly of perpetuating this custom amongst us will appear, when we remember that in this country our matriculating students vary in age and acquirements. There is the young lad possessing merely the technical knowledge, sufficient to pass an examination, and there are the young men of wider experience, who for years perhaps have worked hard at business or the farm and come now from responsible positions to prepare for their life's work. To the latter class, everything is real and earnest, and it cannot be expected that they should submit to puerilities or senseless indignities which often degenerate into foul play. Many of the freaks which are mildly termed "obnoxious" arise from a mistaken conception of that state and position to which respect is due. Many of the unjust acts are the result of a desire to enforce respect in accordance with this mistaken conception. What is this erroneous position? It is simply this: In this democratic university, where we should acknowledge no aristocracy but that of intellect, no "betters" but those whose moral worth is indisputably clear, we make length of attendance at university the standard of respect and of all excellence. In fact, we reverse the idea held by cultured men, and count our lives by years, not by deeds.

This artificial standard is the source of great trouble,



A freshman, whose sole desire is to stand up for the right, naturally resents—as he has a perfect right to do—the bull-dozing and cowardice of these self-constituted authorities. His conduct is styled “fresh” and “cheeky” by these competent judges of such things, and he is at once a marked man, although perhaps his culture, deportment and feelings would never have led him into collision with any but the base and “whatever loathes a law” had he not first been the subject of attack. It must be remembered, to their honour, that up to this point many of the senior students join in for pure fun’s sake and here stop.

It is needless to say that those who do not stop here, but go on and constitute themselves a “hazing party,” do not embrace the morals, intellect, or culture of the university. Some thirty or forty organize and others follow in their wake. We cannot allow that these men represent the university or college either before or after graduation, for in the past we have observed that the professions and literature do not draw largely from this list, as the habits and tastes formed whilst at college are not calculated to elevate or refine.

It is said in extenuation that leaders of the Y. M. C. A. make themselves prominent at these meetings. If this be so, we must say that their conduct is open to severe criticism. It is certainly indiscreet, and they cannot blame freshmen who refuse to be charmed into their meetings, charm they never so wisely, and who fail to recognize them as dignitaries when the sign posts of consistency, polite bearing and refined courtesy are not visible. It is said that the idea is to teach freshmen better things. The class referred to are not qualified to instruct in the departments of morals, manners, or ideas, and the sooner we wake up to the fact the better.

Let us make the word student a synonym for gentleman. Let us aim at making all students feel that right is right, since God is God, and that they should go on in college “with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right,” remembering the motto, “Freedom for the right means suppression of the wrong.”

VIGILANTIBUS.

### IS COMPETITION CHOICE OR NECESSITY?

To the Editor of THE VARSITY :

SIR :—One of your correspondents in last week’s VARSITY has done me the favour to reproduce a paragraph from a communication of mine to you, replying to some objections advanced in your editorial columns, on the giving of scholarships in the University of Toronto, and University College. Of course I feel somewhat gratified that my feeble words have been thought worth of reappearing in your paper, a feeling, however, which is somewhat modified by the fact that these opinions, when weighed in the balance of a maturer judgment, have seemed so light and at the same time so utterly at variance with those of your correspondent as to impel him to couple with the paragraph in question the epithet of “childish.” I am quite ready to appropriate to my opinions anything of frankness and honesty which may be implied in the word, and to credit him freely with all the advantage, which by the use of so comprehensive and graphic an epithet so ingeniously applied naturally accrues to his efforts in demolishing what I have so naively advanced. I assure you I have read with much interest and pleasure his exceedingly brilliant and well-worded communication, which at times approaches eloquence. We can hardly too much admire the nobility of the spirit which inspires the writer of it. His ideals are lofty and his aims are no doubt the very best.

It seems, however, that you and I and the rest of us who, like “plain blunt men, only speak right on,” with no eloquence and very little logic, have failed to grasp the real question. We have been pruning at the branches of a great upas tree, when we should have been seeking its root. We have at least got somewhat nearer to the question than those who discuss it solely as a matter of dollars and cents. I leave your editorial mind to imagine how far those are out of the way, who with what our correspondent would

call “ghastly incongruity” are ready to teach and encourage young men to compete “like swine scrambling for food,” and who sees the question only in its practical aspect of whether or not the University has funds to spare for this unholy business.

Your correspondent has shown us how to resolve the question into its elements and to deal with it in a way which will probably set it at rest for ever. He has transferred it to the domain of speculation, and there, singled out and at bay, he gives it the *coup de grace*. What now becomes our trivial little dispute about scholarships is intimately connected with, is indeed only an offshoot of great speculative question of competition in general in the plan of nature and society. Of course the question is vast, and it would be inaccurate to call it a new one. Competition at any rate is not a new thing in the universe. for the great fact which stands out in relief in our observation of the whole natural world is that of competition. If we traverse the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, we find everywhere competition sharp and definite, with the one exception, that the fossil remains have retired from it—their fighting days are over. In the animal kingdom, from the protozoa up to man, the race is, and has been to the swift, and the battle to the strong. In primitive mankind doubtless, competition was as vigorous as it is now, when it is so forced upon every individual of us by circumstances that, so long as we remain in the world and are members of human society, it is utterly and absolutely impossible to escape it. To use the commonest sort of illustration. A cannot successfully apply against B for the privilege of sawing my wood without being guilty, indirectly, of taking the bread out of B’s mouth ; and on the other hand, if A does not successfully apply against B, he takes the bread out of his own mouth. The stern force of a necessity not laid on him by himself compels him to choose. There are, I believe, some persons blasphemers of the newer creed, who, applying to university matters, the conclusions drawn from the observations of this phenomenon, would go so far as to say that the friendly emulation and generous competitions of college days even fit men better for what is their inevitable destiny outside of college walls. However, that may be, I have often thought upon this general problem in my humble way, and I have done so hitherto without finding a satisfactory solution. It is indeed a question which has vexed many minds. The fact is there. Some have contended that competition is a salutary principle, without which nature and society would be impossible, an invigorating principle which by its reflex action produces strength.

Your correspondent admits the fact of competition, and I think he would willingly admit its universality, but he finds a new and satisfactory explanation for that part of it which affects us, most satisfactory indeed the explanation should be, if the authority of this hierophant of nature is at all in proportion to the positiveness of the explanation and to the decision with which he deals with a question which has puzzled generations. The perspicuity with which he brings it to the level of our capacity is specially grateful. The invisible hand which guides the universe has erred, something has gone wrong in the plan, “to struggle with one another, we were not made so.” The competition is everywhere, it has crept in somehow, and it must be admitted that men have succeeded marvelously well in doing what they were not made or fitted to do. Those who believe in the infallibility of nature’s methods, or in the designer of them, take the competition with the rest as a part of the great plan, a part which may have its dark side, but which is in the main good, and working for good. But we are assured that “we were not made so,” and there is an end of it.

Now, sir, how can you or I or any one else have a word more to say on the scholarship question? We have reached the root of the matter, and nothing is left now, seeing that we have been set right, but to accept the assurance of the gentleman who so eloquently interprets to us nature’s intentions, and to subside into a dignified and respectful silence.

W. H. FRASER.

Toronto, Dec. 9th, 1885.



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Church Notices

## REV. DR. WILD

BOND STREET CHURCH

Subject for Sunday evening, Dec 13  
"Closing up Business."

## UNITARIAN CHURCH,

Jarvis Street.

REV. HILARY BYGRAVE, Pastor.

Hours of service—11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Subject for Sunday Evening :

"The Unreal and the Heaven."

## CENTRAL METHODIST CHURCH

Bloor Street.

REV. MANLY BENSON, Pastor.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12

at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Rev. J. E. Lanceley

The usners will distribute to the entire congregation the Central church Xmas and New Year's Card (specially prepared with motto text for the New Year) on Sunday evening, Dec. 20.

## Fact and Fun.

"A new way to pay old debts" : One hundred cents on the dollar.

At the bank—Robber (levelling his revolver at the head of the paying teller), "Hold up your hands. I'm the leader of the new James gang." Paying teller (going on with his counting), "Sorry, sir ; don't know you ! You'll have to be identified."

The only young lady student at the Boston University Law School is called appropriately by the men law students their sister-in-law.  
—*N. Y. Post.*

Johns Hopkins imitates the German universities so far as to have a little club room where students and teachers meet to drink German beer and sing German songs.

In a Sixth avenue street-car filled with ladies a ninety-pound dude sat wedged in one corner. At Twenty-third street a fat woman, handsomely dressed, and with a little dog in her arms, got on. The little dude struggled to his feet and touched his hat politely, remarking facetiously, "Madame, will you take this seat?" The fat lady looked at the crevice he had left and thanked him pleasantly. "You are very kind, sir," she said ; "I think it will just fit the dog." And it did.—*St. Paul Globe.*

Bowdoin is to have a new brick gymnasium, 50 by 80 feet, with bath rooms, and a place for base ball practice in the basement, and a race track in the second storey. The total cost will be \$90,000.

The good humored Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, has smiled scores of times when told that the secret and sepulchral midnight password was : "Jimmy McCosh, begosh !"

"What do you think of Fielding?" asked a Boston girl of a Harvard graduate. "Oh, it's important, of course, but it doesn't amount to anything without good batting."

A girl at Harvard, Miss Brown, of the Annex, led the entire college in all its departments. She passed the examinations to enter on an equal footing with her brothers, took instructions from the same professors, though at separate recitations, and headed them all in rank. She could not take a diploma, but she received a certificate of testimony of what she had done.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has been sued by some students of the Connecticut Literary Institute for twice failing to fulfill an engagement to lecture.

Nine students of the Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware, have been suspended and ordered to leave town for witnessing a performance of "Richard III." in violation of the college rules.

The regents of the University of Wisconsin have appropriated \$50.00 to aid the Junior class in publishing an annual.

Eight of the students of the Wesleyan University, U. S., have lost their scholarship for "ducking" the Freshmen.



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One of the seniors inquired; "Well, Doctor, why was evil introduced into the world?" "Ah!" said the Doctor, holding up both hands, "ye have asked the hardest question in all feelosophy. Suckrates tried to answer it and failed; Plato tried it, and failed; Kant attempted it, and made bad work of it; Leibnitz tried it, and he begged the whole question as I've been tellin' ye; and I confess (gnawing at his thumb knuckle)—I confess I don't know—what—to make of it myself."

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Do you think you can drop it with never a squeeze?  
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
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
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
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
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# 99 VARSITY

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY THOUGHT AND EVENTS.

Vol. VI.

University of Toronto, Dec. 25, 1885.

No. 9.

## HUMANITY.

Our lives are far apart; silent, alone,  
From morn till eve we live our earthly day,  
Soul shut from soul, unknowing and unknown,  
Pilgrims, yet strangers, on the self-same way;  
Like streams whose lonely waters seaward flow,  
While dreary wastes of land stretch far between,  
And dark dividing hills their shadows throw, —  
Beyond, the waters pass unheard, unseen;  
But to themselves confined, they ever moan,  
And fret along their shores unto the sea,  
With low unceasing wail, "Alone! alone!"  
With longing murmuring cry for sympathy!  
Until on ocean's breast they meet and mingle free,  
No more estranged,—to all eternity.

H. L. DUNN.

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

At this joyous season, united Christendom prepares to celebrate with all the traditional ceremonial, the day, which of all others, is designated in the Universal Calendar of National Observance, as sacred to "Good Will and Good Fellowship."

This is the season, also, of "Peace towards Men." Let this not be forgotten by those whose devotion to Race, Religion, or Party has made them regard as enemies those whom they should look upon as brothers.

This is, also, a time for Retrospection and Introspection. We are about to bid good-bye to the old year, and are soon to welcome in the New. The past year has brought momentous changes to many people; it has wrought havoc amongst nations. Let us, as we bid good-bye to the old year, bid good-bye to the bitternesses and strifes, which its days have brought about. We should not carry over to the new year any of the animosities that have embittered the past. Why should the young New Year be cursed with the sins of its predecessors? Let it have no hereditary taint. Let us begin 1886 unhampered by the past, and with a determination, as much as lieth in us, to "live peaceably with all men." This doctrine applies just as forcibly to individuals as to nations. It is a lesson for each one of us. Let us not fail, as individuals, or as a nation, to appreciate it, and carry it out.

Listen to Tennyson's noble words. May they be our watchword for the future:

"Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good."

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

At many a bright fireside this happy Christmas season, friends will gather to greet one another, and to exchange those kindly sentiments and wishes which do so much to soften the asperities and abate the conventionalities of our modern artificial society.

Christmas and New Years' cards, those appropriate and beautiful messengers of affection and regard, will bring into many a home words of greeting and remembrance that will long remain to delight and charm.

To many the joys and pleasures of this season must be, of necessity, but a tender reminiscence, and a sorrowful remembrance. Time alone can give to such hearts a merciful ministration, and banish the sorrow, leaving nothing but the sweetest recollections of by-gone pleasures.

In many new homes, in which the Crane has been hung but a short while, little golden-haired beings take the vacant chairs at the fireside, and fill the voids in many hearts.

This is the season for feasting and rejoicing, for enjoying life during the few short days that we in this busy work-a-day world can spare for relaxation.

In our rejoicings we should not forget the children of poverty and ill-paid toil, into whose lives few rays of gladness enter. Is it through any desert of ours that happiness comes to us and sorrow to them? Nor can we fulfil our duty to them by charity concerts and mere material gifts. Their souls hunger for human sympathy more than for bread. It should be our mission, more fortunate than they, now and always to grant them in some measure, this divine gift. But we must do this personally and as individuals. Societies and charity organizations often pauperize rather than benefit: they may distribute hampers, but they cannot dispense human sympathy.

It is our business now to be happy, and to make others happy. If we are not happy, it is imperative that we seem to others to be so. We must not at this season intrude our sorrows upon others.

The editors of *THE VARSITY*, desirous of living up to the sentiments which have just been expressed, have gathered around their sanctum fireside a merry and whole-hearted group. As the firelight sheds its hospitable light upon them, song and story succeed one another, and laughter and tears chase one another across the countenances of the listeners.

Whilst the merrymaking is just beginning, the Editor would invite the reader to mingle with the throng, and to take a seat by his fireside, and participate in the general rejoicing, and listen to the wit and wisdom of his guests; whilst he himself would gladly make his bow, and leave the reader in the undisturbed possession of all the good things provided for his entertainment.

To all his readers he wishes most cordially "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."



## A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN'S FAIRY LORE.

Why are the children glad with glowing faces  
To gather round us in the Christmas night,  
And talk with gleesome hearts of verdant places,  
Or dreamy reveries in the summer light?

Ah! they remember yet old tales we told them  
In flowery meads, of fairies long ago,  
Of fays and tiny elfin barks to hold them  
Quick dancing, seaward, on the brooklet's flow.

Anew the young and fresh imagination  
Finds trace of elfish presence everywhere,  
And peoples with a sweet and bright creation  
The clear blue chambers of the sunny air.

Anew the gate of many a fairy palace  
Opes to the ringing bugle of the bee,  
And every flower-cup is a golden chalice,  
Wine-filled, in some grand elfin revelry.

Quaint little eyes from grassy nooks are peering;  
Each dewy leaf is rich in magic lore;  
The foam bells, down the merry streamlet steering,  
Are fairy-freighted to some happier shore.

Stern theorists, with wisdom overreaching  
The aim of wisdom, in your precepts cold,  
And with a painful stress of callous teaching,  
That withers the young heart into the old,

What is the gain if all their flowers were perished,  
Their vision-fields forever shorn and bare,  
The mirror shattered that their young faith cherished,  
Showing the face of things so very fair?

Time hath enough of ills to undeceive them,  
And cares will crowd where dreams have dwelt before;  
Oh, therefore, while the heart is trusting leave them  
Their happy childhood and their fairy lore!

Berlin.

J. K.

## A LITTLE DOMESTIC DIFFICULTY.

Theodora Clyde was in serious trouble, and, as is sometimes the case with women's troubles, a man was at the bottom of it. She was deeply in love—upon this fact hinged all her mental disturbance. But the object of this affection was her own husband, which, of course, as a wholly unromantic condition of affairs, makes a very poor beginning of a love story.

Less than two years ago, before she became Mrs. Clyde, she had been accounted one of the least attractive of young girls in Montreal. Pale, pedantic, puritanic, she had few admirers and no lovers. It is difficult to love a piece of ice, no matter how transparent in coloring, nor how exquisitely shaped. There is a manner which says as plainly as words, "Approach me at your peril!" and Theodora Lent possessed this manner in perfection. How she ever came to marry Jack Clyde was a mystery none of her friends attempted to unravel. Perhaps, as Mrs. Lyle, Jack's sister, rather hyperbolically observed, "the ice melted so fast under the warmth of his affection that it made a perfect flood, and swept her clean off her intellectual feet." Jack was as common as daylight, and just as welcome. He radiated a perpetual atmosphere of gladness and goodwill. He was a little rough and very slangy, but, with all his ease and freedom, he cherished a secret and lofty ideal of womanhood. The first time he met Miss Lent she wore a handful of violets on her proud little shoulder. Bending to inhale their odor, with the graceful familiarity that made him so popular with other ladies, he was surprised to see her withdraw herself very entirely,

not with any airs of affronted majesty, but with decided aversion. Jack was secretly chagrined at the open repulse. In his reiterated attempts to win some signs of approval, he fell deeply in love with her, and it is to be supposed that he won her upon the principle that constant dripping wears away the stone.

"But mark my words," said Mrs. Lyle to her brother, shortly before the wedding, "Theo does not love you. What she loves is the sensation of being loved, and she knows she isn't likely to receive that from any other man."

Jack was annoyed, but he would not gratify his sister by any exhibition of this feeling. "Flora, my child," he said, "I wouldn't advise you to go in quite so heavily for these metaphysical and abstract speculations. They are unsuited to a person of your delicate mental calibre. Now Theo is better qualified to tackle them."

"You'll find that Theo will not be apt to tackle things. She'll object to this, and won't like that, and will be down on the other, either because it is sinful and vulgar, or else because it is vulgar and sinful."

"In that case," said Jack, "your conversation will have no charms for her."

"My object," replied the lady calmly, "is not so much to please as to instruct."

For answer she received an inarticulate growl, in which an uncomplimentary reference to herself was alone distinguishable, and, of course, the result of this discussion was to make Jack more than ever determined to marry the subject of it.

So they were married in haste, and now they had leisure enough, and perhaps reason enough for, repentance. It is possible that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Clyde was a very easy person to "get along with." Jack was fond of a good dinner, and good company, and plenty of both. Theo was more interested in ideas than in people, and took rather an egotistic pleasure in the society of her own thoughts. On some occasions, as the evening on which this story opens, their house was filled with invited guests, but the youthful hostess viewed the prospect with feelings which partook more of the nature of resignation than of delight. It was all for Jack's sake. But at the last moment, Jack ran across an old literary acquaintance whom he did not specially care for, but whom he invited for Theo's sake. This was Philip Ellery, a man with tired eyes and very agreeable manners, who devoted himself almost entirely to his pretty hostess. He discovered that she was a devout lover of poetry, and he listened gravely when she fell to berating the stolidity of the Canadian imagination, and questioned if there were such a being as a Canadian poet. For answer he quoted:

"Blow, summer breeze, wild fragrance bearing,  
Take with thee every sweetest thought to her to night;  
Blow softly, wake her not, her face is wearing  
A smile whose presence makes her chamber seem more bright."

Theo's fair eye's were luminous with pleasure. "Exquisite!" she exclaimed. "Please prove me in the wrong again."

"And youth forgot its passions,  
And age forgot its woe,  
And life forgot that there was death  
Before such music's flow."

"Now where is your stolid Canadian imagination!"

"I have nothing more to say," replied Theo.

"What a calamity! Then I am sorry I quoted anything."

"I am glad. There is so little poetry in our lives. Don't you think that we—all of us—have rather a stupid time of it on this earth? Slow and sordid and half blind we grope about in the darkness of every day life, until, like a flash of lightning, a poem, or picture, or strain of music suddenly illuminates the sky, and, for one divine moment, we vividly realize that the world is beautiful, the soul is immortal, and that heaven broods over us perpetually."

Across the room, from a group of young people in the corner, came Jack's loud, cheerful voice: "Well, you just bet I had a



sweet time of it. Three fat women and a cart load of infants to be shipped out of those picnic grounds before night, fifteen miles to go, muddy roads, not a star, and rain pouring cats and dogs. My little team has lots of ginger, and so we pulled through, but 'twas dispiriting. 'Tisn't going to a picnic so much as having to be man of all work when you get there that grinds me."

"I should think," said Mr. Ellery to Theo, as they stood a little apart, that you would find few to sympathize with your peculiar ideas." As an afterthought he added: "But then you have your husband."

If he had struck the pale proud face before him it could not more suddenly have turned to burning red. She laid a detaining hand on the arm of a lady who was passing, and, after presenting Philip to her, she crossed the room, and sat down beside Jack. At this moment Miss Arden, a very pretty girl, but absolutely devoid of ideas, was relating an incident of her life, of which she had been reminded by Jack's picnic reminiscence. "I'll never forget," she concluded, "how those two dudes tried to flirt with me."

"Mrs. Clyde," said another, "it is your turn now. This is story-tellers' corner, and each one is expected to contribute something."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Clyde, "I could never consent to dim the brilliance of Miss Arden's anecdote by any poor recital of my own."

No sooner had the words escaped her lips than she was stricken with remorse and self-contempt. Not content with the sin of enjoying the conversation of a man whom Jack did not care for, she had resort to the vulgarity of making an unkind remark. She looked contritely at the injured girl, but Miss Fanny had not the remotest idea that she had been insulted. Her lovely lips unclosed again, and she lisped out:

"Well, 'twas commycul, the way those two dudes tried to flirt with me."

After it was all over Theo still continued to hate herself. Otherwise she could scarcely have listened in meek silence, while Jack dilated upon the charms of Fanny Arden. At last, while she strove to repress a yawn, he said:

"But you don't seem particularly enthusiastic over the subject. Not jealous, eh?"

The remark was uttered purely in joke, but every one of Theo's little airs of superiority, which Jack detested, came rallying to her defence.

"Jealous!" she exclaimed in pure incredulous astonishment. "Of *her*!" and she said nothing more.

The young husband was justly incensed. He himself had once wasted a few sighs at Fanny's shrine, and might have increased the number had he not met with his wife. "I'll tell you what it is, Theo," he said, deliberately and exasperatingly, "you think your self a little better, and a little brainier, and a little more refined than anybody else."

Theo never got angry; she would as soon think of getting drunk. "Perhaps you are right," she said, indifferently; and this time she made no effort to conceal the yawn that overtook her.

"Well, I suppose you know the Bible says that pride goeth before a fall."

"Does it? I thought it said pride goeth before destruction, and I imagined it meant the destruction of the person who opposed the proud one."

She gave him one of her arch looks, at which he was forced to smile a little. So then she flew to him, and took her favorite stool at his feet, with her cheek resting on his knee.

"Dear Jack," she said, "I don't care what falls, so long as it is not your love for me. I don't care if the heavens fall!"

"Or the price of potatoes," tenderly murmured Jack, as he pinched her ear.

So they "made up and were friends." But a few days later the young man was more indignant than ever—this time because his wife declined to be vaccinated.

"What!" she exclaimed, "give oneself a small disease in order

to avoid having a large one! You might as well kill a baby in order to avoid killing a man. It's a detestable idea."

"I wish," said poor Jack, "that you had fewer ideas and a little more common sense. I think I ought to compel you to be vaccinated."

"Compel me?" she repeated, with exquisite gentleness of tone and look. "I think you do not mean that."

There is nothing so immovable as the determination of an even-tempered person. Jack went out to soothe his ruffled feelings by a call on Fanny Arden. There was not the slightest doubt that *she* was vaccinated, for, as he inadvertently touched her arm, she drew back with an affected shudder.

"Poor little arm," he said, by way of apology.

"'Tisn't so very little, either," she replied, tossing her head, and delighted at the prospect of making her own physical perfections the subject of conversation; "I despise little arms and little shoulders."

Jack was reminded of a saying of Theo's, "The mind's the standard of the woman." But he cherished a secret sort of bitterness against his wife. It was no pleasure to him to remember that she had a mind of her own.

"Now, do come in any time," said Fanny's mother, when they separated. "Because Mrs. Clyde don't care for company is no reason why you should stay cooped up."

So Jack went again and again, and, as fate would have it, the otherwise lonely evenings of his wife were relieved by the frequent presence of Mr. Philip Ellery. This young man had many attractions for Theo, how many she never realized until the evening on which he came in with his hands full of fresh proofs of the novel he was writing. She could not help being interested in his work, nor could he help being pleased by her interest. But she criticized his book without mercy, told him that his heroine was a simpleton and his hero a prig. To make amends for her bluntness she praised his style, which was indeed his strong point. Then they sat for hours discussing the incidents, scenes and sentiments, and trying between them to invent an original sort of a villain. The clock struck eleven. Theo rose at once, pale, grave, conscience-stricken.

"Well, then," said Philip, rising also, "we will decide upon his death to-morrow night. I can't let him drown. That's too common a way to dispose of superfluous personages."

"And besides, drowning is too good for him," declared Theo. "But, if it suits you as well, I should prefer you to come only on Friday evenings. Jack is always at home on Fridays."

"But Jack could never enjoy this," and he held up the long, narrow sheets.

"Then I can never enjoy it," said Jack's wife, softly but inexorably.

The young man bent a disappointed face over the proofs, which he was folding. There was a long pause. "I wish you success," she said, stiffly.

"It has seemed to me to-night," he said, with an appealing weariness in eyes and voice, "that there is one thing in the world better than success, and that is sympathy."

"I am the most unsympathetic soul alive," said Theo icily.

"Yes, to those who do not understand you."

"Then I must beg, as a special favor, that you will *not* understand me."

"It is not difficult to respect your wish. You are totally beyond my comprehension." Then, as he saw she was on the brink of tears, he murmured, with real regret, "Ah, I am distressing you. I am very sorry," and so was gone.

And the young wife was left in unloved loneliness. She bore it bravely for a few weeks, at the end of which time Mrs. Lyle, having heard various rumors of what she called her brother's "goings on," called in to see her sister-in-law about it.

"You are an awful little goose, Theo," she said, commiseratingly,



"awful! Instead of letting Mr. Ellery slip through your fingers, you should have kept him every night until 12 o'clock, or 2 o'clock, or whatever time it was that Jack came home. Then, when he appeared you should have said with affected surprise, 'Home already?' and, after glancing at the clock, 'Why, I never dreamed it was so late. Philip and I have had such a delightful time together. *Must* you go, Philip? Well, be sure you come to-morrow night.' This course of treatment would have a prodigious effect. Oh, you don't half know how to manage a man!"

Theo's light eyes were clear and transparent as dew. "I don't know what you mean," she said: "I never manage others—I never permit others to manage me. Can't you understand, Flora?" she pleaded with quivering lips, "*I love Jack!* I love him with all my sick, sorrowful heart. Other wives may retain their husbands by other methods—I have nothing but love. It will not last long," she added, showing her bare arms, white as milk but nearly fleshless. With her fair head bowed upon them, she looked like a wreath of snow in the moonlight.

"Well," said Mrs. Lyle, "I suppose you are an angel, Theo, but I warn you that it doesn't pay to introduce angelic manners and customs into this 'airthly spear,' and Jack is the last person in the world to appreciate them."

Not long afterwards Jack Clyde stood at the gate of Fanny Arden's home, bidding good-night to that young lady. It was by no means a brief process. She was certainly an exceedingly pretty girl, and her prettiness turned his head a little. For the first time he bent down and ardently kissed the perfect crimson mouth. In return for this outbreak of brute passion he expected indignation, scorn, tears of mortification and disgust, or the white, unspeaking wrath of hopelessly offended womanhood. But there was nothing of the sort. He left her with a horrible sense of moral nausea. All his swiftly kindled passion had turned to bitter ashes upon his lips. She had made the fatal mistake of accepting an insult as a compliment, and now he was learning how loathsome may be the beauty that conceals a vulgar soul. Fanny's light had gone out like a smoky lamp, and all the atmosphere about her was poisoned by the vile odor.

Then, like a star rising out of the thick darkness, came the thought of Theo, pure and constant and infinitely far away. He yearned to reach her, and plead for her forgiveness. He walked swiftly homewards, never so swiftly before; but the door was closed against him. Theo was down with smallpox.

In the first outburst of his grief at this intelligence he thought, not of her obstinate stand against vaccination, but of his own neglect, which had probably weakened her system, and rendered her more liable to the attack. His poor little love! He might have known that, apart from him, she would die, just as surely as a lily dies when uprooted from the coarse soil on which it feeds.

This view of the case was supported by his sister, in whose house he was for the present domiciled, and in whose tough little heart there really did exist a few grains of affection for the neglected wife. "Oh, there's no doubt that she loves you," declared this young woman with conviction. "She stuck to you as faithfully as a tombstone sticks to a grave, and, like the stone, she retained scarcely anything but coldness and whiteness, and an indelible impression of your unapproachable virtues. I don't understand it at all. I suppose that women who don't care for men in general are apt to get infatuated over some one particular man, but—"

"In the name of pity, stop!" implored her brother, as he seized his hat, and strode out into the street.

When Theo was beginning to recover she asked for a hand mirror, and after one glance into it she turned away, and lay for a long time upon her face, without speaking a word or shedding a tear. There was a light tap at the door. "Come in, Jack," she said, in a voice as sad as death, "I have lost the little beauty I had, and I have lost you, and it is all the fault of my wicked obstinacy and pride,

Oh, my darling!" for his face was full of inexpressible love and tenderness and contrition.

He came and knelt at her bedside, "I am not worthy to be near you," he said.

"But my disfigured face," she murmured.

"It is not so bad as my disfigured soul. Sweetest, you will always be beautiful to me. But, Oh, Theo, you can never forgive me. I have been a frightful fool."

"Never mind, Jack," she whispered soothingly, with the faintest gleam of a smile, "I am frightful too."

Of this he was never convinced, but they did not argue the point. She lifted his wet face, and drew it down upon her shoulder, and, if Jack Clyde lives to be a thousand years old, he will never experience anything quite so heavenly as the forgiving pressure of those tender arms.

AGNES E. WETHERALD.

### SLEEP.

This night, as so oft before,  
We shall lie in the arms of death,  
As the welcome *lethé* gathers o'er  
The day's faint labouring breath.  
The sleep of the cradled child,  
And the toiler's welcome rest;  
Oblivion of distractions wild  
That wear in the anxious breast;  
The cares, and troubles, and strife,  
Forebodings that rise above  
The turmoil of the battle of life;  
The burdens of duty and love:  
All buried in the grave  
Night fashions for each day's death.  
Whence we rise renewed, and strong, and brave  
For what warfare the morrow hath;  
Nerved for the meanest defection,  
For misprision, distrust, and sorrow,  
With the sense of a new resurrection  
In the life of the dead day's morrow,  
If then this nightly death.  
This mystery of repose,  
Where oblivion daily fashioneth  
Life's renewal with each day's close:—  
If we must daily die  
Through all life's little span  
From the cradle of our infancy  
To the three-score-ten of man;  
Shall not life's light return  
When the shadows flee away  
In the dawn of the resurrection morn  
And the light of the endless day?

DANIEL WILSON.

### DIALECT-STUDY.

It may be safely said that no two persons speak the same language, even in these days of schools and books. One man's vocabulary is not coextensive with—nor if less extensive, is it, as far as it goes, coincident with—that of any other man.

There is something distinctive and significant in every man's intonation; and certainly there is much in every man's favourite phrase-forms, which, to those who choose to observe such matters, separate him from all his fellow-countrymen. It may be that there is not one word of my vocabulary, nor a single phrase-form of mine, which is not used by *somebody* else; but nobody else uses *all* the words and phrase-forms which I habitually use.

So each family has its language differentiated in many ways from the language of other families of the same community. Differentiations, again, are intensified a thousand fold in the language of



different communities, until finally we are obliged to draw definite lines and call the language of certain communities dialects, or, if sufficiently marked, languages.

From the time when the child begins to acquire a language, each word and each phrase appropriated receives the mark of his individuality; and to that extent a new language is created. Our language is mainly the language of our fathers, because we have received it from our fathers, but at the same time it is not the language of our fathers, because our own individuality has stamped it anew. What is ours exclusively will probably perish with us; but much of the new that is common to us and others of the generation to which we belong, will go down to the generations which follow us. Thus a language is changed or colored in some manner by every generation which has it in keeping.

Change is a most natural and necessary law of language; and our writers on philology often seem to go to unnecessary lengths in their attempts to prove what should be almost self-evident, and the more wonderful phenomenon of language—the persistence of its forms—is not duly emphasized. If infinite variation of individual forms is inevitable in language, fixedness of type is certainly not less so.

There is nothing more truly wonderful in nature than the manner in which languages are perpetuated. Subtile, intangible—almost spiritual—they float down from generation to generation for thousands of years, gaining in life and power, and this without the aid of writing.

Each individual of a nation may draw from the common fund to what extent he chooses, but not even a Shakespeare can make the whole language of his generation his own. *As a whole*, the language is the property of the nation alone, and any portion of the nation can possess it only in part. An influential man or set of men may commit to writing that part of the national language with which they are acquainted, and this literary portion of the language may commend itself to the refined tastes of the more enlightened spirits of the nation, and they may reject the language-peculiarities of all other sets as unclean; but until every individual speaking the language belongs to the literary class, the literary language is after all but a part of the national language, and the unwritten dialects have as much right to be called part of the national language as their more fortunate sister—the literary dialect.

From childhood up we are taught to despise dialects; and, in reading the literary works of bygone centuries, we usually content ourselves with observing the coincidences of the older language with the *literary* language of our time, and the variations there brought about in the intervening years. But when once we realize that the literary dialect is but one of many still flourishing in the older countries, and to a certain extent in the newer countries also, would it not seem the most natural thing in the world to observe coincidences and variations in the *non-literary* dialects, as compared with the older literary form? Language cannot stand still and thrive; and the dialects in their progress necessarily move in lines of their own. What changes or perishes in one will remain unchanged in another.

If, then, it is a profitable and interesting exercise to compare the old literary dialect with the modern literary dialect, should it not be as profitable and as interesting to compare the same old dialect with the modern non-literary dialects which are in many cases more truly national than the literary dialect, but whose misfortune it is that they are not written, and have consequently not so good a social standing?

If, after marking the absolute forms of a text of seven or eight centuries ago in the light of our present literary language, we then proceed to examine this absolute list in the light of the more pronounced of our dialects, we cannot fail to be surprised at the result: indeed, after such an experiment one is almost tempted to say that words cannot perish, but with the nations using them; for if a few small districts can furnish so many forms which we supposed were dead, but which are, on the contrary, vigorous and plastic as they

were a thousand years ago, is it not possible—even probable—that if we could only carefully examine *all* the dialects, not a single form on our obsolete list would be found wanting?

Nothing will rid a student of his old and unjust prejudices on the subject of language so soon or so effectually, or so speedily inspire him with a just conception of the real nature of language and its phenomena, as the careful study of the non-literary dialect.

But the study must be direct and not at second-hand. It is doing work, and thus arriving at results, and not learning the results of work, that is interesting and profitable to any student. One may feel a certain languid interest in an Anglo-Saxon or Gothic word when it is stated in a foot note that the same word is still in common use in Yorkshire or Ayrshire; but can that feeling be for a moment compared with the thrill of satisfaction a student feels when to-day he finds in Ulfila's or Alfred's prose, a word which but yesterday he heard from the lips of an Ayrshire or Yorkshire laborer.

That the dialects become intensely interesting when regarded in the light of the older literary language is unquestionable; but another source of interest is frequently overlooked entirely; the old texts themselves when read in the light of these non-literary dialects, are inspired anew with life, and instead of being books of ages past, they become in a great measure books of our own time.

J. McW.

#### A CHRISTMAS IN TRINIDAD.

LAST Christmas morning I was awakened by a sharp tapping on my window, and, turning in bed, saw through half-opened-eyes and a mist of mosquito curtains an apparition. A good-humored black face, with ivory teeth and eyes sparkling with fun and rum, greeted me with, "Me frighten you, Mass Charl'! Merr' Christmas."

Christmas! with odors of orange blossoms floating in at the open windows, with chattering of birds and hum of insects. Christmas! without frost or snow or ice, with everything green and glowing in the morning sun. Was I dreaming still, and would it all roll up and disappear if only I pinched hard enough?

No, I was awake, and, jumping out of bed, I wished Domingo a hearty "Good morning and a merry Christmas." While I am dressing let me describe the view from my window.

The house is situated on a slight eminence above a smooth broad road that winds among the groves of cocoa toward the village above. Between a clump of orange trees and a great mango the eye wanders up a mountain valley covered with cocoa plantations, over which blaze like a sheet of fire the scarlet blossoms of the "Bois Immortelles." Beyond these, on a gently rising hill, gleams forth the quaint white-washed tower of the village church; embowered in fruit trees, from which the bells are sending forth their merry Christmas greeting. Still beyond rises green hill above green hill, each showing the gardens of the villagers like a patchwork quilt in the distance. Yet beyond again rise the purple summits of the northern mountains, now shining in the first rays of the morning sun.

After a cup of strong coffee and a crust of bread, we shouldered guns and buckled on our cutlasses, and set off for a ten-mile tramp up the northern mountains to visit a certain cascade that Pierre was always talking about.

Our way lay through the village, past crowded shops filled with votaries of Bacchus, who were beginning thus early to celebrate their Christmas, past pretty painted houses with cool, low verandahs and jalousied windows, half hidden behind flowering hedges and fruit-laden trees, and past the village church into which crowds, dressed in all their holiday best, were pouring to bow at the little cradle and pay sixpence to kiss the waxen image of the infant Saviour. People of all colors and of many nationalities elbowed each other good-humoredly in the crowd. Pretty Creole girls



dressed in snowy muslin, swarthy Spaniards and Portuguese, brown and yellow mulattoes, and negroes of every shade of blackness and brownness, coolies and Chinese from the other hemisphere, and not a few whose wide-apart eyes and high cheekbones proclaimed their fierce Carrib blood. All seemed in the best of humor, and many a graceful "Salaam, Sahib," and "Bon jour, mon cher," greeted us as we threaded our way through the throng.

We turned, after passing the village, up a green lane which was carpeted with pretty sensitive mimosas that shrank from our footsteps as we passed over them. I never get tired of teasing the sensitive plants. A stamp of the foot, and the plants for a yard around fold up their pinnæ and then let fall their petioles in a manner very curious to notice. The under surface of the leaves thus exposed is a bluish green, altogether different to the bright green of the upper surface, so that in a savanna carpeted with these plants I have often traced a line of blue to be seen for a few minutes by drawing my cane through the plants.

The lane was bordered with a hedge of scarlet hibiscus and purple dracarna, over which let us look in fancy for a few moments at a negro garden. The house is a heterogeneous mixture of boards and mud and branches thatched with palm-leaves and elevated on stilts that the wind and poultry may pass freely under. The garden in front of the house is laid out in flower-beds, edged with black bottles stuck neck downward into the ground. These beds blaze with colsi and crotons and showy flowers, for the negro is as fond of flowers as any white man, albeit he does not show much taste in their arrangement.

While we stand admiring, the black owner comes out, barefooted, clad in shirt and pants and an old straw hat, and with delicate courtesy gathers his finest roses and forget-me-nots, with fragrant carnations and mignonette, and hands them over the hedge with a kindly smile as he remarks in broken English, "Me tink you like Eenglese flowers."

Next he runs back to an orange tree laden with fruit, shouting something in Creole to some one behind the hut. A little boy, clad in a hat, comes forward, dragging a bamboo, which the old man seizes and belabors the tree with until half a peck of oranges dot the ground. He makes us load ourselves with the fragrant fruit, asks us to come again when oranges are wanted, and then leaves us.

This is but an instance of the kindness a stranger meets with from the colored people all over the south if he has but sense enough to treat the negro as he deserves.

And now for the garden. Over the hedge scrambles a beautiful convolvulus, its snow-white flowers—delicate children of the moonlight, as broad as one's hand—just shrivelling up under the hot morning sun. Over the ground a tangle of yams, sweet potatoes, janices, schoos, pine apples, pigeon peas, and a host of other vegetables struggle for breathing room. Over these rise the lush fat green stems of bananas and plantains, carrying a huge crown of giant leaves fifteen or twenty feet long and bunches of purple flowers and green fruit. Over a rude trellis of bamboos at the side of the hut climbs a delicate granadilla, with pale green cordate leaves and purple passion flowers. Over these rise the dark, massive crown of mangoes. Awkward-boughed breadfruits from the far off South Seas, pretty poplar-like Malacca apples from the Malay peninsula, native star apples and sapotas and sapodillas, oranges, limes and lemons crowd together and grow in wild luxuriance, untouched by the hand of the pruner, yet each bearing its fruit in its season as abundantly as if tended with every care.

Our way beyond this lay up a steep mountain ravine, strewn with gravel and boulders of talcose rock, on each side of which steep hillsides rose, planted with cocoa. The cocoa tree is an awkward-looking, ugly affair, growing about the size of our apple trees, and bearing, at the extremities only of the branches, bunches of drooping, oval-pointed leaves. The fruit, curiously enough, is not borne, as is the case with our Canadian fruits, in the axils of leaves along

the finer twigs, but springs from forgotten, buried, adventitious buds all up the trunk and larger branches. The flowers are minute, white, and fragrant with the characteristic odor of chocolate. The fruit when ripe is a red or yellow pod, looking not unlike a strongly ribbed cucumber, and is about the same size as that fruit. When split open by a blow with a cutlass, rows of seeds are seen imbedded in a white, acid, mucilaginous pulp. These are taken out, sweated for a few days, dried in the sun, and when ground and mixed with from 30 to 70 per cent. of arrowroot or other farinaceous materials, and flavoured with vanilla, etc., find their way on to the breakfast table as fragrant "Menier" or "cocoa."

The cocoa is a delicate plant and requires shade, so that about every twenty or thirty yards is met a giant shade tree called by the Creoles "Bois Immortelle," by the Spaniards "Madre del cacao," which at this season is leafless, but is covered with scarlet blossoms and blazes, a tree of coral, against the deep blue sky. These trees are subject to the attacks of parasites, and are furred from top to bottom with a parasite growth of orchids, philodendrous ferns, &c. Hair-like tillsandias wave like green mermaid tresses from the limbs, and wild pines and matapalos wage a continuous warfare against each other for every inch of the upper surface.

About three o'clock Pierre shouted "the chorro!" and as we turned an angle of the ravine the cascade burst upon our view a hundred feet above us and a hundred yards beyond the ridge dividing the ravine, up which we ascended from the deep channel worn by the waterfall. A little river had worn a deep trough in the soft mica schist, and down this channel it rushed with the speed of a mill stream towards a perpendicular cliff, over which it plunged with a flying leap a hundred and fifty feet down into a deep blue basin below.

The cliff was matted with grey sprawling cacti and a network of lianas and vines that left not an inch of the rock visible through its mantle of green. The channel of the river was arched over by a green lacework of tree ferns and feathery bamboos. All around, the steep mountain walls rose, feathered with richest tropic vegetation, a thousand feet into the sky, starred with palms and gay with flowering trees.

We sat down to lunch under the arched bamboos, and as we drank the cool mountain water and peeled fragrant oranges with our cutlasses, we pitied the poor denizens of cold Canada, whose only prospect on looking out of doors was snow and ice and bare leafless trees sticking up like bath brooms into the frozen air. And such oranges as we had never reach "infel heim." Fancy, huge green globes nearly as large as a child's head, with fragrant rinds in which the essential oil is so strong that they must be carefully peeled off and not bitten or sucked as may be the sapid, tasteless things they call oranges at the north.

After lunch we took a bath in the cool basin at the foot of the fall, and, refreshed and strengthened, determined to climb to the summit of the mountain. We started up the steep incline, and after an hour and a half of hard climbing, arrived at a flat table-land on the top, which afforded the most extensive view I had ever seen. Towards the east the Northern mountains stretched, a series of jagged peaks and peaklets, till lost in the purple distance. Northward, between the mountains, gleamed the dark, foam-flecked waters of the Carribean, with Tobago, like a blue cloud, topped with white cumuli, just visible on the horizon. Westward, another series of mountains stretched till lost in the last spurs of the Venezuelan Cordilleras. Southward, swimming in a soft purple mist, stretched the flat lowlands, sheeted with cane fields that surged up into the dark green mountain glens at our feet in bays of lightest green. A shining river traversed these, emptying into the blue gulf which melted into mist at the horizon. Vessels passed in and out of the harbor, which, though 20 miles away, seemed hardly half that distance, seen through the hot moisture-laden air. We sat in silence under the shade of a group of noble palms, gazing at the map-like expanse, until aroused from our reveries by Pierre, who reminded us that it



was time to return. Then we remembered that we were in the tropics, where there is no twilight, and where

"The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out  
At one stride comes on the dark."

We hurried down the mountain and took a last look at the cascade. But before we were half way down the ravine by which we ascended, the sun went down and left us suddenly in the dark. I began to be frightened at the idea of descending a thousand feet of steep mountain in total darkness. But Pierre was equal to the occasion. Without a word he felt his way towards a dry log of "poni" that he had noted on the way up. In a few moments he had a handful of splinters which, when bound together and lighted with a match, burned like a torch, and furnished a most brilliant light, by the aid of which we continued to descend the ravine. A few minutes more and we were opposite the house of our dusky friend of the oranges and flowers. It seemed he was likely to have a few more empty bottles for flower borders by the sounds of merriment that issued from the hut. As we passed through the village we noticed a jolly crowd footing it right merrily to the sound of the guitar up in a palm leaf "ajoupa" at the top of a rather steep hill a hundred feet above the road. We stopped to watch them, and saw the last drink and the breaking up. The hill was steep and the donkey road led up to the hut in a zig-zag fashion, worn as well into a deep rut by travel and rain. The people held lights at the top to light their visitors down, but the way those people rolled and tumbled down that donkey path with their heads and feet full of tangle-leg rum, will be a Christmas memory for me for many years to come. Our kind guides bid us good night at our own door a few moments later. Just as the moon rose over the eastern mountain, and flooded the valley with silvery light, we ate a hearty supper, and tired with our mountain climb, went to bed satisfied with our day's work, and feeling that we had indeed spent a "Merry Christmas."

C. BRENT.

#### THE DEWDROP.

O loveliest daughter of the dark-robed night !  
The rosy-fingered dawn, uprising slow,  
Adorns thee with her own ethereal glow,  
And paints thee dancing, shimmering with delight,  
Yet thy brief life, so dazzling with unrest,  
A touch of lightest hand, or faintest breeze  
Of air that murmurs low dissolves ; decrees,  
Thy fall upon thy mother's fruitful breast.  
Not dead ! for thy refreshing fragrance there  
Shall clothe her form with flowers of brightest hue,  
And shed new life on valley, plain and hill,  
Or, borne upon the viewless wings of air,  
Thou shalt mount up unto the azure blue,  
And there await to work His perfect will.

Ottawa, Dec. 1885.

S. WOODS.

#### ON A NEW VOLUME OF THACKERAY.

What amount of attention ought to be given to an author's estimate of his own work? Should we pay any attention whatever, to an author's estimate of any part of his work, or to an artist's view of his pictures, or to a statesman's view of his policy, or indeed to a grocer's idea of his sugar, or a tailor's opinion of his make of coats? It is far too serious a question to decide off-hand; for, you will observe, if we once admit that any of these persons has a right to dictate finally what shall be the verdict of posterity, or of con-

temporary society, on his own special article of merchandise, we shall be in for quite an interesting series of comic conclusions; and Mr. Filley will be entitled to proclaim that *his* coats have soul, and Mr. Sandman that *his* sugar is pure, and Mr. Wordy that *his* speeches deserve to be remembered, and Mr. Everfull that certain of his works are to be taken as works of genius, while others may go to the grocer for useful trade purposes.

Nevertheless, literary men have tried, at various times and in various ways, to fix a certain value on their works great and small; to say to the public, "You shall not read such and such of my writings; they are not up to my usual standard; you must read only my greater works;" or to warn the public that they were in danger of overlooking genius. Lord Bacon was sure of his fame and confidently left his fame to foreigners and the next generation. Shakespeare was certain of his immortality, and declared that his lore should in his verse live ever young. Milton heard the applause of the ages, and proclaimed that he had written things that posterity would not willingly let die. The world has, so far, accepted these views, and has consented to take these great geniuses at their own valuation; though the number of people who actually study Bacon, Shakespeare and Milton are so few that a convention of them would not tax the seating capacity of any place of public entertainment.

But the world has not consented to accept the views of many others who made an effort to be heard in favour of their own immortality. Nothing is more amusing, more interesting, more pitiable at times than the refusal, by posterity, of contemporary criticism. Landor and Southey, for instance, praised each other and foretold each other's immortality; but the reading world reads nothing of Southey now, except his Life of Nelson; and Landor has as small a coterie of admirers as any man who ever wrote English with such skill and strength and dignity. Macaulay thought nothing of his essays and had no intention of publishing them till an American publisher had put forth an edition of them which was finding its way into England. Now, there are a hundred readers of the Essays for one reader of the History. Mr. Dickens insisted, in the preface to one of his books, that every literary man was, and ought to be taken as, an artist in his own vocation. His view was not accepted nor acceptable; to accept it would be to do away with all critical literature—no doubt much of it might be spared. Baron Tennyson has tried in vain to keep out of print certain of his poems, which nevertheless the public insist on having and reading. Mr. Disraeli tried, when he had risen to the height of fame, to suppress the Runnymede Letters, but here they are on the table beside me, printed in full, annotated in full, and destined to immortality, although they are tawdry in their rhetoric and tiresome in their sameness of style. And here I have at hand a new volume of essays and sketches by Mr. Thackeray which he did not care to publish, and which have been hidden among the dusty files of the old Fraser's Magazine for forty years or more. So as a matter of fact public judgment is against allowing any author to tell us which of his writings we shall *not* read, as it is slow, in general, against allowing him to tell us which of his writings we *shall* read.

Mr. Thackeray's, or rather Mr. Thackeray's publisher's new volume is not all new. It opens with a bit from "Yellowplush" entitled "Fashanable Fax and Polite Annygoats," which was published, I think, in an American Edition of his miscellaneous works some years ago. It consists of literary criticism from the point of view of the celebrated Jeames, that butler of genius. This article and the two which follow ("Jerome Paturot" and "Grant in Paris") are specimens of a species of criticism which has almost disappeared—whether for good or evil I shall not say. It is rude; it is personal; it is unfeeling at times; at times it is coarse and unfair; it is certainly also very witty, very effective, very readable, and perhaps does no ultimate injustice to the trash which is subjected to the flail. In Jeames's review of Mr. Skelton's book, the unfortunate author is spitted as "Mr. Skeleton" and laughed at most scandal-



ously. In the review of "Grant in Paris" the foolish author is called "Jim" all through the paper; and he is mercilessly treated to sneers and scolding and laughter. In the old Blackwood days Nelson and his comrades set a terribly bad example. And in the old Fraser days the example was bad too. Lockhart and Maginn and Mahoney and Thackeray have a good deal to answer for in regard to those boisterous belabourings of booby authors, who were nevertheless fellow christians. It is the custom among stupid people to tell us that the press of to-day is very personal and often very coarse. Any man who knows anything of the history of literature will contemptuously refuse to accept the slander as true. From the days of Swift's pamphleteering to the days of Fraser there had been a change for the better, in point of decency and moderation; yet the improved period was pretty bad still. In the last forty years there has been an immense improvement in the tone of the critical and political literature of the time; and for much of the work of Swift, of Scott, of Nelson, of Maginn, of "Prout," of Thackeray, it would be difficult to find admission into the monthly magazines of to-day. It may be doubted if the change is much of an improvement. After all, personalities are only materials for good biography.

We get next a paper which was also published in an American edition I am sure—for I read it at the time,—and which is to be coupled with one on Laman Blanchard, as a pleasant pair of specimens of Thackeray in his kindly mood, the mood in which he dealt with Leech and Cruikshank, and in which he always deals with literary men who are worthy, in life and work, of a good man's praise. In "A Box of Novels" (the paper I refer to), Mr. Thackeray gave us the most pleasing and touching account of the effect that Dickens' "Christmas Carol" had on him, as it has had on so many thousands, perhaps millions of sensitive human beings. I am prevented from quoting by lack of space. In the essay on "Laman Blanchard," written from Paris, Thackeray puts forth the truth he was always insisting on: that the literary calling is to be followed like other callings, with industry, with honesty, sobriety, perseverance; that genius, or cleverness, has no right to expect immunity from the penalties attaching to broken laws of health, of society, of economy, and that a literary man has no more right to expect a fortune or fame than any other worker—unless he has the genius and the luck and the qualities that secure fame and fortune. He knew that the literary calling was a hard one; and he insisted that men should not consider it trivial and frivolous. We have also here the lecture on "Charity and Humour," which was delivered in New York, after the delivery of the lectures on the "Humorists." It is a perfect specimen of a purely literary discourse of the popular kind. It is, in a measure, a summary of the lectures on the Humorists; and he touches with tactful hand on the great and famous names in English literature which he loved so well. Let me make one quotation from this lecture which is so perfect, and let me commend it as inculcating thoughts which at this season are so humanizing and so softening:

"Wherever it is spoken, there is no man that does not feel, and understand and use the noble English word 'gentleman.' And there is no man that teaches us to be gentlemen better than Joseph Addison. Gentle in our bearing through life; gentle and courteous to our neighbour; gentle in dealing with his follies and weaknesses; gentle in treating his opposition; deferential to the old; kindly to the poor and those below us in degree; for people above us and below us we must find in whatever hemisphere we dwell, whether Kings or Presidents govern us; and in no Republic or Monarchy that I know of is a citizen exempt from the tax of befriending poverty and weakness, of respecting age, and of honouring his father and mother."

Such a lecture at this season is worth reading. And about the man who wrote it my paper has been worth writing too. There are many readers who know Thackeray better than I do; to these I apologise for my hasty and imperfect treatment of his memory.

MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

## THE DISESTEEM OF CANADIAN LITERATURE.

THERE is no need to quarrel with the pessimism which affirms that Canada has no literature. In a sense, the statement is true; for, of a distinctively native literature, on its English side, it has as yet little. We do not say this as a concession to popular ignorance or prejudice, but as a fact, the frank admission of which may be helpful to native letters. Yet the number of books written on and in Canada is large; how large it would surprise many people to know. The writer has had frequent occasion to compile a list of Canadian publications and works relating to Canada, and in his time has made many more or less ambitious collections. The extent of the list has always been a marvel to us, and we may be permitted to say that no Canadian at least should be unfamiliar with much that it comprises. There is scarcely a department of thought in it that is not represented, though it is specially rich in the materials for history; and the current additions to the list are by no means meagre. While this is the case, we constantly hear the statement that English Canada has no literature; and before going further it might be well to see just what it has. What is it, then, we classify in our libraries under native authors, and why give it so much space if it does not rank as literature? We shall best answer the question by taking a look at our book-shelves. Here is one devoted to Canadian history and travels. True, the French portion overshadows the English; but it is no less national or lacking in the literary quality. But if objection is taken to its citation, we shall pass by our Champlain, Charlevoix, Lescarbot, Sagard, Lahontan, Hennepin, and Le Clerq, with their modern congeners Garneau, Ferland, Tasse, Turcotte, LeMoine, Chauveau, Sulte, Verreau, Casgrain, Tanguay, and St. Maurice—names that confer distinction upon Canada, and whose authors have earned the right of admission into the temple of literary fame. But before leaving this section let us note what a field there is here for the translator, and how much profitable work might be done in rendering into English those interesting records of early French travel and discovery which, so far, have not been translated—despite the plums Parkman has abstracted for his brilliant historical narratives. It is not creditable to Canadian literary industry that, as yet, we have no English translation of the *Relations des Jesuites*, of Sagard or Lescarbot's works on *Nouvelle France*, or of many other instructive histories and monographs of the French period.

Let us now turn to the English division of the same department. And here every section of the country, and almost every period of its life, are dealt with. A mere string of names will convey little; but those familiar with the work which the following list of authors represents will admit that it counts for much in the sum of our Anglo-Canadian literature:—Auchinleck, Bouchette, Bourinot, Bryce, Canniff, Christie, Coffin, Collins, Dawson, Davin, Dent, Fleming, Galt, Gourlay, Gray, Grant, Haliburton, Heriot, Hargrave, Head, Hincks, Howison, Hind, Hodgins, Howe, Kirby, Leggo, Lesperance, Lindsey, McGee, Martin, Morris, Morgan, Murray, Macoun, Mackenzie, McGregor, MacMullen, Machar, Rattray, Ryerson, Reade, Sandham, Scadding, Smith, Stewart, Talbot, Taylor, Thompson, Todd, Watson, Withrow, Wilson, and Young.

In this obviously incomplete list, we make no mention of authors outside history and kindred topics, who have published works in other departments, or graced Canadian literature by minor contributions from their pen. Nor have we cited authors in the professions—of education, journalism, law, medicine, science, and theology—who have issued text-books, treatises, manuals works of practice, etc., or made important contributions to the journals, periodicals and transactions of their respective professions. Nor have we referred to our poets and writers of fiction, or to the mass of printed matter, in pamphlet and brochures, which claims recognition as "Canadiana," and a respectable amount of which, as fact or criticism, we hold, belongs, if not to literature, to something closely akin to it. Yet with all this material, it is slightly said that Canada



has no literature—and no history. When—may we ask?—shall we get rid of this denationalizing habit of discrediting the past? No Canadian history? Why, the past is full of it; not, it may be, on any great scale, with “blare of trumpet and beat of drum,” but in that grander movement of the country’s industrial and social life, which has made of the wilderness a cultivated garden, and brought peace and plenty to a thriving and enlightened people. No literature? With poets such as Reade, Roberts, and Sangster among men, and McLean, Machar (Fidelis), Harrison (Seranus), Rothwell, and Wetherald among women. With novelists such as Kirby and Lesperance. With scientists such as Logan, Dawson, Wilson, Bell, Selwyn, and Sterry Hunt. With orators, publicists, essayists, and miscellaneous writers, such as McGee, Howe, Haliburton, Grant, Todd, Lindsey, Griffin, Stewart, Le Sueur, Rattray, and Goldwin Smith. Have these men and women laboured in vain, and given nothing to the intellectual life of their country that is fit to be called literature? Only ignorance will dare assert that.

But the truth has to be qualified. We *have* a literature, or, to be critical, the fair beginnings, at least, of one. How much of it is known to those who ought to know it, we shall not dare say. If there is ignorance of it, let us not be told that it doesn’t exist. It is bad enough to hear the question asked, “Who reads a Canadian book in England?” but how much more discouraging is it to reflect how few are the readers of a native work in Canada. And here is the trouble: if we have not the literature we desire and might have, it is because to such as we have we extend scant favor. This attitude, if maintained, can only retard its progress, dwarf the national spirit, and depress the literary calling. On the other hand, were Canadian literature encouraged, it would take a more prominent place among the intellectual agents of the higher life in Canada; interests and sympathies, now dormant, would be aroused; and a more distinctively national and higher literary work would be created. To this end, let us first silence the depreciators, and pay fitting respect to the literary toilers of the past. To the young Canadian who wants to know his country’s history and light the flame of his patriotism, we would ask him to become acquainted with his country’s authors and take stock of their literary achievements. When he has got that length, it will be time to hear of limits and defects.

And now, briefly, for the qualifications, which, however, do not excuse the prevailing lack of interest. That the latter exists is shown by the comparatively few readers even Parkman has among the Canadian public. If this brilliant writer, dealing with the most dramatic incidents in Canadian history, can command but a select body of readers, what chance, it may be asked, has the average Canadian writer? Yet the truth must be told, that, with all the writers we have enumerated, we have little either of an attractive or of a distinctively native literature. If we except Parkman, the written records of our history familiar to the Canadian reader are few and uninviting. Nor is the reason far to seek; for, in large measure, if the material of these records is interesting, the style is bad. The ground, admittedly, wants going over again, and our history re-presented with the graces of modern literary art. But two essentials are necessary to this being done—the qualified writer and the appreciative public. For lack of these—and both we might have—how much is being lost! Men and events of the greatest national interest are suffered to fall into oblivion, for want of the skill and industry to transfer them to the modern canvas, and the public spirit to reward the toiler when he has performed his task. Nor is it in the field of political action alone that we want the writers; but rather in that of Canada’s social and industrial life. Here is our romantic material, and the source from which we might draw our picturesque narratives, and the makings of a literature that shall be distinctively national.

And how abundant is the material! Every township has its rich tale to tell, of early settlement and toilsome pioneering work, and every section of the country its own chequered annals and distinctive life. Yet few are the gleaners in the field; while the

elder folk are fast passing away from whose lips the story might be taken down to pass into some famous epic, drama, or history. With a little more public encouragement, what possibilities are before our Canadian writers, and how much our literature might be enriched! In the past history of Canadian thought and action, we have been sowing but the seed-grain of a harvest that shall bear good fruit, and in which the labourers, we trust, shall not be few. To hasten that coming time, let us take greater interest in the intellectual past and present, and hold its product in more esteem. Then, there will be no question of our having a literature, and no lack of writers, racy of the soil, whose work shall bring grace and repute to Canadian letters.

G. MERCER ADAM.

#### CARMEN NATIVITATIS.

What may a poet find to praise,  
Or what the heart and soul to cheer,  
What time the dark December days  
Are whitening to the closing year?

When all the silent woods are bare,  
And all the streams in fetters laid,  
And from the bleak and biting air,  
Each woodland hermit hides his head.

And for the songs of birds and brooks,  
For summer morn and sunset glow,  
The wilderness of men and books  
Pile up the tide of human woe;

And Spencer tells us that behind  
The song of birds, the opening flower,  
Lies some—we may not call it Mind,  
But only—blank and senseless power!

And still look down the unchanging stars  
On bitter feud and deadly fray,  
On clash of arms and dungeon bars,  
And hate that seems to live away!

Yet on the branches brown and bare  
The buds grow, waiting for the spring.  
With sunshine glad and balmy air,  
To wake them into blossom.

And, o’er the bleak expanse of snow,  
What silvery music gently swells?  
Its sweet-voiced gladness well we know;  
Once more ring out the Christmas bells.

They tell the story sweet and old,  
Too oft it cannot greet our ears,  
Not mindless power, but love untold,  
Controls the atoms and the spheres!

Love that can stoop to low estate  
Or soar aloft in angel song,  
Wise, tender Love, not cold blind Fate,  
And strong as love alone is strong;

Love that, like air, enwraps us round,  
Smiles on us here from human eyes,  
Yet lifts our souls from earthly bound  
To breathe the air of Paradise.

And in that mystic point afar  
Towards which a myriad suns are led,  
We see, in parable, the star  
That shone above the manger bed!



The wisdom of the East and West  
Must humbly seek that lowly shrine,  
And find the object of its quest  
In human heart of Love Divine !

FIDELIS.

## PAGANINI'S PLAYING.

*Heine : Florentinische Nächte.*

As Paganini began playing again, everything turned black before me. This time the notes did not change into bright shapes and colours ; the figure of the master was shrouded more than ever in gloomy shadow ; from out which darkness his music wailed forth in the most piercing notes of grief. Only at times, when a little lamp, that hung above his head, threw its doleful light upon him, did I see his face ; from which even then youth had not wholly vanished. His dress was peculiar ; divided into two colours, one of which was blue and the other yellow. Heavy chains weighed down his feet. Behind him a face, whose features showed a jovial, goatish nature, moved to and fro ; and I saw long hairy hands, which seemed to belong to the face, helpfully laying hold on the strings of the violin which Paganini played. Often, too, they guided the hand with which he held the bow, and then a bleating laugh of applause accompanied the notes as ever and ever more painfully and in greater suffering, they welled forth from the violin. They were strains like the songs of the fallen angels who had loved the daughters of men, and, driven from the Kingdom of the Blessed, had descended to the under-world, their faces glowing with shame. They were strains in whose bottomless abysses neither hope nor consolation gleamed. If the happy souls in Heaven heard such strains, the praise of God would die upon their whitening lips, and weeping, they would veil their holy faces. At times when the goat's laugh bleated in obligato to these melodious torments, I saw in the background a throng of dwarfish witches, wickedly, airily nodding their hateful heads, and, with crossed fingers, hissing at him in hateful glee. Then sounds of anguish pressed from the violin, and terrible sighing and sobbing, such as has never been heard on earth before, and perhaps never will be again, unless it be in the valley of Jehosaphat, when the colossal trumpet of Judgment sounds, and the naked bodies creep from their graves to await their doom.

But the tortured violin suddenly made a stroke, such a mad-dened, desperate drawing of the bow, that his chains fell rattling asunder, and his sinister mate and the mocking witches vanished.

At the same instant, my neighbour the fur-broker said :

" Too bad ! too bad ! one of his strings has snapped ; that comes from the constant pizzicato."

BOHÉMIEN.

## AT TWILIGHT.

A SONNET.

So noiseless ! nestling in the slumb'rous couch,  
My willing hands had placed, reclining-wise  
My lady lay and looked into my eyes.  
'Twas sweet, though, in the gloom, nor sight nor touch  
Revealed a charm. (Save when—soft as a dove—  
She moved, her tender neck and gleaming brow  
By gentlest turn regretfully would show  
She might yet—might not understand my love.)  
Sweet ? Yea ! For Memory, my love, can keep  
In mind thine every tremulous changing tint  
On softest cheek ; can trace each varying curve  
Of loveliest lip ; perchance with bliss more deep  
Than if they flashed upon me without stint,  
Full seep at sunniest noon without reserve.

T. A. H.

## THE POETS OF AMERICA.\*

It is now ten years since Mr. Stedman gave us his charming volume on the "Victorian Poets." That work, characterized by much acute perception, genial criticism, and felicitous explanation, finds in the book under review a most worthy companion volume. Mr. Stedman, a poet of repute, has shown himself to be possessed of the most admirable qualities of a critic, at the same time being free from those unwholesome modes of thought which stamp as untrustworthy the work of so many latter-day critics. There is nothing of the iconoclast about Mr. Stedman. Being a poet, he can appreciate the beauties and technicalities of the craft with a keener interest than the ordinary lay reader.

Walt Whitman has said that Mr. Stedman is a "hospitable critic," and this phrase seems to express exactly the opinion one would naturally receive from a careful perusal of his critical works. But it must not be supposed, from this, that Mr. Stedman is given to the expression of indiscriminate praise. This is far from being the case. By the use of the term "hospitable," it is meant to convey an impression of the courtesy of the critic, and the liberal spirit in which he conceives of the poet and the poetry he is reviewing. Mr. Stedman's method of criticism is one that will, we think, commend itself to the judgment of the majority of his readers. He does not attempt, as so many do, to stretch his subjects upon the Procrustean bed of uniformity, and then indicate in what particulars one is superior or inferior to the others. He judges each poet at his best, and according to no standard other than that of intrinsic worth or demerit. Mr. Stedman's desire has been, in the words of a Californian author whom he quotes with approbation, "to get down to the bed-rock of poetry as an art, and to its pure gold as an inspiration." In almost every instance Mr. Stedman succeeds admirably, and even in places where one is inclined to disagree with him, one cannot but acknowledge that he gives good reasons for his belief. Where his opinion is at variance with that of the generality of critics, we feel as certain of the honesty of his convictions as we are sure of its courteous expression.

One is struck by the large number of names to which reference is made. This is due, no doubt, to the desire of the author to do justice, as far as possible, to every one entitled to notice. Of necessity the notices of some writers—Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Sidney Lanier, Aldrich, Fawcett, and others of the younger American poets—are very short and fragmentary. But Mr. Stedman does not essay to discuss at length any other poets than those, as he tells us, "whose reputations are long-established, and who, upon the whole, fairly represent the various tendencies of American song." Those who are included in this list are : Bryant, Whittier, Emerson, Longfellow, Poe, Holmes, Lowell, Whitman, and Bayard Taylor. No objection can fairly be entered against this list on the ground of its not being representative ; for it includes every name that has established for itself a claim to recognition beyond the limits of the continent of America.

Mr. Stedman discusses, in addition, the early and recent conditions, the laws of growth, the national quality, and the restrictions of the school of poets he is reviewing ; traces the gradual growth of the American school, in conjunction with the historical incidents of the country ; and is careful to note in how far environment and occasion determined the character of their work. As one writer has well put it, "All poets are necessarily children of their age and country. We value them in proportion as they overstep their limits. Shakespeare was primarily English and Elizabethan, but he really belongs to all times and peoples."

Mr. Stedman combats, with singular success, to our mind, the prevalent and fashionable vice of depreciating native literature. The too common notion that age is required to give value to literary work,

\*THE POETS OF AMERICA, by Edmund Clarence Stedman, author of "Victorian Poets." Cloth, \$2.25. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Toronto : Williamson & Co.



and that literature cannot be ranked among the "classics" until age has rendered silent the clamor of contending critics, is shown to have its foundation in that "deference paid by a young nation to its elders," and in the frequent assurance of the latter that the progress of the former has been restricted chiefly to physical achievements. In other words, that there has been no ideal effort; or if there has, the nation, as a nation, has failed to recognize it as such, or has not called it by its right name and maintained its character as such, against all assertions to the contrary.

This want of confidence in native literature, or rather this failure to regard indigenous literature in the same light as the time-honored classics of other countries are regarded, has been the secret of the disesteem in which our own native Canadian literature has been held. Over-confidence is a great sin; but want of sufficient confidence is a greater. As a people we are not sanguine enough. It may be, of course, that we have, of necessity, been too much occupied with physical achievement, to pay much attention to the ideal, and its expression in literature. But this is a failing inherent to all new countries. In the United States they are overcoming this defect. We in Canada should not be behind our cousins in this respect.

Mr. Stedman goes into the question as to what really constitutes a native and characteristic literature, and arrives at results, which if they do not satisfy the reader entirely, do much to make the answers to this oft-repeated question more intelligible and less vague than formerly. Mr. Stedman points out clearly that the qualities of a national school do not depend upon the types, personages, localities, dialects, or other materials utilized by men of letters, any more than the inherent qualities of mankind are affected by difference in physiognomy, country, speech, or form of dress. He agrees with Richard Grant White's distinction, that it is the spirit, and not the letter, that gives character to a literature; and that we must "pay regard to the flavor, rather than to the form and color of the fruit—to the distinctive character, not the speech, and aspect, of the personage." In other words, the modes of thought, and ways of looking at questions, are of more importance to the right understanding of any national school, than those subsidiary qualities, which cannot be regarded, but as largely fortuitous and accidental; and which do not really affect the question. As our author himself remarks, "Unless the feeling of our home-poet be novel, his vision a fresh and distinctive vision—unless these are radically different from the French, German or even the English feeling and vision—they are not American, and our time has not yet come."

But we must leave this interesting discussion, and hear what Mr. Stedman has to say about the future. He admits that there is a "poetic dusk" existing at present, and which, he says, he predicted in his "Victorian Poets," but he adds that it seems to him that it is now near an end, and that we may begin to look for a new day. He wisely guards us against falling into the error of estimating our new poets by comparison with their predecessors. He acknowledges that "we who enjoyed the old fashion will find it hard to accustom ourselves to the new," and he adds that "the young will speedily interpret its forms," and that "their estimate of relative values will have its own gauge." Mr. Stedman expresses a natural and easily appreciated diffidence in the assumption of "the functions of a critical censor or appraiser" of the works of his near associates, or the new recruits that are yearly being added to that list. He, therefore, in his concluding chapters, confines his attention to pointing out the chief characteristics of the younger American poets, and leaving the reader to form his own opinion, and to affix to each, relatively speaking, the intrinsic merit of the writings to which reference is made.

Mr. Stedman's tribute to the genius of American literary women, and to the promise of the South, from a literary point of view, though diffuse and somewhat brief, is eminently just and kindly in tone. He regards the outlook as bright with promise, and full of encourage-

ment, and thinks that the new school of poets will not fall behind in power and beauty those whose lives and writings are chronicled with such rare discrimination in the "Poets of America."

Our only regret, in parting from our genial critic, is due to the fact that he tells us that the present work is to be the last of the kind that he will give us.

FREDERIC B. HODGINS.

#### GOOD-BYE.

And so the time has come, my dear,  
The dreaded time has come  
When we must sever, you and I,  
You to old friends must say good-bye,  
And I good-bye to you;  
And yet my lips are dumb, my dear,  
Alas my lips are dumb,  
Tho' heart with loving thought is full,  
The agony of loss doth rule,  
And I know not what I do.

The white flowers on your breast, my dear,  
The white flowers on your breast,  
I gathered them glist'ning with May-day dew,  
I wish they would speak my thoughts to you,  
For they must have heard my prayer.  
With blossoms your hair is dressed, my dear,  
With apple-buds 'tis dressed;  
Bright flowers in your hand I see,  
And friends about, but you to me  
Are the sweetest blossom there.

Your friends are saying good-bye, my dear,  
Your friends all say good-bye,  
I wonder if they mean the prayer,  
If aught but love has brought them there,  
If they're sad as I to-day.  
And now alone stand I, my dear,  
And now alone stand I,  
I see your fluttering signal white,  
Your smiling face and blossoms bright—  
So soon they fade away!

And you have gone away, my dear,  
Ah! you have gone away—  
Away to the land of all delight  
Where all the year is sunshine bright,  
Away to the happy west;  
You who were queen of May, my dear,  
My queen of May to-day,  
Are going to rule where palm trees grow,  
Where the cactus blooms and roses blow—  
Thy reign with peace be blest!

KENNETH MCKEN.

#### CHRISTMAS-TIDE WITH THE JESUITS OF THE HURON MISSION.

In a wild clearing not far distant from the rock-bound coast of Georgian Bay stood a straggling Huron town, Ihonataria, deep in the northern forest wilderness. Here and there the smoke-blackened crests of a few rude huts dotted the wintry pall that kindly veiled much of the unloveliness of an Indian encampment. These frail shelters, while varying in size, were uniform in design; tall stout saplings were planted in the earth in a double row, and their tops were lashed together, the skeleton archway thus formed was thatched with thick over-lapping sheets of bark. The smoke-hole that stretched from end to end along the crown of this bark cavern sufficed for light and ventilation. The fires of the many fami-



lies that herded together in a lodge were kindled on the ground. For furniture there were raised sleeping platforms, some weapons, and a few cooking vessels. The blinding smoke, vermin, and utter lack of privacy rendered such an abode well-nigh intolerable to the European of gentle nurture. A lodge that stood somewhat apart was surmounted by a wooden cross, that upreared its rough-hewn arms where the saplings met in a small thicket above the bark sides. This was the home of the Huron Mission in 1636.

While outwardly their dwelling conformed to the Huron model, within, innovations, the handwork of the Jesuits, made it more suited to their requirements. The interior space, which with the natives formed but one room, was subdivided into three apartments. At one end was their chapel, the altar vessels and ornaments of which had cost them many a weary portage in the long ascent of the Ottawa. At the opposite end a small room served the double purpose of entry and larder; there was stored the winter's provision of corn and smoked fish, for the land of the Hurons was no park of game. The largest, used as a living room, lay between; here they worked and taught, cooked and slept. Their fire, in Indian fashion, blazed on the ground, and the smoke escaped in circling eddies through the hole in the roof. On either side were raised platforms, where they kept their vestments, and beneath which they slept on sheets of bark. There were a few memorials of old France on the walls, religious pictures, some trinkets and a clock, marvels to the wondering savage.

Their's was no life of cloistered ease and self-indulgence. Earliest morn saw them afoot, busied in their self-appointed tasks. The black robe of the Jesuit was a familiar sight in all the Huron towns. In the evening, when their frugal meal of *sagamité* was over, and the last of their savage visitors had departed, they barred their door and gathered round their fire. There could be seen the lordly Brébeuf, a scion of that noble stem from which the English Arundels sprang; there, too, was the gentle Garnier, and others whose subsequent fortunes are recorded in the most tragic page of our annals. There the peasant and the noble, the learned and the unlearned, were united in a spiritual brotherhood, actuated by the purest zeal in their efforts to found an ideal Christian community in a land hitherto abandoned to the powers of darkness. Each relates the day's experience—his successes, failures; they discuss the all-absorbing topic—the prospects of the mission; and together they take counsel for the future. By the light of the fire they study as best they may in the stinging smoke, the intricacies of the Huron tongue. They learned to understand the Indian's mode of thinking. For the Jesuit was not dictatorial in his bearing, but soon won the savage heart by tact.

It was an anxious time, that latter end of December, 1636. Besides rumors of an onslaught of the Iroquois, the mission was in danger from the Hurons themselves. Notwithstanding their continued exhortation, converts were few. In their pious ministrations they had baptised many dying of small-pox. Soon the Indians came to regard baptism as the seal of death, and the Jesuits were denied admission to their sick, and were compelled to use strategy to accomplish their errands of mercy. It was whispered that these black-robed strangers were powerful magicians who had let loose the dreaded scourge in the land, and their mysterious lives seemed to give color to the suspicion. The fearful Indians mistook the measured chant that at sunset issued from their lodge for an incantation. Had the object of these suspicions been a native, he would have been at once put to death. But the Jesuits inspired awe, and by their undaunted front lived down the threatened danger.

Throughout all the Huron towns the winter, with the Indians usually a time of feasting, was spent this year in mourning. The ravages of the small-pox were terrible. Everywhere could be heard the drumming and the monotonous song of the "medicine man." The Indians in a panic held council with the Jesuits, how to avert the

wrath of their God. The people of Ossossané accepted the hard conditions imposed by the fathers. They abjured their mystic rites, in the eyes of the priests tinctured with sorcery, renounced their heathen customs, gave up their feasts and dances, promised to reform their lives and build a chapel, if they were delivered from the pest. On the 12th of December proclamation was made through the streets of the town that henceforth the God of the French was their God. This entire conversion overjoyed the Jesuits, who thought that at length their efforts were to be crowned with complete success. But some days thereafter a famous medicine man appeared on the scene. This foe to the mission was a hump-back, though of a people in which personal deformity was rare. Proudly boasting his demonic character, he claimed to have absolute control over the pestilence. He made a grand medicine feast, with all its attendant mummery, at which the late converts, willing to try all means of safety, assisted. Their good resolutions were forgotten in the orgies that followed.

Such were the events that were discussed in sadness of heart by the good fathers round the fire in their smoky mission-house, on that Christmas night. Meanwhile a gale of wind roared through the adjacent forest. Every now and again, above the din was heard the loud report of some huge bole riven by the frost, and the crash of some giant pine overwhelmed by the fury of the storm. To the Jesuits, whose minds were strained to the highest pitch of religious exaltation, it seemed the horrid jubilancy of evil spirits delighted at their discomfiture.

W. H. HUNTER.

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#### A MEMORY OF THE SEA.

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A clear spring morning on the shore;  
The scent of sea air fresh and strong;  
A stretch of shingle wide and long;  
The town behind, the breeze before.

The warm sand decked with the bright shells  
That glisten in their yellow bed;  
The sea gull with his white wings spread,  
Or, folded, brooding on the swells

That come with flood of morning tide.  
Beyond, the breaking waves return  
The glint of sunlight as they spurn  
The sand and shells and backward glide.

Like silver serpents they, in sport;  
Or meteors in a moonlit sky;  
Or lightning leaping up on high,  
Before the clouds are grim and swart.

The memory of it lingers yet—  
The steady plash upon the beach;  
And out as far as eye can reach,  
The fishing-boats with broad sails set.

PRO GREGE.

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#### THE LOSS OF THE "UNDINE."

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Towards the close of a Saturday afternoon, several years since, there ran out of Toronto bay a tidy and trim little vessel. Her crew, four in number, in sailor garb as neat and trim as the craft beneath them, lounged in different postures of laziness about the deck as they listlessly awaited the pleasure of a still more listless breeze to carry them out into the open water of the lake. One week from the following Sunday, any early morning frequenter of the docks might have seen, slowly wending its way eastward along the bay front, the same vessel's dingy containing two of the individuals who a week previously had graced her deck.



The happenings, and as our title shows the calamities, of the eight intervening days, form the subject of the following sketch :

Conceived, I remember, in the south reading-room, for we were all of us college men at the time, our plan had been to utilize the two weeks or so, which having passed, would bring upon us the first of October with its attendant college opening, in making a short yatching cruise. A suggestion that we should run down the south shore from Hamilton eastward, and inspect the peach orchards of that district, met with such general approval as to be at once adopted.

Our party consisted of the captain—the virtual owner of the yacht, a large roomy centre board sloop, B—, S—, and myself.

With innumerable commissions in the fruit line, with a well-stocked larder, and an unlimited supply of smoker's sundries, and with a devil-may-care feeling possessing us, akin to that which I fancy pervaded the buccaneers of olden time, our start was made.

The first night and day out proved little interesting. Yachting with the prevalence of a constant calm scarcely ever brings with it anything worthy of record. It is a period when the indolence of the wind inspires a similar indolence in those who await its return to full life. It is a period during which a lover of the 'weed' indulges himself to the full, and tobacco smoke covers everything; when stories pointless and endless seem to find their way to the surface; when six meals a day take the place of three. A contrast, assuredly, to the time, when with your vessel's head a few points off from a rattling breeze, with a motion like that of a spirited horse with the bit firmly fixed between its teeth, she buries her nose in the hissing water and dashes on.

Every possible source of amusement we investigated and quickly turned from one to another. Frequent trips ashore were made, and every now and then, the dingy would be swung loose and, laden with a commission of enquiry, head off to inspect some likely-looking orchard, and be back again with a full report before the yacht had crawled past it.

Our tortoise-like pace brought us late in the afternoon of the first day out, abreast of Burlington pier. Whether to run across to Hamilton, or continue our course down the southern shore, was a question on which the crew divided evenly. Had the former been acted on the reader would have been spared this story, but, alas for us, a breeze, which seemed to spring up and freshen as we argued, decided for the latter.

That decision settled our fate. Towards the close of the night, the dusk of which was just coming over us, our little craft was driven ashore some eight or nine miles east of Burlington pier.

An hour's run and darkness came. It had turned moderately calm and the wind had given way to a pelting rainstorm. Running in to within some hundred yards of shore, we dropped anchor, and, having made everything snug above, went below. The close atmosphere of the cabin, in addition to our having spent the previous night with open eyes, soon reduced us all to a state of drowsiness, and it was not long before I myself was away off into dreamland. Nothing troubled the even tenor of my way until a hand roughly shook me, and the words: "For God's sake get up, the yacht is going ashore," rang in my ears. I looked round, the cabin was empty. In an instant I was on deck. The picture that presented itself I shall never forget. Inky darkness was over everything. The wind, blowing a small tornado, was driving before it the scattered sections of the night's rainstorm. Close behind us was the cliff. Thickly covered with enormous trees it appeared to tower a hundred feet above us, a huge black wall. Seaward the prospect was little better. Breaking over our bow, kept low by the anchor chain, the whole lake seemed to be pouring itself in on us. People talk of the "roll of Atlantic's blue ocean," but old Lake Ontario, when it feels inclined, can do quite sufficient rolling for me. Such an inclination actuated it on this occasion.

It did not take long to convince me that our chances of saving the yacht were small. A few yards more and we would have been

dashed against the cliff. Perhaps we should have kept cool. We did not. We became at once four of the most excited men this little world at that moment contained. Our first action was to spoil even our slim chances of escape, by doing, as people generally do in such cases, exactly what we ought not to have done. We had our anchor up before our sail. We hoisted our foresail instead of our mainsail. In about half a minute we had pretty decidedly settled that yacht's fate. Even yet there seemed a loophole of escape. The sail filled and we moved. It was of no use. Our dingy, swamped and full behind us, was holding us like an anchor. We quickly cut her loose, but it was too late. Our last chance disappeared while we did it. We bounded madly on some rods farther and then a grating noise sounded for me the *Undine's* deathknell. Some distance off the dingy, hammering away against the cliff, claimed my attention. Climbing along the edge of the cliff, I soon had the culprit back and safely deposited on deck. Meanwhile the yacht had firmly settled in the sand with her side against the bank, with its whole force the water was breaking over her.

We had now for the first time an opportunity of surveying our position. Soaked from head to foot we stood there. Not a word escaped us. Silence only was of sufficient power to express our feelings. The tops of our masts we could see just met the overreaching top of the cliff. Clambering up by this means, we soon were on *terra firma*. A half hour spent in doleful silence, and day broke on our calamities.

In a short time after daybreak we had nearly everything landed and the yacht made fast to the cliff to prevent her dashing herself to pieces against it. The drizzling rain soon cleared away and the sun came out. With it our spirits rose. A broad grin by turn overspread each countenance. One man uttered a word or two and the others soon followed. A philosophic resignation came over us. The milk had been spilt, why bemoan its loss? This spirit soon prevailed and no jollier ship-wrecked crew ever was than ours.

Our landing place proved to be a thick grove. Here with our sail cloth we erected a palatial residence, and here with every species of devilment and merriment, that human invention could devise, we passed the next four days.

Our first day on shore was passed in impatiently watching the falling of the sea, which had all day beat mercilessly on the little craft at the foot of the cliff, and maturing our plans for her rescue. Towards nightfall, the wind having moderated a little, we obtained the assistance of some friendly farmers, transported the best part of a rail fence to the scene of action, and commenced operations. A half-hour's hard work floated her, sail was hoisted, with the idea of running down the shore to an opening in the bank into which we purposed hauling her. But in this, to put it mildly, we were disappointed. A hundred yards from shore she filled and capsized. The captain, who declared that his swim ashore in heavy rubber boots had come close to providing him with a watery grave, now gave forth his dictum: the yacht was doomed. This second misfortune was in many ways more disastrous than the first. Many things which had been left on board were lost in the capsizing. Our anchor we found had gone by the board, as well as our foresail, which had lain loose on deck. On the second day, aided by our farmer friends with their horses, another and more successful attempt was made, which ended in the depositing of the battered hull in a neighbouring gully. A Hamilton boat-builder's opinion was next evoked. It coincided with our own; the yacht was done for. We stripped her of everything of value, which we expressed to Toronto, and, tired in body and mind, betook ourselves to the solace of our camp.

Over the rest of our life ashore—with its nights of song and revel round a glorious campfire, with our various commercial dealings with our neighbours, among which the disposing of our yacht's ballast to an old skinflint of an ironmonger, stands out in my memory as I think of them, and with its midnight marauding expeditions to surrounding peach plantations, want of space compels me to pass.



Towards evening, on one of the closing days of the week, with a sad and sorrowful parting look at the demasted and battered hull of the *Undine*, and with another of regret around our camping place, we loaded our dingy and commenced our homeward journey.

A sharp look-out along the shore for the several articles that had parted company with us in the yacht's second catastrophe, was soon rewarded by our seeing, half buried in the sand, our yacht's ensign. A vigorous system of excavation revealed the fact that it still maintained its connection with the sail, sunk a foot below the surface. Observations taken as we dug decided us on camping for the night on our landing-place. While the others of us, with the assistance of a snake fence that stood near, arranged the rescued canvass, with the double purpose of drying it and affording ourselves a prospective shelter from the shower which the sky seemed to threaten, S— set out to inspect our surroundings. In a short time he returned. In his hand was a well-filled milk-pail, on his face a smile expressive of more than usual satisfaction. The former, a farm house not far off, and our acquaintance with S—'s seductive charms explained. An explanation of the latter our enquiries soon elicited.

"It's no farmhouse at all," said he, "but some swell's country residence. I saw him myself. Had quite a talk. I've got an invitation to go up and spend the evening there, and permission for you fellows to domicile yourselves in the old vacant homestead on the corner."

Thankful for small mercies, we quickly transported ourselves and our baggage thither. Our shelter was a roomy log-house, the remains, we afterwards learned, of U. E. Loyalist times. Supper, served on the floor of the largest room, was followed by a jubilee celebration in the shape of a rollicking dance, which to the long departed inhabitants, had they been gazing on us through the clouds of dust that came from ceiling, walls, and floor, would have seemed a base desecration.

Our superfluous energy worked off, all our thoughts were concentrated on S—'s visit. Naturally we might have been expected to be somewhat jealous of the honor done him. But it was not so. For to us he was our representative, our deputy. It was not S—, but the compounded essence of the four of us that was to make the visit. To attire him in a way that would reflect the greatest amount of credit on our combined individuality was our supreme effort. The nether garments which he himself wore were, after careful investigation, declared the best the combination could produce. A coat and vest belonging to myself were selected as the most suitable in point of color and preservation. In these our deputy was accordingly attired. A further conning over of our goods and chattels produced a satisfactory tie and other *et ceteras*. Fully equipped, our representative was ordered to parade for inspection. General approval of his "get up" having been expressed, and B—'s chronometer, in my vest pocket, on S—, declaring it to be eight o'clock, we despatched him on his way, with a shower of parting sallies.

We had lit our pipes and, seated in the form of a triangular figure on the least dusty part of the floor, were preparing to enjoy a quiet evening and await S—'s return, when he burst in upon us.

"I've been sent back to fetch up the whole o' ye," was his salutation.

Here indeed was a fix. An invitation, and positively 'nothing to wear.' S— stoutly protested that he would carry back no message of refusal. I immediately put in a claim for a portion at least of the company's finery. But not an article would our representative give up. During our altercation the other two had quietly possessed themselves of the respectable portion of the remainder of our wardrobe. It was now three to one against me. Vigorously protesting against the injustice of such a division I was quickly shut up, covered up, and dragged along.

Lest I should become too personal, I will draw a veil over the rest of the evening. Suffice it to say that our host's sex did not

prevail in the household, and that perhaps the best remembered night of our entire outing was that which we spent there.

Early the next morning we launched the dingy and crossed to Port Nelson, a few miles east of the Beach. From here B— and S— took the train to Toronto, and the captain and myself continued on by water, arriving home in the desolate manner described. Many an interesting incident of the latter part of our trip is fresh in my memory, but already I fear I have consumed the reader's patience, if indeed he has followed me thus far.

We have grown wiser since. We never anchor now on a lee shore with a thirty foot cliff behind us. No longer does the charm of plundering a peach orchard prompt us to bid defiance to the gales of September. But though our experience cost us dearly, we none of us regret, as we talk over its pleasures and excitements, the autumn week long since past and gone, which chronicles the wreck of the *Undine*.

A word more and my yarn is done. One afternoon in the following summer S— and myself were sailing again on this part of the lake. With a natural desire to gaze once again on the well-remembered spot, we drew in close to land as we passed. The place where we had first gone ashore we picked out with little difficulty. The dents in the overhanging cliff, made by the beating of the masts against it, were still there. Further on we passed our former friends gazing with their arms resting on their rakes. Farther still the gully where we had left the remains of the wreck. But not a splinter of it was to be seen. Landing further down, we met with an old gentleman, whose afternoon siesta our arrival had disturbed. The conversation turning on sailing, he invited us to look at his yawl in the boathouse close by. Forward in her bottom lay the *Undine's* anchor and chain. Not a word did we say. He told us how it had been found in the lake by some farmers, and how he had bought it. He told us, too, of our shipwreck. In stolid silence we stood there, and with faces as solemn as a sexton's listened to a distorted though in many ways a correct account of an event with which we were ourselves tolerably familiar. But a sly wink passed between us when the old gentleman wound up his description with a remark, uttered with a knowing twinkle in his eye, which implied a doubt, more than shadowy, in the perfect sobriety of the stranded quartette.

W. H. IRVING.

### THE ABBEY LIGHT.

The abbey stood on a beetling cliff,  
A cliff whose feet were washed by the sea ;  
The stars shone down on the abbey roof,  
And the light of the abbey sang quietly  
From its golden cup in the darkling sea  
Where the light and the stars reflected lay ;  
The light of the abbey sang quietly ;

"I come from the house of the men of God,  
Down to the depths of this restless sea."  
"We come from the house of the God of men,"  
The stars sang in sweet harmony  
From their golden cups in the darkling sea  
Where the stars and the light reflected lay ;  
The stars sang in sweet harmony.

From the golden lips of the golden cups,—  
In the sea where they all danced merrily—  
Of the heavenly stars, and the abbey light,  
A sailor song rose rev'rently,  
And the golden cups in the darkling sea,  
Where the light and the stars reflected lay,  
All sang to their God in sweet harmony.

Winnipeg, Dec. 1885.

F. C. WADE.



## FAIR VISION AND BRUTAL FACT.

Floating idly in a skiff one evening, I looked out westward over the level floor of water to where it met a wall of blue with saffron base. And it seemed, as fancy touched my sight, that there, for the sun, stood an opened door into a paradise of light—light celestial, pure and holy—home of happy spirits cleansed of all grossness, and living in harmony and love. 'Twas a blessed, blessed vision of the world that might be. And oh, the heart warmth in those rays streaming through the heavenly portal! Oh, the rush of freedom and strength that came with that glimpse of a larger and purer life! brief spasm, it seemed, of slumbering energy divine.

But a cry broke harshly in—a laugh wild and wierd—and the vision and its glory had vanished. And in its stead this was the sight: On the shore near by stood an asylum for insane, and through one of the grated windows of the vast prison a poor madman was stretching out his arms and shouting in his strange frenzy. From other windows peeped a few faces of that sad gathering of shattered reasons. But it seemed as if the one maniac shouted for them all, and in his cry mingled a mockery and despair that chilled to the marrow. Have you ever known the blank bewilderment of a mind lost in black despair? Were you ever as one whose one friendly light had gone out at night on the moor?

Further along to the right stood a penitentiary. How ever forget that sullen procession that passed me one evening to enter the great iron gates!—that negro giant who glared upon me with the unreasonable rage of a beast till I sickened at the horrible perfectness of his ruin? Those massive, cold stone walls forever building, forever reaching outward like the murderous arms of a devil-fish to kill our social virtue.

Still further along to the right stood a factory—saddest of all in its savage unreason—a factory where little children worked, stifled, and were soul-starved. One child I often saw looking wistfully out from amidst the noisy whirl of spindles, wheels and shafting. The delicately oval face, the dark eyes and dark luxuriance of hair were maddening to see in that setting of dreary toil. I remember looking in anger and desperation up to the serene sky and tranquil clouds, over the rippling lake and pleasant islands and all the peaceful glory of an autumn landscape, to find somewhere the reason and explanation of it all.

From my skiff I could see that the asylum, the penitentiary and the factory stood out upon a dull background, which to describe would entail the long, weary catalogue of commonplace sorrow and sin—small loves, shall hates, small ambitions, selfishness of the favoured few, hopeless drudgery of the masses, darkness of night lit only here and there by fitful gleams of noble purpose, flashes of a longing and a striving for better things.

Which, then, is true—the fair vision or the brutal fact? Upon which are we to fix our faith? In the strange double reality of the fact itself I've found the answer. Those fitful gleams and those flashes are real, and the light they shed is the same that streamed through the heavenly portal. And now when I dream of a happier world, where men shall work together like brothers, and love shall girdle the earth with generous deeds, though blind prophets of despair see naught but the darkness of night and wail their lamentations, still in the flickering light of love's deeds around me, I know the night to be a lie and slander and the dream to be supremely true.

Kingston.

R. BALMER.

## AUTUMN'S LAMENT.

Summer's dead and	Of the cold earth,
Autumn weepeth	All the scented
From her limbs	Sweetness sleepeth:
Her garb is rent;	Autumn need
In the bosom	No more lament.

For the spring,  
The thousand-throated,  
Soon will sing  
With merriment;  
And the olden  
Spirit-fragrance  
That, in air, so  
Softly floated,  
Will arise from  
Earth's warm bosom,  
Be with bird-song  
Sweetly blent.

And the meek and  
Mild-eyed cattle,

Sleeping in the  
Summer sun;  
And the shouting  
And the prattle  
Of the happy  
Children homing;  
And the tired,  
Contented workman,  
After his day's  
Work is done:  
Cease thy weeping,  
Summer cometh  
After churlish  
Winter's gone,

J. H. BURNHAM.

## A TRIP TO THE NORTH SHORE.

It chanced that a friend and myself spent part of our summer vacation in the islands along the north shore of Lake Huron. We had talked a good deal of an expedition to the La Cloche Mountains, which were a perpetual presence on the northern horizon, and now we were going there.

This resolution was arrived at in the little village of Shaftesbury, on Manitoulin. A party of five was organized, and the yacht *Manitou*, famous in all those waters, was chartered for the trip. The youthful postmaster of the village was in command of the yacht and the expedition, and was forthwith designated "Captain." Years before, he and I had gone to school together, and in our little trips in an old boat on the village pond he had doubtless acquired considerable skill in nautical affairs. The young man from Knox College, who was in charge of the Presbyterian mission station at this port, went with us. The Missionary was characterized by a far-away look in his mild brown eyes and a most unclerical straw hat. A solemn-looking Pedagogue and two worthy mechanics, friends of the captain, made up the party.

So, being fitted out with tent and stores, we made an early start one morning, and in a strong fair wind the *Manitou* went flying through the islands and across the channel. By this time the wind had increased to a gale, blowing directly upon an open and rocky shore, and we had much ado to keep our boat from drifting upon it. There are people who would have laughed to see the soulful-eyed Missionary and the dignified Pedagogue vigorously poking away at the rocks with their long oars to prevent the *Manitou* from breaking to pieces upon them. After beating about for a time, vainly trying to effect a landing, the Captain discovered a quiet and cosy little bay further down the coast, and soon we were safely anchored in it.

After lunch we started up the mountains which here come down to the shore. In this locality they do not present the aspect of utter desolation which characterizes the range farther east—at least as seen from the deck of the steamer upon which we came up the lake. Near the base there are in many places considerable tracts of scrubby forest, and here and there far up the sides the eye is relieved by little patches of greenery. The least trace of soil seems to be sufficient to nourish the huckleberry bushes, which grow here in great abundance. It may be stated that the bruised and broken fruit which city grocers call huckleberries, is but a sorrowful pretence to those who have seen them in their native mountains. A cluster of these berries on the bush, with all the wild beauty of their bloom still on them, set against the dark green background of the leaves, makes a picture which an artist would love to dwell on.

It was in something after this fashion that the Pedagogue used to hold forth to us frequently while we were climbing the mountains. But we observed that he invariably concluded his æsthetic harangue by eating the cluster he had been admiring.



After much exertion, for the rocks were steep and slippery, we reached the point which from the shore we had supposed to be the top of the mountain. But there before us was a narrow plateau, and beyond, a perpendicular wall of rock rose to the height of several hundred feet.

Before beginning the ascent, we undertook the search of a suspicious looking cavern at the foot of the cliff, for a bear that we were exceedingly anxious not to find. Scarcely had we entered its sombre depths when somebody said he heard a rustling beyond us. We decided just then that a party of tourists had no use for a bear anyway, and this conclusion was acted on with considerable rapidity.

At last we discovered a place where the cliff was not quite perpendicular, and after an hour's hard climbing we stood on the summit.

To the southward there was spread out before us a vast panorama. The blue waters of the channel stretched away to the eastward and westward for forty or fifty miles. In either direction they faded away in a hazy suggestion of beauty still farther and farther beyond. Innumerable islands, green, brown, and grey, lay beneath us. Away to the southward the sky rested on the dim blue mountain ridge of Manitoulin. Nearer, the little village which we had left in the morning, scarcely visible, nestled in a little hollow by the shore. That speck of white yonder in the southern channel, from which a breath of smoke is rising, is, so the Captain tells us, the regular mail boat, the Atlantic, just leaving Shaftesbury on her upward trip.

From this scene of beauty and grandeur we at length turned to explore the wild region behind us. Dreary indeed was the prospect. Great stretches of bare rock lay near us; beyond, to the north and east and west, many small peaks rose grey and grim against the blue sky. There are few signs of soil anywhere, and all nature seems dead or dying. The stark and bare trunk of a solitary stunted pine, standing out here and there on a rocky ledge, tells only of a life that has been.

Little wonder it is that these mountains look hoary and desolate. They are the oldest in the earth. A thousand centuries have gone since these venerable peaks first emerged from the ocean, then truly all-embracing. It was the summer suns and the winter storms of the ages since that left this Laurentian range so bleak and bald.

Hidden among these dreary peaks, like a happy memory in a troubled life, we discovered a little mountain lake that charmed us beyond expression with its lonely beauty. There, too, in a tiny rocky bay into which a few inches of vegetable mould had drifted from somewhere, we found water lilies of the most exquisite grace and loveliness. The petals were far more delicate in form and colour than the flowers that feed on the grosser soil of our ponds and lagoons.

Evening was coming on as we descended to the shore. The great solemn mountains became grayer and grayer in the twilight. Slowly and silently the night sank down until primeval darkness resumed its ancient reign over the mountains and the islands beneath them.

We soon had a huge fire of driftwood blazing on the shore, and while the Captain and the crew got ready the supper, the Missionary and the Pedagogue gathered moss for us all to sleep on. We sat down to a royal repast of fish, roast partridge, and a certain ambrosial food provided by the genii of these regions. Then, having replenished the fire, we lay down on our mossy beds, silently watching the great sparks flying like fairy spirits up, up, and out into the darkness. The Pedagogue, moved by some strange influence, burst forth into song, figuratively speaking, and the Missionary joining in with his inimitable tenor, the mountains and the shore re-echoed the strains of "Litoria" and "John Brown." Presently the singing ceased, and each man wrapping himself in his blanket, we were lulled to sleep by the drowsy murmur of the fire and the soft lapping of the water upon the rocky shore.

We made another ascent of the mountains the next day in a

different direction, with varied but equally interesting experiences. Returning early in the afternoon, we struck camp, shipped our empty baskets, and were soon far out in the channel on our way back to Manitoulin.

But our eyes still linger on the mountains. Their spell is upon us, and willingly we yield ourselves to it. Distance has softened their rugged outlines, and the impression of dreariness and desolation has vanished. There they lie behind us, mysterious in their massive grandeur and sublime in their infinite repose. Forever the same, they, at least, shall endure, though men and nations and all things else change and pass away. And so we begin in some measure to understand the indefinable reverence and strong affection with which mountains are regarded by people who live near them.

But now the captain rises from the helm, the crew let slip the lines and down come the sails on the run. We have reached the little Shaftesbury pier, and our trip to the North Shore has become a pleasant memory.

A. STEVENSON.

#### GOOD-NIGHT.

How calmly, love, the day hath fled !

How soon the sun sinks down to rest ;

See how yon quivering orb doth shed

His myriad gems about the west,

And gold and rainbow-tinted shells

That fade so sweetly and are gone ;

Amid the music of far bells,

The starry night steals softly on.

The full red moon hangs o'er the pine,

The fields are veiled in misty shrouds.

The first pale star begins to shine

In beauty o'er the sapphire clouds.

Fair night, how thou dost soothe the heart

With sleep and dreams and pure delight

Give me thine hand ere I depart.

Give me thine hand, my love, good-night.

What happy hours I've spent with thee !

Too soon hath vanished this brief day,

Still do I wait and lingeringly

Like unto it must pass away.

Soon youth must die that bloometh fair,

And sadder light into thine eye

Must steal, and gray into thine hair,

And to thine heart the troubled sigh.

Thy lovely face is pure and glad,

And tender dreams thine heart-strings thrill ;

No bitter grief hath made thee sad,

Nor yearning wish thy soul doth fill

That only life and love were sure

As death and souls could never part.

From sin and shame and thought impure

God ever keep thee as thou art.

Sweeter than setting sun and bars

Of golden cloud and mellow moon

And silvery sheen of twinkling stars,

Sweeter than thoughts of faded June,

Knowing that thou art in the fold

Of innocence, and wolfish blight

Is far removed from thee, to hold

Thy lily hand and say good-night.

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**Hart and Hum.****A CHRISTMAS CAROL.**

There was a little Tutor,  
And he had a little pug  
That never did belong to him, him, him,  
But he lost the little pug  
With the very ugly mug,  
And he wept till his eyes were dim, dim, dim.

He advertised his loss  
In the *Evening Twaddlegram*,  
But he handed in the wrong address, -dress,  
-dress;  
And he told another fib,  
Said his name was on its bib,  
So, the owner of the dog who could guess,  
guess, guess?

The pug was taken in  
By a philanthropic man,  
And it curled itself up neatly on the rug, rug,  
rug.

And when "lifted" from the mat,—  
"What in thunder are you at?"—  
Remarked this lab-de-dah little pug, pug, pug.

When the dog was taken back  
By this philanthropic man,  
The owner used some language that was strong,  
strong, strong;  
And he said: "I'll prosecute  
You, you blundering galoot,  
For keeping of my little pug so long, long, long."

**MORAL.**

Whene'er you lose a dog  
This advice should followed be:  
Be sure and write your advertisement plain,  
plain, plain;  
When by others it is spurned,  
And by some kind friend returned,  
Never speak to him in language that's profane,  
-fane, -fane.

TO WHOM IT CONCERNS.—Will the writer of  
the beautiful verses, 'Blue Eyes,' which have  
been sent to us anonymously, kindly favour the  
editors of the VARSITY with his name and  
address.

The first college paper ever published in  
America was the *Dartmouth Gazette*, printed in  
the early days of this century. Daniel Web-  
ster's first literary efforts were contributions to  
this paper.

President Porter, of Yale, is engaged in su-  
pervising a revision of Webster's Dictionary.  
Several months will be required for the com-  
pletion of the work, and there will be many  
more additions than in the last revision.

Professor John Watson, at Queen's, has been  
offered and has refused the chair of Mental  
and Moral Philosophy in Cornell University.

There are now four daily college papers in  
the United States—at Cornell, Harvard, Prince-  
ton and Yale.

General Butler has intimated that he will be-  
queath his fine library to Colby University.

Among the eminent men who object to the  
prominence given to the study of Ancient Lan-  
guages is Canon Farrar, who declares his views  
on the subject in a lecture lately delivered at  
John Hopkins University.

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If a man haint got a well-balanced head I like tew see him part his hair in the middle!

Flattery is like colone water, tew be smelt ov, not swallowed.

Piety is like beans ; it seems to do best on poorsile.

Tew remove grease from a man's character, let him strike sum sudden ile.

There iz only one good substitute for the endearments of a sister, and that iz the endearments ov sum other phellow's sister.

I had rather undertaik to be 2 good doves han one decent sarpent.

A lie is like a kat—it never comes tew yeu in a strate line.

Don't mistake habits for character. The men ov the most character hav the fewest habits.

The man who iz thoroughly polite iz 2 thirds of a Christian enny how.

Mi dear boy, there are but few who kan commence at the middle ov the ladder and reach the top.

One ov the biggest mistakes made yet iz made by the man who thinks he iz temperate just becauz he puts more water in his whiskey than his neighbor does.  
—Selected from Josh Billings' Philosophy.

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The Editor would like the name of writer under pseudonym *Adanae*.

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
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
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
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
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# 139 VARSITY

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY THOUGHT AND EVENTS.

Vol. VI.

University of Toronto, Feb. 6, 1886.

No. 12.

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## THE VARSITY.

THE VARSITY is published in the University of Toronto every Saturday during the Academic Year, October to May inclusive.

The Annual Subscription, including postage, is \$2.00, payable before the end of January, and may be forwarded to THE TREASURER, J. EDMUND JONES, University College, to whom applications respecting advertisements should likewise be made.

Subscribers are requested to notify the Treasurer immediately, in writing, of any irregularity in delivery.

Copies of VARSITY may be obtained every Saturday at the Post Office Book Store, corner of Adelaide and Toronto Streets; at J. P. McKenna's, 80 Yonge Street; and at Alex. Brown's, cor. Yonge and Carlton Sts.

All communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

## Topics of the Hour.

At this juncture we desire to repeat what we have previously distinctly stated, that all our articles, by whomsoever they may be written, must stand or fall on their own merits. We do not undertake responsibility for any of them. "We invite criticism and discussion of all topics touched on by the editors, as well as on the articles of contributors or correspondents. The VARSITY is maintained simply as an organ for the free expression of University thought and opinion." But in return we must insist upon it that our correspondents refrain from the use of irrelevant and abusive personal allusions. It is a time-worn expression that abuse is not argument. We would recommend that disputants confine them-

selves to the principles advanced by a writer rather than to his personality. We regret that all of our present correspondents have not seen fit to follow this course. If there is to be a continuation of this discussion by one or two of these writers we hope that a different tone will be adopted.

As the history and characteristics of our Canadian aboriginal races will always furnish the richest background of our own national history, romance and poetry, it must be gratifying to all genuine Canadians to observe the increased interest which is being manifested in the study of Indian ethnology and philology. Among recent contributions to this subject we note a series of three papers by Dr. Daniel Wilson, which appear in the published reports of the Royal Society of Canada. The first is a general article on "Pre-Aryan American Man"; the second, a longer paper, partly philological, is entitled "The Huron-Iroquois of Canada: a typical race of American Aborigines"; the third paper is chiefly philological, and treats of language as applied to the development of the æsthetic faculty among the aboriginal races. We have received also an exceedingly interesting pamphlet, written by Mr. Horatio Hale, of Clinton, Ontario, on the language, religion, customs, and present condition of the Blackfoot tribes of North-western Canada. Mr. Hale is widely known both in America and Europe as the translator and annotator of "The Iroquois Book of Rites," which is certainly one of the most valuable contributions to aboriginal study that has appeared for many years. A full notice of this book will appear in a future number of the VARSITY.

The changes and chances of political fortune have brought Mr. Gladstone into power. The Marquis of Salisbury was turned out of office upon a side issue, just as Mr. Gladstone was, five months previously. It is very uncertain at the present time, how long the "grand old man's" supremacy will last. If, as there seems to be reason to suppose, he is in favor of Home Rule, it is very probable that an appeal to the country will ensue, and a grave crisis in the history of Great Britain will be encountered. It is almost impossible to conjecture the result of such an appeal, but there are indications that the influence of Royalty and of such moderate Liberals as Lord Hartington, G. J. Goschen, W. E. Forster, and some others will be thrown into the scale opposed to Home Rule. In any event the contest will be very bitter, and the ultimate supreme triumph of either party, at present, is as uncertain as it would be disastrous.

Mr. Gladstone's task is a difficult one. And in the present crisis he is unusually unfortunate. His lieutenant, the Marquis of Hartington is at variance with him, Sir Charles Dilke, is under a social cloud, Mr. Goschen and Mr. Forster side with Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain is envious of the Premiership, the Parnellites are treacherous, and last but by no means least, the Queen openly shows her repugnance and distrust of the liberal leader. To re-organize, re-animate, and weld together into one unanimous whole



all these conflicting elements is a task which few men but Gladstone could hope to accomplish. How far he will succeed, it will be interesting to see. Few will envy him his position.

In accordance with a requisition from a number of graduates of the University of Toronto, the executive committee of Convocation has called a meeting of that body, to be held in Moss Hall, on the evening of Friday, the 12th instant. The main object of the signers of the requisition seems to be the adoption of such measures as will secure a large increase in the number of graduate representatives upon the Senate of the University. There are two special reasons why our graduates should at once take vigorous action upon this matter. The Ontario statutes are about to be consolidated, and it would be well if such an important amendment to the University Acts could be made during the present session of the Legislature and before the consolidation takes place. In the second place, the desire of graduates for increased representation finds full justification in the fact that since the number of their representatives was last fixed, now thirteen years since, the equilibrium in the Senate, which was then established, has been very seriously disturbed by the admission of five new members representing affiliated institutions. Besides this matter of increased representation, there are other questions which we hope to see taken up by Convocation. There should be some change in the system of calling the meetings of the Senate. These meetings are now held on all imaginable and unimaginable occasions, and it is said that the notices are so imperfectly served that members of the Senate residing at a distance sometimes know nothing of the meeting until a day or two after it is over. Then, there is a very strong desire on the part of University men that more publicity should be given to the proceedings of the Senate. If it is considered injudicious to admit reporters to the meetings, there seems to be no sufficient reason why a full official report should be not given to the public through the University journal. Projects of the greatest importance to the welfare of the University have been frequently put through in such a star chamber fashion as to be known only to the prime movers (and who are they?) until the fact was accomplished. It is only a very short time since we were called upon to notice an occurrence of this kind. The African which we then declared to be concealed about the premises somewhere has not yet been discovered, and the University public are anxious to get a peep at him. These and other matters are well worthy of the serious attention of Convocation, and it is to be hoped that they will receive ample discussion.

A year since the VARSITY had occasion to call attention to the partial absence in the life about University College of one of the real elements of college life, the cultivation by means of social intercourse of the acquaintance and friendship of one's fellow students. This is something to be regretted for itself. It is to be regretted, too, for its effects, for to it, regarding it as having been the state of things for some time back, is undoubtedly attributable an existing lack of interest on the part of our University men throughout the country in their fellow University men, and a lack of interest on both sides in the institution which is the source of the relationship existing between them. We pointed out at that time the necessity, in or about the College, of proper apartments, where the men might meet during leisure hours free from restraints of lecture or reading-room. We mention these things as introductory to a proposal which certainly deserves the attention and consideration which this note would ask for it. The proposal is this: To procure for such purposes as indicated, and also for such purposes as Moss Hall at present serves, though in a very inadequate way, the old King's College building on the east side of the Park. The structure would in the interior require re-building. But the walls are good, the floor joisting is good, the timbers of the roof are

good. By far the best and more expensive portion of the building is there. In the reconstructed interior might be situated, on the ground floor, the gymnasium, a large room for general recreation purposes, and smaller rooms for the different societies. On the upper floor might be a large hall, with a smaller one at the end, these to be connected by a removable wooden partition. This hall would suffice for public debates, for public lectures, when the course is founded, and might be occasionally loaned to the University authorities for examination or Convocation purposes, and might be used also for the holding of the annual dinner. As regards expenditure, what does such a plan mean? It means an outlay of between three and four thousand dollars. Not an overwhelming amount. If in a short time the Y. M. C. A., a portion only of the student body, were able to raise almost twice the amount, surely the entire body should not quail before it. But the voluntary subscription plan we would not suggest. We believe that a properly arranged and well managed annual series of public lectures would pay for the building in a very short time. The venture might, however, be more properly made by means of a joint stock concern. Form a company, issue shares at say five dollars per share to the amount of \$4,000. Meet this yearly on the sinking fund basis or guarantee a respectable interest and redeem the stock by degrees as it became possible. A small nominal fee for general membership, an assessment on the special societies, and an annual grant from the Council equal to that at present given for the expenses of Moss Hall, would easily meet running expenses and provide for the interest. The principal might be met in the way above indicated. The scheme is not visionary, it is essentially practicable.

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## Leading Article.

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### THE DEPARTMENT OF LAW.

Propositions have from time to time been made with a view to placing our Law Department upon an efficient working basis. These propositions have generally been received with favor by all true friends of liberal education, but after being proposed and discussed and approved, they have been allowed to drop, owing, to the lack of funds which so seriously hampers our University, and prevents it in great measure from performing the proper functions of a State University for this Province.

The necessity for some organized system of legal education in this Province must be apparent to any person who takes the trouble to consider the matter.

It is true that the Law Society has prescribed a long list of books which must be read by the Law students, and upon which all candidates for admission to the Bar must pass an examination. It is equally true that the Senate has prescribed another list of books for the Law Department of the University, an examination upon which leads to a degree in Law. In the University no attempt whatever is made to give instruction in Law, while the poor attempt at instruction made under the auspices of the Law Society is wholly unworthy that body.

Our present empirical system of learning law may produce sharp lawyers, keen solicitors, and able counsel, but if it ever produces great lawyers, fitted to make judges and statesmen, it is because the individuals have in them that which will not be suppressed, and not because their budding talent has in any measure been nurtured by the system.

It is not alone the lawyer who requires a knowledge of the law; every system of liberal education should include instruction in the principles of law, just as every such system should include instruction in physiology, but it is no more necessary to include the prac-

tice of the law in such a course than it is to include the practice of medicine.

Blackstone, in opening his course of lectures to the students at Oxford, which lectures were afterwards consolidated into the well-known Commentaries on the Laws of England, gave many reasons why a knowledge of those laws was indispensable to a man of liberal education, and from among these we extract the following paragraph as having a peculiar significance at the present day :—

“Most gentlemen of considerable property at some period or other in their lives, are ambitious of representing their country in parliament, and those, who are ambitious of receiving so high a trust, would also do well to remember its nature and importance. They are not thus honorably distinguished from the rest of their fellow subjects, merely that they may privilege their persons, their estates, or their domestics ; that they may list under party banners ; may grant or withhold supplies ; may vote with or against a popular or unpopular administration ; but upon considerations far more interesting and important. They are the guardians of the English constitution, the repealers and interpreters of the English laws, delegated to watch, to check, and to avert every dangerous innovation, to propose, to adopt, and to cherish any solid and well weighed improvement ; bound by every tie of nature, of honor, and of religion, to transmit that constitution and those laws to their posterity, amended if possible, at least without any derogation. And how unbecoming must it appear in a member of the legislature, to vote for a new law, who is utterly ignorant of the old ! what kind of interpretation can he be enabled to give, who is a stranger to the text, upon which he comments ! Indeed, it is perfectly amazing that there should be no other state of life, no other occupation, art or science, in which some method of instruction is not looked upon as requisite, except only the science of legislation, the noblest and most difficult of any. Apprenticeships are held necessary to almost every art, commercial or mechanical ; a long course of reading and study must form the divine, the physician, and the practical professor of the laws ; but every man of superior fortune thinks himself *born* a legislator.”

It is at once admitted that the course of legal instruction in an ideal university would differ considerably from the course in an ideal law school established for the training of lawyers, but the course of the latter would entirely overlap the course of the former.

The suggestion is offered that the most feasible method of establishing an efficient system of legal education in this Province is to bring about a union of purpose and of forces between the University and the Law Society.

Such a scheme might properly include the establishment of a Law School to be affiliated to the University, and a Faculty of Law in the University, to be treated as one of the departments in Arts.

In such a Department instruction might properly be given in Public International Law, Civic Law, Constitutional Law, Constitutional History, the History of Law and of its Development, and Political Economy.

In such a Law School, instruction might properly be given in the Principles of Equity, the Law of Property, the Law of the Domestic Relations, Mercantile Law, the Principles of the Law of Contracts and of Torts, Private International Law and Criminal Law.

Such a Law School should be put upon the same footing with regard to the University as the Divinity and Medical Schools, which are at present affiliated to the University.

The certificate of the Law School that a student has passed its examinations should entitle that student to have his time of service under articles substantially shortened ; while a degree in Law, obtained after passing the examinations of both the Law School and the Law Department of the University, should entitle the holder of such degree to be called to the Bar without further examination and without further fees. The fees which are now paid by the Law students to the Law Society should be devoted to the expenses of

the scheme, and all financial requirements of the Law Society caused by such diversion of their present income, should be made good by assessment upon its members.

Ordinary university students having no intention of entering into law as a profession might be allowed to take advantage of a system of options in the department of law as they are now allowed to do in the other departments, and it is confidently predicted that such department would be the most popular one in the University.

We cannot more appropriately close these suggestions than by giving an extract from an address delivered by Lord Moncrieff to the Edinburgh Juridical Society :

“Themis has never been a very well-appreciated divinity by the outer world. She is supposed to be somewhat hard featured and strong-minded, and to bestow an unusual amount of benefits upon her votaries, to the exclusion of all others. But if she is looked at nearer, and by those that are admitted within the charmed circle, she is not dull and crabbed, as vain fools suppose. The science of law is, in truth, the science of living. There is nothing so minute, there is nothing so great, there is nothing so simple in the social relation of man to man, there is nothing so mighty in the relations of nation to nation, that is not ruled by her and subject to her sway. You find her influence everywhere ; at kirk and market, at births and burials, at the coronation of princes, at the funerals of paupers, her footsteps are found ; and although she may be repellant in the first aspect, still she can, on occasion, bear with becoming dignity ornaments culled from the whole pantheon of the muses. There is nothing in social, in political, in scientific life, which may not be subservient to her ritual, and tend to the pomp and the power of her culture. The student of law, therefore, ought to bring to the porch of the temple a full armory of general knowledge.”

A. H. MARSH.

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## Literature.

---

### TO MY HEART.

Love not, O heart of mine,  
For love is slighted ;  
Love, though it be divine,  
Is ill required.

Beat not with pulse so strong  
Against my breast ;  
Better for bliss to long  
Than be half-blest.

Hearts should be one—instead,  
Hands are united ;  
Tears are the oftenest shed  
When troths are plighted.

Sweeter to live, my heart,  
With love unguessed,  
Than die—alone, apart,  
When 'tis confessed.

A coal glows brightest when  
The fierce winds sigh ;  
It blushes deep—but then  
'Twill sooner die.

So Love, by Passion led  
In wanton ways,  
May glow—but soon lies dead  
In its young days.



Better in silence stray  
Under Hope's star;  
Than court response that may  
Thy future mar.

Always let love to thee  
Be fond desire;  
Happy art thou while free;  
Passion will tire.

"Yes," as a fetter binds,  
"No," is a blight;  
Love, fickle as the winds,  
Lasts but a night.

Love not, then, heart of mine,  
Love brings not peace;  
Why should'st thou fret and pine,  
Bound, for release?

FREDERIC B. HODGINS,

### THE WHITE STONE CANOE.

A LEGEND OF THE OTTAWAS, BY J. D. EDGAR.

Whilst students and scholars of America are busy poring over Latin and Greek mythology, the great field of Indian life and legend is left almost unexplored. Yet nowhere can the student find in the byways of history such delightful pastures. Here are legends replete with noble thoughts, heroism, and virtue, embodying poetic fancy of the highest and most adventurous flight. Religious ceremonies which refer to things unseen with a directness which shows how bold are the conceptions of the imaginative. Religious thoughts marvellously pure—purer than Homer ascribes to Hector or Achilles—but still quaintly mixed with gross ideas.

The old notion that the American Indian is and has always been an untutored savage, rapidly gives way before a calm inquiry into the history and legends of this strange people.

Schoolcraft has collected a number of their floating stories, many of which Longfellow immortalized in his "Hiawatha." The legend of "The White Stone Canoe" he did not use, except by borrowing from it a picture, where Chibiabos

"In the Stone Canoe was carried  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the Land of ghosts and shadows."

Mr. J. D. Edgar, in a little work recently published (the Toronto News Co.), has woven this interesting legend into verse. The metre used is that adopted by Longfellow from the Scandinavian, a metre which seems especially suited to hold in custody the breathings and workings alike of the roving Norseman and the wandering Indian. It savours of free limbs and boundless sward, and is instinct with the odour of the bush and the message of the wild boundings of unfettered waters. Muskoka is the scene of the legend, and the people are the Dacotahs.

The story is simple. An Indian maiden dies on the day appointed for her marriage. Her disconsolate lover, determined to find her, journeys in quest of the Spirit Land. Tradition bids him look southward. He finds the place, being directed thither by an aged man, who bids him leave his body behind, ere he enters the Shadow Land. At the edge of the Stormy Lake, whose waters he must needs cross to reach the Happy Island, his lost bride gains him, and they paddle across in safety in canoes of dazzling white stone. A short sojourn, then he is sent back to train his people for the future life.

In the interests of Canadian literature it is well that we take notice of that which a writer deems worthy of the publisher's art, and in criticism to remember that it is a duty to find virtues, if there are any, as well as to point out defects, should they exist.

Throughout the poem there are quiet touches which mark a studied observance of nature. In the passage, for instance, where the rabbit

"Paused, and full of timid wonder  
Fixed its two soft eyes upon him."

Again, where Abeka discovered the southward direction,

"For the topmost boughs of hemlock  
Bent before the fierce north-west wind."

The line,

"None applauded at their boasting"

Portrays Indian character graphically. The lines on Iagoo in Hiawatha contain the same idea, the Indian's love of boasting and of the plaudits of his hearers.

Speaking of the forest "all its charms and all its secrets" conveys a deep meaning, and sends a flood of thoughts and memories into the soul of the man who can converse with the "quiet spirit in these woods." The lines referring to the souls crossing the stormy lake contain a good thought, whose only fault is, that it is not Indian. The Indian's great spirit is not one to whom he is responsible for a life spent, but rather one who is willing at all times to help if he is able and only surrenders his charge when compelled to do so by adverse fates. Some of the psychological thoughts interwoven, although beautiful, are too advanced and are really not Indian, any more than the thoughts in the Light of Asia are of Buddha. But Longfellow has erred in the same and Mr. Edgar may be pardoned.

A few unconscious imitations of Hiawatha are noticeable which it would have been well to avoid.

Throughout, the poem is graceful and the lines harmonious and the author may be congratulated on his contribution to Canadian verse.

E. C. ACHESON.

### HELLAS.

Jam annis novum aureis  
Nos juvat sæculum;  
Ut anguis, Terra hiemis  
Desquamat vinculum;  
Sub sole puro, ut somnii,  
Fugit imago imperi!

Præstantior Hellas tollit montes  
Mare intra placidum;  
Et Peneus alter volvit fontes  
Juxta Luciferum.  
Quam Tempe magis virides  
Æstate rident Cyclades.

Nunc secat Argo pelagum  
Mercede ditior;  
Nunc cantat Orpheus iterum,  
Flet, amat, moritur;  
Et, linquens novam Ogygiam,  
Ulysses petit Ithacam.

O moriture! mortuis  
Ne scribas Iliada;  
Nec, liber! misceas tuis  
Thebarum dramata,  
Sphynx vafrior ne vexet te  
Lethaliori ænigmate.

Urbs altera novissimo  
Athenæ temporî,  
Ut coelo Sol occiduo,  
Sp'endeat prisca vi,  
Datura, id quod Pater dat,  
Omne quod terra occupat.

Saturnus regnum referet  
Resurgens aureum,  
Arasque Divom destruet  
Priorum omnium :  
Hic colitur non victimis,  
Sed floribus et lacrimis.

Heu ! Musa, mortem desinas  
Mortali canere !  
O fuge, scire est nefas,  
Sic fata quærere !  
Mundus defessus, clade satur,  
Quiescat nunc, vel moriatur !

WM. H. C. KERR.

## A BALLAD OF BURDENS.

*"I remember, when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness."* —KING JOHN.

The burden of all Freshmen. Sweet is their spring.  
As rain and wind among the tender trees,  
Taking no thought of sorrows gathering,  
Till they stand in a mist of miseries.  
The haze of Autumn shall come upon all these,  
They shall be clothed with grief as their attire ;  
Them the woe of Ixion's vault shall seize ;  
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of the Sophomore. Woe is me,  
The hours fly out beyond the reach of hands,  
And nought is won from them before they flee,  
Save weeds that summer scatters in waste lands,  
Where no seed is, nor any garner stands !  
And ever, through many a misty wreath and spire  
Woven of smoke, Time's glass lets fall the sands ;  
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of fair maidens. Let us go,  
Let us go hence, my songs she will not bear ;  
Let us rise up and part now, lest they know ;  
Lest the *Recluses* know, hath she great fear.  
Yea, though we sang as angels in her ear,  
Unto her love we may not now come nigher,—  
And all the world is bitter as a tear ;  
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of the Junior. In Autumn days  
He smoketh and sedately drinketh beer,  
And Dignity goeth with him in all his ways,  
Seeming at all his words to say "Hear ! Hear !"   
Yet doth his world-worn wisdom lose its cheer,  
And all for love to rhyme he doth aspire,  
And all for love he turneth sonneteer ;  
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of much Swinburne. Woe begone,  
With fleshly fever and amorous malady,  
Of wind-tossed hair, "sweet faced, wild eyed and wan"—  
He raveth in his sonnet melodiously ;  
Of clinging, thrilling kisses raveth he,  
Of soft, sweet eye-lids tremulous like fire ;  
He sends his sonnet to the VARSITY,—  
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of being a Senior. Thou shalt fear  
Waking, and sleeping mourn upon thy bed ;  
For thou shalt feel, as the Exams. draw near,  
Thy fourth year work as coals upon thy head.  
With weary days shalt thou be clothed and fed ;  
Translations shall be read to thee for hire,

Till thou cry out "Would God that I were dead !"   
This is the end of every man's desire.

L'ENVOY.

Princes, and ye whom my ballad wearieih,  
Here shall I make an end, before ye tire ;  
For life is short—and after life is death.  
This is the end of every man's desire.

W. J. H.

## University and College News.

## MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

The regular meeting of the above Society was held on Tuesday night. The President, J. M. Clark, occupied the chair. After the ordinary routine business a lengthy discussion ensued on the report of the committee appointed at the last meeting to consider the advisability of conferring a medal for a paper written by an undergraduate in the Faculty of Arts, on any mathematical or physical subject ; that it be awarded annually, commencing with the present year. After some slight changes, the report was adopted, and arrangements will be made at the next meeting for the appointment of examiners.

Mr. S. A. Henderson, B.A., then read a very interesting paper on the summation of many frequently-occurring and difficult trigonometrical series. By an ingenious method he reduced these series to general forms.

Mr. L. H. Bowerman performed a number of experiments with the radiometer, explaining the molecular action of gases.

After which Messrs. Martin, Henderson, and the President solved some very difficult problems which had been handed to the Secretary.

At the next meeting of the Society Mr. Bowerman will read a paper on "Reasons why a student should pursue the physical department in his fourth year." Mr. W. J. Loudon, B.A., will present some experiments.

## HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

Last Tuesday having been chosen by the committee for the discussion of alterations in the constitution, the following changes were made :—No meeting is to exceed an hour and a half in length. Thirty minutes are to be allowed for the reading of papers. The hour of meeting is to be a quarter to five, not four o'clock as formerly. The membership fee is to be seventy-five cents.

As it was understood that Henry George is going to lecture in Canada, but not in Toronto, the corresponding secretary was instructed to find out if it would be possible to get him to lecture here under the auspices of the association. After business, Messrs. J. A. Ferguson and A. H. Gibbard read papers on the Rise of Local Institutions in England, Mr. Ferguson dealing with their Saxon origin, Mr. Gibbard with the influence of the feudal system. The subject for next Tuesday's discussion is "Competition," papers by Messrs. Russell and McNamara.

It is to be hoped that the change in the hour of meeting will enable many Modern Language men to attend.

## MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

We wish to remind readers of the VARSITY of the meeting of this Society in Moss Hall, next Monday afternoon, at four o'clock. Mrs. Browning's Life and Works are to form the subject of the meeting. Several brief essays will be read, and readings will be given by the members. Professor Hutton has kindly consented to preside, and the committee hopes the usual large attendance that favours their English meetings will be present.



## Y. M. C. A.

The regular weekly meeting was held in Moss Hall on Thursday afternoon at 5 o'clock. Mr. W. G. W. Fortune was the leader. He took for his subject Acts 26 : 28, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

Paul's question to Agrippa, "Believest thou the prophets?" shows us that one way in which the Spirit of God works is through His word. The speaker then went on to show the deadening harm that sin, when once it becomes master, acquires. We are to break away from it now, for indifference to it only strengthens its bonds. Keep in mind that "almost" is "not at all."

We have a very similar case when Paul was before Felix. Paul here showed that he was no respecter of persons. He did not fawn upon Felix after the manner of men. The truth he had to tell was too important for him to glose it over, and we see that Felix was convinced from the fact that he took no steps to punish Paul for his boldness. The unreasonableness of the man is brought out also. He had the way of life put plainly before him, he knew it was the right way, and yet he put it off till a more convenient season.

The Bishop of Algoma is to conduct the meeting next Thursday, and it is hoped the hall will be well filled.

The members of our College Y. M. C. A., and, in fact, all the students of University College, must congratulate themselves upon the evidently increasing interest taken in them by the citizens of Toronto. We take the liberal action of the ladies of Toronto in furnishing the new building of the Y. M. C. A. as a sign of awakened interest in the moral and social welfare of the students. Let us hope that this is only a beginning of a more general friendly intercourse between the citizens and ourselves. We have in this new hall a means of showing our city friends practically that we appreciate whatever kindness they may show us. It should become also a powerful medium for the diffusion of a wider and kindlier spirit of sociability and good fellowship which ought to exist in the greatest degree among the students themselves. The size and furnishing of the new hall make it suitable for holding various meetings, to the requirements of which neither Convocation Hall nor Moss Hall are adapted. It is to be hoped that the committee of management will grant the hall readily for such uses.

## PERSONALS.

William Aikenhead, who was seriously injured at a fire in this city last week, was a member of the class of '83.

W. F. W. Creelman has been confined to his residence for some days past with an attack of low fever.

D. J. G. Wishart, B. A. '82, has hung out his M. D. sign at the corner of Yonge and Ann streets, city.

Prof. Hutton entertained very pleasantly the classical men of the different years, at his residence, on Saturday evening last.

E. J. McIntyre, B. A. '83, has been appointed Modern Language Master in St. Catharines Collegiate Institute.

F. H. Sykes, B. A. '84, is Modern Language Master in Port Perry High School.

R. U. MacPherson, B. A. '83, is second scholarship man at the second intermediate law examination.

H. L. Dunn, B. A. '82, is first scholarship man at the first intermediate Law Society examination.

John McBride, M. A., has given up Richmond Hill High School and teaching, to turn his attention to medicine.

T. A. Haultain has accepted the editorship of the *Educational Weekly*, vice John E. Bryant, resigned.

E. F. Gunther, B. A. '82, stands first in the last lot of barristers and solicitors.

W. H. Blake is now a member of the legal firm of Blake & Co.

## Communications.

## A NEW CLUB.

To the Editor of the VARSITY:

SIR,—While making some necessary researches in the alcoves of the Library shortly before the vacation, I dropped into the Ladies' Common Room (of course I would not have dared to do so had it not been vacant at the time, being of a modest, not to say bashful, disposition), and the first thing that met my eye was a document not yet begrimed by the dust of years, but bearing as recent a date as 1885. I unfolded it and read, and for the benefit of my fellow undergraduates, I shall transcribe it *parola per parola*:

"RULES OF THE RECLUSE CLUB."

1. "The object of the club shall be disdain of undergraduates of the other sex.

2. "Any member of the Club seen speaking to, or walking with, any of the gentlemen undergraduates, within the College Halls, or on the lawn, or within the enclosure of the grounds, shall be subjected to the discipline of the Club as soon as any member shall have laid a complaint before the President of the Club.

3. "No member shall be allowed to walk through the Halls to take down a list of her Lectures, or for any other such purpose, unaccompanied by the Matron."

You thus see that the rules are few in number but severe, falling much more heavily, however, on some members than on others, as I understand some of them were at one time, and even yet, very much inclined to *faire la coquette*.

The most ardent spirits in the new Club are those of the higher years, those who have recently matriculated not having yet inured to the strictness of recluse life.

MUGWUMP.

[Well, Mugwump, what are you going to do about it?—ED.]

## "THE NEW PROTESTANTISM."

To the Editor of the VARSITY.

SIR,—I have not yet quite read through the last VARSITY, but write now to commend the article on "The New Protestantism," and to promise the writer as strong support as he may wish. I have long been burning with a secret fire on that very matter of the worse than uselessness of theological dogmas. In the tone of an article which I have lying by me there is not only a protest against theological inanities, but the suggestion and assertion of something more positive, far more in accord, I think, with modern science and its methods than Drummond's "Natural Law." I occasionally emerge from a notion of routine to consider what I call a "mysterious physico-moral law divine," which is an attempt to study God's will in nature's laws.

— '83.

To the Editor of the VARSITY:

SIR:—As a member of Wycliffe College Council, I desire to say a few words by way of protest against the sweeping assertions which, in the last number of the VARSITY, Mr. Stevenson makes in regard to such a Theological School as I may, in this case, represent. He says:—

"The inertia of the clerical body is the great hindrance to the march of truth in our day. Their peculiar and special education has been too largely one of error to admit of a speedy reform.

"Truth is one, but theological colleges are many. It is quite an open question whether the modern world is the better or worse for the infinite number of rival denominational institutions that cover it. . . . For the greater part it is not education but instruction which is imparted at these colleges. . . . Ordinary theological training does not develop. It contracts and narrows men. . .



"It is impossible to reach truth under the systems and methods of theological colleges."

I would multiply extracts simply for the purpose of letting them carry (as I think they do) their own refutation on their face, but I wish to reserve some space for myself.

I have had more or less intimate knowledge of the men who conduct the various theological schools. I have heard them speak on subjects which would give a fair indication of their breadth of culture and large-mindedness. I have listened to expositions of the course of study in their institutions. I have had the pleasure of knowing many of the men educated at these institutions, and I have rejoiced to know that they have reached a high standard of literary and intellectual excellence as the result of their training in the theological colleges which they had attended. Many of them are prominent in the benevolent and social movements of the day, which their large-heartedness and quickened intellects have prompted them to engage in. By these several tests of intellectual development and enlightened Christian sympathy I have formed my judgment. For the test, "by their fruits ye shall know them," can be applied to them, as well as to the individual, daily, Christian life. My experience and my convictions are, therefore, entirely at variance with those of Mr. Stevenson.

I may say, too, that whoever will read with thoughtful candor the valuable address of Rev. Dr. Sheraton at the recent re-opening of Wycliffe College, must come to the conclusion that Mr. Stevenson's sweeping censure of the teaching in that college, amongst others, is extremely unjust. I quote one or two passages from Dr. Sheraton's address. He said: "The culture of the Christian minister should be the broadest, richest, and most complete that God's Providence gives him opportunity to acquire. Gifts differ. Opportunities differ. But with all allowance for this, we want to press upon our students the keeping before them the highest possible ideal. . . . Then he who would minister to man must study man. The phenomena of mind, the history and principles of philosophy, the methods of reasoning, will engage the earnest study of the theologian. . . . The material universe is a continuous manifestation of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator. From it the theologian derives many effective demonstrations rather corroborative of his fundamental theses, and the preacher draws his aptest illustrations of spiritual truths. But there is another and more imperative reason why the claims of physical science should be impressed upon theological students. This is characteristically a scientific age; its spirit, its tendencies and its methods are all scientific. It will take nothing for granted. It will leave nothing unexplored. Doubtless we find exaggerations and perversions. . . . Nevertheless the spirit of science is a truth-loving and truth-seeking spirit. As such it is of God. It behooves every theologian to understand it, and he ought to be in sympathy with it. In fact, he would be the better to learn the lessons it teaches of accuracy, thoroughness, independence of thought and fearlessness in the pursuit of truth. . . . Most emphatically would I re-echo the desire of Charles Kingsley that the day may come 'when it will be considered necessary that every candidate for ordination should be required to have passed creditably in at least one branch of physical science, if it be only to teach him the method of sound scientific thought.'"

There is no mistaking the character of such training as these extracts illustrate and enforce. They have a true and genuine ring about them, and savour of nothing which could "contract and narrow men," as stated in the VARSITY extract.

Again, I had the pleasure of hearing a carefully prepared and interesting address on the history of the advance in theological science and knowledge by the Rev. Dr. Body, at Trinity College, last Saturday. He mentioned the various contributions to theological literature that have been lately made by eminent English and German divines as the product of the ripest scholarship and most patient research—especially those of Bishop Lightfoot.

And, from the facts which he adduced, he showed conclusively that during the last decade theological science has made as decided an advance as has physical science.

Besides, we know well that the extraordinary activity, and even restlessness, in the theological and religious world of to-day is largely the result of the broader and more liberal system of theological training which is pursued everywhere now. It indicates a wonderful advance on the old-time system. What Mr. Stevenson says may have been characteristic of the theological training of many years ago, but it certainly is by no means that of to-day.

In these remarks I desire to confine myself chiefly to the theological training in the schools of my own church. Its very liberality and extent of theological area has been often a subject of reproach by those outside of her pale, but by her sons it is regarded as one of her chief excellences, as it gives a wider range to her theological studies and scholarship.

The very establishment of two recognized Church of England theological colleges in Toronto is an evidence of the extensive area occupied by the various schools of thought which exist in that Church. It not only demonstrates a wide divergence in that religious thought, but it also shows what a wide space is allowable between the two "schools of thought" represented by Trinity and Wycliffe. I need only mention the names of Liddon and Ryle, Knox-Little and Payne Smith, Temple and Tait, Farrar and Fraser, Benson and Bickersteth, Lightfoot and Harold-Brown, Arnold and Alford, Stanley and Ellicott, to show that a theological training which has produced men so eminent and so widely differing from each other in theological views cannot be justly characterized as either "narrow" or "full of error."

It was to maintain the undeniable and historical right of one of the "schools of thought" in the Church of England in this Province to a college (such as Wycliffe) that its friends battled for years in the Diocesan Synod; and it was to assert the prerogative of the Church in that respect that Trinity College was founded by Bishop Strachan. The relations of both may, and should, be of the most friendly character, for each has its own appropriate work to do, which neither can do so well for the other. Even together they can scarcely supply the demand for well trained and devoted ministers. It may still be said, with renewed emphasis—the fields are white unto the harvest, but as yet the labourers are few.

Believe me, very sincerely yours,

Toronto, Feb., 1886.

J. GEORGE HODGINS.

#### *To the Editor of the VARSITY :*

SIR,—In the issue of the VARSITY for January 30th there appears an article on "The New Protestantism." The position taken in the article is, briefly, that in our day men have revolted against the bondage too long imposed on them by ecclesiastical corporations, in regard to the matter of their beliefs. Men now sit in judgment on the creeds of their ancestors, rejecting what is false while they hold fast what is true. Thus progress is being made in truth and in the better living to which truth received and acted upon gives rise. But this march of truth is opposed and hindered by the inertia of one class—the clerical body. The position of the clergy is mainly the result of their faulty education. They are not educated, but instructed, and this instruction is not in truth absolute, but in truth relative to certain isms and ologies. It is impossible for theological students to reach absolute truth, because in regard to the received doctrines the case is prejudged. Students for admission virtually affirm a belief already formed concerning the very things they should come to investigate. They agree to believe what they are told to believe.

We have in this article a curious mixture of commonplaceness and falsity. That the age is a critical one, none will deny. It is true that the men of to-day claim the right to reach their own conclusions as to what should be held fast and what rejected. But it is not true that the clergy and theological students of the Protestant



churches at least, stand in a different position from this, as regards truth and their acceptance of it. That students for admission to the theological colleges virtually affirm a belief already formed concerning the things they should come to investigate, that they surrender their intellectual freedom and their right of individual judgment, that they agree to believe what they are told to believe, is simply false. They do affirm their faith in that Christ whose life, Mr. Stevenson tells us, needs no apology. Beyond this they affirm nothing. They may have formed their beliefs on many matters, on what they conceive to be sufficient evidence. Every one who is not an imbecile does this. But they enter the theological hall that they may investigate the claim of the Bible to be a divine revelation. If they find it to be such, they seek to formulate the teachings of this revelation. They do not despise the results of past study, but they review these results in the light of later knowledge and experience. At no stage do they surrender the right of individual judgment as to what is true. Mr. Stevenson knows many of the students in the theological colleges of Toronto, —some of them were classmates of his own and proved themselves no unworthy intellectual opponents. Does he dare to say, of what he knows of these men, that they would hesitate to step out of the ranks of theological students, if they found themselves being led to profess a belief in anything which judgment and conscience refused to recognise as truth?

I have only to say, further, that it is unfortunate for the success of Mr. Stevenson's views, (whose force, if they have any at all, lies in their protest against dogmatic authority) that they should have found an advocate whose tone is one of such insolent superiority and unreasoning, self-confident infallibility.

ROBERT HADDOW.

*To the Editor of the VARSITY :*

SIR,—I do not want to let a single mail go without thanking the writer of "The New Protestantism" in your last issue. I look upon it as a timely and forcible contribution to progressive thought. It will, I suppose, raise a hubbub, but I hope and trust that it is the expression of what the vast majority of the thoughtful and intelligent young men of the country feel. For my own part, though there are one or two paragraphs I should like to discuss with the writer, I endorse the article as a whole with all my heart. A change must come. Men must find a substitute for what now takes the name of Evangelical Christianity or lose all faith in God and truth whatever. May the awakening soon come all over the land.

GRADUATE.

*To the Editor of the VARSITY :*

SIR,—Permit me a few lines in reply to the ably written though in my opinion erroneous, article in your issue of January 30th, entitled, "A New Protestantism." The study of metaphysics, I maintain, if not deeply pursued, is apt to make a man impatient of all dogmatic restraint, but if the student goes far enough there is no study which will so thoroughly disgust him with the shallowness, the utter littleness of the human intellect; and the worn out metaphysician, wearied with tracing and retracing the blind lanes of metaphysical fallacy, is glad to take refuge in the soul-satisfying fountain of knowledge which wells up from the revelation of God to man. When the study of the mind and "the pursuit of absolute truth" is begun a sort of golden haze is thrown around the human intellect. Reason is exalted. With proud self-confident step she is going to break down the battlements of Error and enter in triumph the city of Truth. What cannot be logically proved must be rejected, and, in time, despised. The charm of this seems to me to lie in the fact that it flatters the vanity. The student, in his imagination, rises superior to the tens of thousands of people around him, who are grubbing along taking things for granted. Nothing is so repugnant to him as submission to authority. He is wiser than his fathers. "He will not brook dogmatic

dictation." "He asserts the right to think for himself." He is the "heir of the wisdom of the ages and not of their ignorance and folly." He sits in judgment on the hoary generations. He thinks that truth is not the private property of Knox, McMaster, Wycliffe, St. Michael's or any other corporation or college, and forsooth he is right there, but in reality, though perhaps he would not own it to himself, he thinks that there is one person, and a rather clever person, who possesses a large share of it. The remedy for this is study. True learning is always modest. When a man thinks he knows a great deal it is *prima facie* evidence of his ignorance. "Fads" are generally the result of egotistic introspection and superficial reading.

As a matter of fact, I was very sorry to see the article in the VARSITY, and especially to see it signed by a gentleman for whose ability I have always entertained the greatest respect. Space would not permit me to give anything like a fair defence of Dogmatism. No word has been more abused, and rotten-egged by absurd associations of ideas. It has been associated with persecution and intolerance. The word itself seems to derive associations of an unpleasant nature from its apparent resemblance to something canine. But as a matter of fact dogmatism is not harsh and overbearing. We find that the mind of man, his boasted Reason, is like a drop of water in an ocean compared to the infinite mind of God. How conceited of the little drop to set itself up to say what is going on in the thousands of leagues of ocean far away, God has so made the mind of man that the best intellect is as powerless to know His great secrets, the secrets of absolute Truth, as the poorest intellect. All knowledge of eternal truth must come through revelation, and in this way the poorest intelligence will have as good a chance to get to heaven as the greatest intelligence. Here then we find that what shallow thinkers consider the weak side of dogmatism, namely, its unreasoning blind submission, is really a wise provision made by an All-wise and All-merciful Creator. I am really sorry for such wisdom that it should conflict with an authority like that of Mr. Stevenson.

It is hard to answer the charges which are rather obscurely made by the writer against Theological Colleges, because it is not easy to discern how far his condemnation of them is intended to reach. I agree with him that probably there may be some narrowness in some of the colleges owing to sectarian differences. But I believe that this is the day of progress in this respect and not one of clerical inertia as he would have us believe. The spirit of liberality and toleration is growing as rapidly among all denominations as any well-wisher of the cause of Christianity could desire. In the Protestantism of to-day there is the greatest freedom of individual choice; Protestantism in fact being based on this very freedom and having no other excuse for its existence. He says:—"Ordinary theological training does not develop. It contracts and narrows men. Students are not instructed in truth absolute, but in truth relative to certain isms and ologies." A little more thought on this subject would I am sure have induced the writer to draw his pen through it before allowing it to go to the press. He speaks as if persons could be instructed in truth absolute. All instruction must be relative, in fact he has many times I have no doubt, heard a revered professor say with Kant, that all knowledge is relative. Theological as well as all other sensible training goes on the principle, that you must creep before you walk. The study of Theology is the pursuit of absolute truth, through the channels of the much despised isms and ologies.

I understand him to say that Theological Colleges are not necessary. This is equivalent to the statement that it is not necessary to study the Bible, because if it be granted that it is necessary to study the Bible, then he must admit that it is advisable to have places fitted to train men for the study of the Bible.

I have no doubt that the clergy feel deeply grateful to Mr. Stevenson, for his kind admission that there were many noble men among their number. It was very generous of him.

Yours truly,

W. A. FROST.

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# Di-Varsities.

# THE MATCHMAKER'S EUCLID. INTRODUCTION.

The art of match-making and eldest-son hunting having been long since reduced to a science by the mammas of fashionable life, it has been thought desirable to embody the same in writing for the benefit of posterity ; and in accomplishing this task the method of Euclid has been followed, both as one which will be universally understood, and as showing more clearly than any other the connection between the successive steps of the science.

# DEFINITIONS.

1. An undesirable partner is one who has no town-house, and whose income has no magnitude.
2. A doubtful partner is a title without wealth.
3. The extremities of a ball-room are the best to flirt in.
4. A bad business is the plain inclination of two young people to one another, who meet together, but are not in the same circle.
5. When one fair maiden "sits on" another fair maiden (for "outrageous flirting") so as to make the adjacent company notice her, each of the listeners will call it jealousy, and the fair maiden who sits on the other fair maiden will be called "too particular" by them.
6. An obtuse angler is one who does not hook an eldest son.
7. An acute angler is one who does hook an eldest son.
8. A term of endearment is the extremity of a flirtation.
9. A blue-stocking is a plain figure having one decided line which is called her erudition, and is such that when forming the centre of a circle all young men will be found equally distant from that centre.
10. A figure is that which is compressed by a more or less confined boundary.
11. A good figure is that compressed within an inch of the owner's life.
12. Dull partners are such as, being drawn out ever so well in all directions, do not talk.

# POSTULATES.

Let it be granted—

1. That an eligible young man may be drawn by skilful management from any one young lady to any other young lady.
2. That an engagement for one dance may be prolonged to any number of dances by a few fibs.
3. That a visiting circle may be extended to any extent from a West-end square, and may be made to include a marquis at any distance from that square.

# AXIOMS.

1. If your daughter be married to a nobody the match is unequal
2. If your daughter be married to a duke, the match is equal.
3. Elder sons are preferable to younger sons.
4. If wealth be added to younger sons, the two are equal.
5. If wealth be taken from elder sons, the two are equal.
6. Two short lines may enclose a proposal.
7. If one young lady meet with too much attention, so as to make the inferior angels on either side of her equal to tear her eyes out ; this conduct, if continually repeated, shall at length meet with such reprobation at

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Bring B to bear on an old gentleman C, whom you know to be acquainted with D. Tell the decided fib E that you are not engaged for this dance. Then, since the decided fib E is equal to a very broad hint, if the aristocratic partner D pass by at that moment, he will be introduced.

Then with your captive D, and to the tune of the last waltz out, describe the circle of the room, and if at any point of the dance you meet the gentleman G, to whom you are really engaged, consoling himself with a new partner H, let that be the point when the dancers cut one another.

Then since it has been shown that your fine eyes B have had a great effect on the old gentleman C, much greater will be their effect on D: and with your charms A B you will have secured an aristocratic partner D. Wherefore, &c., Q. E. F.

—A. M. Heathcote, in *Longman's Magazine*.

The President and Fellows of Harvard have voted to establish a Professorship in American Archæology and Ethnology, and have elected Frederic Ward Betnoric, A.M., professor in that department.

The Providence police have been raiding the students' rooms in Brown University for the purpose of recovering stolen signs.

The Rev. Dr. Henry Norman Hudson, the well-known Shakespearian scholar, died suddenly at his home in Cambridge, Mass., on Saturday, January 15th.

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
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
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# 151 VARSITY

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY THOUGHT AND EVENTS.

Vol. VI.

University of Toronto, Feb. 13, 1886.

No. 13.

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## THE VARSITY.

THE VARSITY is published in the University of Toronto every Saturday during the Academic Year, October to May inclusive.

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## Topics of the Hour.

The eighth Monday Popular Concert took place in the Pavilion on Monday evening last, and was very fairly attended. It was most enjoyable throughout. The selections rendered by the Quartette Club were well chosen, and embraced some novelties. The *ensemble* of the club was nearly perfect. They played the first two movements from the C Minor Quartette, (op. 18; No. 4) of Beethoven; the andante and variations from the D Minor Quartette, of Schubert; the Adagio from Haydn's Quartette, (op. 76; No. 1); played here not long ago by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and "Mignon," a gavotte, by Thomas. The playing of the Schubert and Haydn numbers was almost faultless. The solo vocalist was Miss Kate Percy Douglas, who possesses a pleasing soprano voice, of light *timbre* and rather limited compass. She sang "Spring Song" (Becker), "Faithfulness" (Brahms), "In Love's Bright Joy," (Liszt), and Schubert's "Serenade," (Violoncello obligato by Herr Corell). Mme. Dory Burmeister Peter-

son, a pupil of Liszt, played "Nocturne in A flat" (Chopin), "Valse Caprice," (Rubinstein), "Rhapsodie No. 12," (Liszt), and "La Chasse" (Kullak). Mme. Peterson is a very brilliant executant, and possesses great delicacy of touch combined with most artistic taste and feeling. She delighted her audience and was encored most enthusiastically.

An animated controversy has been going on for some time among the eastern American colleges. It is the old discussion, the new learning asserting its right to equal recognition with the old. The new education is represented by Harvard, the old by Yale and Princeton. On the one hand are arrayed the champions of the ancient classics and the mathematics, on the other the advocates of the modern languages and the natural sciences. It seems to us over here in Canada that the participants in these discussions generally lose sight altogether of the great fact that for the acquisition of a true liberal education it does not matter so much what one studies as *how* he studies it. A consideration of equal importance is the mental attitude of the teacher under whom the education is acquired. By liberal education we mean discipline of the will and the intellect, and the cultivation and training of the moral and the æsthetic sensibilities. This can be done as well by the new learning as the old. Liberal education takes no cognizance of the incidental advantages which may at times be attached to one of these departments or the other. Since, then, the great results of the two kinds of learning, if properly pursued, are the same, we must admit our preference to the elective system of Harvard over the compulsory system of Yale. For Harvard gives great room for the individual and independent development of the student. But Yale seeks to mould the new generation rigidly in the ideal forms of the past, the implication always being that the past is infinitely better than the present is, or than we can hope the future to be.

The committee of the George Brown memorial fund have founded a scholarship in the University of Toronto with the balance of the fund which remained after the erection of the statue in the Queen's Park. This act was in unison with the kindly feeling which Mr. Brown always held toward our University. He looked upon it as the grand cope-stone of the great free educational system of Ontario. Forty years ago he took an active part in the agitation which led to the secularization of King's College. A powerful pamphlet on the origin and history of the College which was issued anonymously from his printing house about that time, was said to be the work of his pen. And in the attacks on Toronto University which were subsequently made by the extreme Anglican party, Mr. Brown nobly upheld the honor of the provincial institution. With the more recent movement for the higher education of women he was also in entire accord, and our University was proud to enrol the names of his daughters in her first class of women graduates. His countrymen have erected a statue in his memory, but his better monument is more lasting than bronze.



## Literature.

### A DREAM.

That old, strange dream came back again last night :  
 In sleep I felt the strong touch of the sun,  
 While near me, but in shadow, wandered one  
 Whom my soul loved. With him the chilling blight  
 Of death and bitter winds ; with me fair sight  
 Of flowering trees, and streams that swiftly run ;  
 Ah, would, I yearned, mine were the heavens dun,  
 And his this fragrant garden of delight !  
 And so it was ; but while to him the change  
 Brought blossoming boughs, and lull of tender sound,  
 For me the bitter breezes of the shade  
 Were blithe child spirits. Transformation strange !  
 I seemed to tread upon enchanted ground,  
 While round my steps the happy angels played.

A. E. W.

January 30, 1886.

### MRS. BROWNING'S LYRICS.

Mrs. Browning's philosophy of life, as revealed in her lyrics, is decidedly humanitarian. A life of isolation, exclusively devoted to self-culture and contemplation, is, in her view, incomplete, not to say selfish. She holds that the reciprocal working of life upon life is an essential condition of true being ; or, as she expresses it in one of her sonnets :—

"We cannot live, except thus mutually  
 We alternate, aware or unaware,  
 The reflex act of life."

In one of her longer lyrics, "The Poet's Vow," we find depicted the rueful effects of a resolution to "forswear man's sympathies," made by one who seeks to satisfy the wants of his human soul by solitary communion with nature. The author's comments are unequivocal. Dwelling upon the unfeeling repose which marks the brow of the stern recluse, she says :—

"The self-poised God may dwell alone  
 With inward glorying,  
 But God's chief angel waiteth for  
 A brother's voice to sing,  
 And a lonely creature of sinful nature,  
 It is an awful thing.

Mrs. Browning gives her verdict in favour of a life spent in unwearyed endeavor. Her poems certainly do not recognize the seeming hopelessness of a task as any warrantable motive for resigning it. In "A Vision of Poets," the leading argument is that the pre-eminently favoured among mortals are those whose pursuit of a worthy object has been accompanied by the chastening power of suffering. Her life fully exemplified her doctrine. She pursued her literary career with unflinching energy, supported by an enthusiastic faith in her own poetical aspirations.

A prevailing feature of her mind was the conviction that the revelations of her own inner consciousness, if fully expressed, would constitute true poetry.

A favorite theme with Mrs. Browning, and one continually arising in her verse, is that premonition of the unseen world, which visits every soul with greater or less frequency, and recalls it from a too great absorption in earthly cares. Her most philosophical poem, "A Rhapsody of Life's Progress," has a beautiful allusion to these spiritual communings :—

"We lie in the dark here, swathed doubly around  
 With our sensual relations and social conventions,

Yet are 'ware of a sight, yet are 'ware of a sound,  
 Beyond Hearing and Seeing ;  
 Are aware that a Hades rolls deep on all sides,  
 With its infinite tides  
 About and above us, until the strong arch  
 Of our life creaks and bends as if ready for falling,  
 And thro' the dim rolling, we hear the sweet calling  
 Of spirits that speak in a soft under-tongue  
 The sense of the mystical march."

Another poem, "Human Life's Mystery," dwells solely upon this theme.

When spiritual influences are earnestly sought after and left unobliterated by opposing forces, they must certainly work with greater effect upon the nature subjected to them. As Mrs. Browning's temperament and state of seclusion fitted her to be a more than usually favored recipient of these influences, it can scarcely be deemed an overweening presumption that she should consider her especial mission as a poet to lie in singing to others of the beauties which were revealed to her own consciousness ; or, as she herself puts it, to "deliver right the music of her nature." The poems which this conviction produced have the merit of recalling the world-engrossed thoughts of their readers to that higher life for which all this world's course should be a conscious preparation.

Sometimes Mrs. Browning's enthusiastic fervour of soul finds its expression in a series of spasmodic raptures clothed in language that is barely intelligible. In "The Seraphim" and "The Drama of Exile," this, and the mysticism of the frame work of both poems, are noticeable defects. Yet, in "The Drama of Exile," there are some delicately beautiful lyrical effusions. In the chorus of Eden Spirits, sung to Adam and Eve on their flight from Paradise, there are some beautiful pathetic lines alluding to those same dimly suggested ideals which Mrs. Browning loves to keep before us :—

"Harken, oh harken ! ye shall harken surely  
 For years and years  
 The noise beside you, dripping coldly, purely,  
 Of spirits' tears.  
 The yearning to a beautiful denied you  
 Shall strain your powers,  
 Ideal sweetnesses shall overglide you,  
 Resumed from ours.  
 In all your music, our pathetic minor  
 Your ears shall cross,  
 And all good gifts shall mind you of diviner,  
 With sense of loss."

It is evident that Mrs. Browning's favorite themes are those of an exalted mystical nature, yet she shows a warm, sympathetic interest in the great practical questions of life. She is an ardent champion of the universal extension of human liberty. Though not a political economist herself, she yet assisted in the preliminary work of reform by helping to rouse the feeling which precedes any beneficial change in society.

As companion piece to her appeals for the oppressed negro slaves of America, is the collection of songs wherein Mrs. Browning celebrates the patriotic contest in her adopted Italy. In both instances the one principle, Liberty, is contended for, yet the attitude and spirit are different. In advocating the cause of the American slave, Mrs. Browning dwells with emphasis on the wrong inflicted, and sends forth solemn invective against the oppressor ; in the Songs of Italy our attention is directed rather to the struggle against the wrong, and she displays a joyous participating enthusiasm in the progress and triumph of the avengers of tyranny. "The Forced Recruit," one of the most touching of Mrs. Browning's lyrics, is written in connection with this subject.

While Mrs. Browning's heart beats warmly for the weak and oppressed everywhere, her most earnest appeal is for the poor child-outcasts in England. Some political economists maintain

that a community's greatness is measured by the keenness of the competition among its members. Mrs. Browning, in her lyrics, does not attempt a formal refutation of this doctrine, but she protests emphatically against the neglect of the poor which it justifies.

"The Cry of the Children," one of the author's noblest lyrics, is an agonized protest against a more heinous wrong than neglect—actual oppression—the cruel oppression practised by unprincipled "gold-heapers" upon the child-labourers in English mines and factories. The main thought throughout the poem is the sad anomaly of nature, listless grief holding sway over innocent childhood. Care, free buoyancy, the blest privilege of youth, has never been known to these little toilers ;

"They look up with their pale and sunken faces,  
And their looks are sad to see,  
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses  
Down the cheeks of infancy."

The intoxicating delight in country sights and sounds is unknown to the weary children from whom all joyous exhilaration of spirits has been crushed out by the unceasing toil of their lives :—

"For, oh ! say the children, we are weary,  
And we cannot run or leap,  
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely  
To drop down in them and sleep."

The dizzy, ceaseless droning of the busy factory wheels expels all other sounds. Here Mrs. Browning's lines are an appeal of passionate anguish :—

"Ay ! be silent ! Let them hear each other breathing,  
For a moment mouth to mouth,  
Let them touch each other's hands in a fresh wreathing  
Of this tender human youth !  
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion  
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals.  
Let them prove their living souls against the notion  
That they live in you or under you, O Wheels !"

The circumstances of Mrs. Browning's life introduced a vein of melancholy into her poetry, especially noticeable in her first collection of sonnets. Yet the element of sorrow is neither querulous complaint nor defiant passion. A tone of gentle resignation prevails in all, and those who find their own afflictions mirrored in her verse, are comforted by the ameliorating thoughts which she unflinchingly suggests. Thus, to those who, like herself, have been stunned by the blow of bereavement, she recalls the bright hope of future reunion :

"God keeps a niche  
In heaven to hold our idols, and albeit  
He brake them to our faces, and denied  
That our close kisses should impair their white,  
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,  
The dust swept from their beauty, glorified,  
New Memnons singing in the great God-light."

E. BALMER.

#### SUMMER DAYS.

O, the bright, the summer days !  
Days of misty, golden haze !  
Gone forever.

The faint, sweet perfume of the early morn,  
The glorious noontide of a day new-born,  
The eve, the sunlight ruddy skies adorn,  
Gone forever.

The dreamy hours speed away  
As trackless as the dew of May  
In summer weather.

And drifting idly moves our boat along,  
The shadows deepen as the evening song  
Comes floating o'er the water, clear and strong,  
In summer weather.

Then slow the stroke, the rising moon  
Shines coldly over crag and ruin,  
The last farewell.

The gleaming waves just bathed in silver light,  
The oars dip in and out in plashes bright,  
The night-winds softly whisper "dear, good-night,"  
The last farewell.

#### AN UNFINISHED DREAM.

Vaguely feeling a strange unrest  
That fills my soul with sadness ;  
Wearily asking "Is life then blest  
Or cursed ?"  
"Have my days been spent for the best  
Or worst ?"  
"The measure of joy, of gladness  
Is filled," the merciless answer pressed ;  
"They are gone, the hours, in idle jest  
Dispersed."

"Alas ! I dare not think," I cried at last,  
And surging memories of a wasted past  
In silent, hopeless woe are eddying fast  
And bow my head with sorrow.  
And ever anon the sad refrain,  
"For thee there is naught but grief and pain  
And bitter tears to weep in vain  
In all life's dreary morrow."

MADGE R. ROBERTSON.

University College, Toronto.

#### THE NEW PROTESTANTISM.

In a former article on this subject, assertions were made to the effect that the great majority of professors in denominational theological colleges are biassed with regard to the doctrines they teach, that the training received by students in these colleges is in a large measure narrow and illiberal, and that no one can enter and continue in the ordinary theological profession without surrendering liberty of conscience and intellect. I shall now proceed to substantiate these statements. The evidence which I am about to submit appears to admit of but one conclusion.

In the year 1553, John Calvin had established ecclesiastical rule over the City of Geneva. Bolsec, formerly almoner of the Duchess of Ferrara, disputed Calvin's doctrine of predestination. He was forthwith banished from Geneva. Michael Servetus, a learned Spanish physician, was arrested at the instance of Calvin and burned to death for heresy. He had written a book against the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity. The MSS. of a new book *Restitutio Christianismi*, were burned with him.

After the revolution of 1688, the Westminster Confession was received as the standard of the Scottish national faith, and it was ordained by the same acts of Parliament which settled Presbyterian church government in Scotland, "that no person be admitted or continued hereafter to be a minister or preacher within this church unless he subscribe this confession of faith declaring the same to be the confession of his faith." By the Act of Union in 1707, the same is required of all professors, principals, regents, masters and others bearing office.

In the year 1730 the assembly of the Church of Scotland enacted that in future no reasons of dissent against the determinations of church judicatures should be put on record. This was an attempt



to prevent congregations from complaining of forced settlements over them of unpopular ministers, under the obnoxious Law of Patronage (1712). In 1732 the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, of Stirling, in a sermon delivered in his capacity of moderator before the synod of Stirling and Perth, denounced in impassioned language the recent legislation and the spirit of the church. As the final result of these statements he was expelled from the Church, along with three other ministers who had openly expressed their sympathy with him.

In 1841 the Rev. James Morison of Kilmarnock was deposed from the ministry of the United Secession Church for certain views which were regarded by the supreme court of his church as anti-Calvinistic and heretical. Briefly stated, Mr. Morison's heresy consisted in the assertions that "the Divine Father loves all, the Divine Saviour died for all, and the Divine Spirit strives for the salvation of all." Shortly afterwards his father, who was minister at Bathgate, and two other ministers, were deposed for similar offences. About this time also nine students were expelled from the Scottish Congregational Academy for holding "Morisonian" doctrines. Among those who took a prominent part in the prosecution of the Morisonian dissenters was the Rev. Michael Willis. It is said that a speech which he made on the question before the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, gained him a reputation for sound Calvinistic ability which shortly afterwards led to his appointment as a professor of divinity in Knox College, Toronto. He retained this position for more than twenty years.

In 1874, the Rev. David Swing was tried by the Chicago Presbytery for having taught certain views on justification, eternal punishment and other questions which were heretical and contrary to the Confession of Faith. He was acquitted by the Presbytery, but the prosecution appealed the case to the Synod, whereupon Mr. Swing withdrew from the Presbyterian body and became an Independent minister. The principal prosecutor in this case was Dr. Patton, who, it is said, is a graduate in theology of Knox College, Toronto, and since a professor in Princeton College.

In 1875 a meeting of the Presbytery of Toronto was called by the Rev. Dr. Topp, to consider a charge which had been preferred against the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, of preaching doctrines at variance with the standards of the church on the subject of everlasting punishment. The requisition which led to this meeting was signed by eleven members of the Presbytery, among whom were three professors of theology in Knox College, and a minister who has since been made the principal of a theological college in Winnipeg. The basis of the charge lay in a sermon delivered by Mr. Macdonnell, in which he had affirmed as his opinion,

"That there is ground to hope that God will eventually remove sin and suffering entirely from every part of his dominion." Mr. Macdonnell spoke in the discussion on his case, and stated that his position was one of doubt. He was ready, he said, to believe the truth of God on the doctrine in question, but he had not been able to satisfy his mind as to what the truth actually was. The case came before the Synod, and finally before the General Assembly of the Church in Canada. Among those who figured prominently in the prosecution were three members of the Faculty of Knox College, and the minister just referred to, who was virtually an extra-mural professor of that institution. Mr. Macdonnell is a graduate of Queen's College. At the suggestion of a committee which had been appointed to confer with Mr. Macdonnell, a minute was adopted by the Assembly, relating to the case, in which the following sentence occurs:—

"The doctrine of the eternity, or endless duration of the punishment of the wicked, as taught in the Confession of Faith, is a doctrine of Scripture which every minister of this Church must hold and teach—the General Assembly feels under obligation to continue its care in this matter." Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Macdonnell's doubts still existed, he was compelled to make a formal

withdrawal from his position and to state his adherence to the Confession.

In 1877 a charge of heretical teaching was made against Professor W. Robertson Smith, of the Free Church College of Aberdeen. The case came before the General Assembly and continued for five years. Principal Rainey seems to have been the chief prosecutor. The offence consisted in the fact that in certain articles in the Encyclopædia Britannica on the Bible, on "Haggai," and on the "Hebrew Language and Literature," the general method on which Professor Smith proceeded, conveyed the impression that the Bible was to be accounted for by the same laws which had determined the growth of the sacred literature of other nations. It was charged particularly, that Professor Smith's statement that the book of Deuteronomy could not have been written by Moses, contradicted the doctrine of the direct inspiration, infallible truth, and divine authority of the Scriptures. In reply Professor Smith said that he had prepared the articles with reference to a purely philological point, and he contended that it was not desirable that ministers and office-bearers should be held back from taking part in scientific labors of that kind. Professor Smith's explanation was pronounced untenable by the General Assembly, and his chair in the college of Aberdeen was declared to be vacant.

In 1877, the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, minister of the United Presbyterian congregation of Glasgow, was accused before the Presbytery of teaching doctrines contrary to the standards of the church on the questions of justification, original sin and future punishment. The Presbytery condemned his views as heretical. Mr. Ferguson appealed to the Synod. This body sustained the Presbytery on the evidence, but reserved its judgment on other points. A committee was appointed to confer with Mr. Ferguson and an "explanation" from him ended the matter.

In the year 1878 the Rev. W. C. McCune, of Cincinnati, was charged before his Presbytery with being engaged actively in promoting and co-operating with a so-called Christian Union organization, or a church having the obliterating or ignoring of denominational lines as one of its principles, and also with having taught that denominational organizations requiring the assent of ministers to fixed creeds were sinful. The Presbytery, recognizing the genuine Christian character of his daily life, acquitted him, and at his request gave him a letter of dismissal as a sound and faithful minister. The Synod, on appeal by the prosecutors, sustained the action of the Presbytery. The case was carried to the General Assembly of the United States. This body reversed the decision of the lower courts, affirming that the charges had been proved, and that the Presbytery had erred in not reprimanding Mr. McCune for his unsound statements and disloyal action.

At the meeting of the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church in Scotland in the year 1879, the Rev. David Macrae, of Gourrock, moved a declaration that "in regard to the ultimate penalty of sin the Church does not hold herself bound to the interpretation of the Westminster Confession as to what the Scriptures say on the subject." This motion was rejected, and a committee was appointed to examine Mr. Macrae. He declared his uncertainty as to the future state of the wicked, and added that they certainly do not continue to exist forever in a state of torment, as affirmed by the Confession. In accordance with the recommendation of the examining committee, Mr. Macrae was "suspended *sine die* from all ministerial functions."

In the year 1880, in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, a resolution was passed urging upon all professors in the theological seminaries of the Church the necessity of disapproving in their lectures of those religious teachers in Europe who are "disseminating doctrines calculated to undermine the authority of the Holy Scriptures," but to "denounce their heresies, and fully and emphatically insist in their instructions on the integrity, inspiration and authority of the word of God."

At the meeting of the General Assembly of the Free Church of

Scotland in 1881, the Rev. Dr. William Laughton, the new Moderator, in his opening address said :—

"There must be no compromise on the supernatural revelation of the Divine Word, and on those principles of revelation clearly and unequivocally asserted by the Confession of Faith."

In 1881 the case of the Rev. W. L. MacFarlane, of Lenzie, came before the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. It was charged that in a discourse assuming to point out in what sense the Scriptures are authoritative, Mr. MacFarlane, while not positively committing himself to their theory, had yet expounded the views of those who hold that the Bible is not true because it is authoritative, but is authoritative because and in so far as it is true. The Assembly pronounced the sermon defective in statement and blameworthy, and required Mr. MacFarlane to answer whether he regretted that his sermon had given occasion for doubts as to the soundness of his teaching, and whether he would endeavour to avoid giving occasion for offence in the future. Mr. MacFarlane gave an answer which satisfied the Assembly. He was then admonished by the moderator and the case was declared ended.

In the year 1883 we have the following deliverance from the highest ecclesiastical court of the Presbyterian Church in the United States :—

"The General Assembly feels constrained to express itself clearly and decidedly on the rationalistic treatment of the Holy Scriptures by Protestant teachers in Europe. . . . The Assembly would also remind the Presbyteries that it is incumbent upon them to see to it that appropriate constitutional action be taken, if at any time it should become manifest that any minister of our Church was promulgating contra-confessional doctrine concerning the Holy Scriptures."

The cases which I have cited in this article, it will be seen, relate entirely to the Presbyterian body. Similar cases might be adduced from the history of other denominations. As all sectarian theological colleges are created and controlled by the councils of the various denominations, it is sufficiently demonstrated by the foregoing evidence that freedom of thought and intellectual progress on religious questions are not tolerated either in the colleges or in the ministry. For the most part this is a question of intellectual prejudice and not of moral obliquity. This prejudice is the natural result of early training and associations, but it is not therefore the less reprehensible.

It only remains to be said in conclusion, that there has always been a minority in the theological professoriate as well as in the ministry who have vehemently protested against the rule of intolerance. Honorable illustrations in the case of Mr. Macdonnell, for example, were Professor McKnight, of Halifax, Professor Mowat of Queen's College, Kingston, and the Rev. G. M. Grant, who subsequently became principal of the same institution.

A. STEVENSON.

#### FROM CATULLUS.

Life and love be ours, my sweet,  
Careless we of carping age,  
Laughing at its warnings sage.  
Suns may die and rise again :  
All too soon will fade our light,  
Then come sleep and endless night.  
So a thousand kisses give,  
Then a second thousand more,  
Ever adding to the score  
Hundreds, thousands, (come my love !)  
Then, lest envy know our bliss,  
Let's forget how oft we kiss.

Ah, what more blest than cares all fled and gone,  
When now the mind has put its burden by,

And we, with toil of other lands foredone,  
Have come again to our own home at last,  
And rest upon the couch we long have sought.  
This, this alone, is meed for all the past.

R.

#### HAPPY DAY.

Linger, happy day,  
Fade not away so soon !  
So swift your sunny hours have fled  
Since glory of the noon.

Linger, golden glow,  
Brilliant in the West !  
When happy peace floods all the land  
Why haste, O Sun, to rest ?

And linger thou mine own !  
For if the day depart  
How dark for me if thou should'st take  
The sunlight from my heart !

KENNETH MCKEN.

### University and College News.

#### THE CONVERSAZIONE.

Students are requested to assist the Committee in maintaining order in the different dressing rooms this year. They should remember that some consideration and courtesy is due to their guests. They should not, therefore, crowd into the dressing rooms until their friends have been attended to. Care will be taken by the Committee to prevent a repetition of the confusion behind the scenes which occurred last year.

#### HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The regular weekly meeting was held in Moss Hall, at a quarter to five on Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Houston in the chair. Mr. N. H. Russell read a paper on "Competition." In the paper and ensuing discussion it was shewn that distribution is regulated by law, custom and competition. The influence of custom is declining, that of competition on the increase. Competition tends to preserve the equilibrium between supply and demand, both for labour and capital. Competition between nations is the same in principle as between individuals.

Four plans have been suggested by friends of labor to better the state of the laborer ; to give to each according to his wants, to give to each according to his work, to give to each according to his sacrifice, and lastly, co-operation. The first is manifestly impossible. The last is the most feasible plan ever developed as far as distribution is concerned. It has a double connection with competition. It is forced into being by the competition between labor and capital, and when established co-operative societies have to compete with independent capitalists.

There are two kinds of competition, that between members of the same trade, and that between members of different trades.

The relation of cheapness of living to competition is important. Inferior races like counterfeit coins tend to drive the better away, e.g., the French-Canadians in the Eastern States and the Chinese on the Pacific coast. Men who advocate protection as a benefit to laborers should insist on their being free from competition with "Chinese cheap labor," with the Italians and Hungarians who have been so largely imported by American manufacturers. This is the logical outcome of the protective system and should stand as long as it stands.

In Bagehot's "Principles of English Political Economy" it is



shown that the area of competition is very limited in time and space. Transferrability of labor has been greatly interfered with by English poor laws, by slavery and by caste. For ages many countries knew no law but custom. Maine proves that society advances from status to contract, from collectivism to individualism.

Next Tuesday's subject is "Money"; papers by Messrs. McMurchie and Crawford. In this connection it might be just as well to state that the membership fee is twenty-five cents, not seventy-five, as printed last week.

#### MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The last meeting of this society was taken up with a consideration of the works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Prof. Hutton presided, and gave a most interesting address on "Aurora Leigh." He remarked that the meaning of the poem was in the conflict between two forms of good—as in the Greek tragedies—Aurora Leigh, a natural girl, and Romney Leigh, the ascetic. Essays were read by Miss Robertson, on Mrs. Browning's Life, and by Miss Balmer, on Mrs. Browning's Lyrics,—the latter appears in our columns elsewhere. Readings from Mrs. Browning's works were given by Messrs Leys and Jones.

#### THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY OF THE S. P. S.

The regular meeting of the above society was held on Tuesday afternoon in the School of Practical Science, Prof. Galbraith in the chair. The routine business having been transacted, Mr. H. G. Tyrell entertained the society with an interesting description of an exploratory survey of the Battle and North Saskatchewan Rivers. The survey was made for geological as well as geographical purposes. Mr. Tyrell gave some useful hints for obtaining necessary information from Indians, and pointed out how one might exist in the North-West.

Mr. McCulloch then introduced the question of superiority between horses and cables as street car motors. He clearly demonstrated the entire cable system by means of diagrams, and pointed out the numerous advantages of the cable over the horse-car. After both sides had been heard to some extent the cable motor was voted the better of the two.

Mr. Nairn followed with a description of Toronto's sewage system and compared it with that of numerous other towns. He drew attention to the suggestion of many experienced persons for disposing of sewer gas by means of iron shafts being placed at short intervals. A discussion of the merits and demerits of this plan then arose. The society finally selected the magazines and periodicals to be subscribed for this year, and adjourned.

#### KNOX COLLEGE NOTES.

Dr. Daniel Wilson presided at the public meeting of the Literary Society held last Friday evening. The subject of debate was—"Resolved that no crime against the state should be punished by death." Dr. Wilson referred in a graceful manner to the recent affiliation of Knox with University College.

One of the students gave an oyster supper lately. He did it up 'brown,' and gave invitations to all.

A Tonic Sol-Fa class has been formed by Mr. Cringan. The members of the class think the "tonic" a good one.

The professors and students meet in conference on Saturday mornings to discuss points of interest in connection with mission work and preaching. The meetings are quite informal and are a valuable supplement to the regular course of lectures during the week.

#### Y. M. C. A.

We regret that owing to pressure on our columns the report of the Bishop of Algoma's address to the Y. M. C. A. cannot be inserted this week. It will appear in our next issue.

## Communications.

### THE NEW PROTESTANTISM.

*To the Editor of the VARSITY:*

SIR,—It is with some reluctance I enter this controversy, because of the existing intolerance in matters of religion and because I have a natural dislike of incurring the contumely of the champions of the theological colleges, whose contributions to this controversy formed a sorry contrast to the liberal and candid letter of Dr. Hodgins.

I am in hearty sympathy with Mr. Stevenson's article so appropriately entitled *The New Protestantism*. It is a forcible protest against sectarian prejudice and dogmatism.

Dr. Hodgins' article was written with his characteristic courtesy but failed to affect the point at issue. In his first paragraph he collects a number of extracts and adds that they carry their refutation on their face. This may be good rhetoric, but it is poor logic. I will refer to the first extract alone, namely, the statement that "the inertia of the clergy is the great hindrance to the march of truth."

I believe that those who attend the churches can attest the truth of that statement. Last Sunday I listened to the discourses of two shining lights of orthodoxy. One of them sneered at science because it had modified its first rough calculation of the distance of the star recently discovered in the nebula of Andromeda. He also said that scientists had been compelled to modify their researches to accord with the Bible. The other with wonderful self-complacency informed his hearers that the nebular hypothesis had been overturned in a single day, that God had created the earth teeming, that the Bible had been written during a period of twenty centuries, and solemnly advocated other antiquated notions concerning the Bible.

I might multiply the examples, but those will suffice to show the inertia, narrowness and prejudice of the clergy.

Dr. Hodgins then eulogizes their general culture and intellectual excellence, but unfortunately he omits to say anything about their theological training proper, which is the point under discussion. For my own part, I believe it is this general culture which hides the narrowness of their theology.

I admit that Principal Sheraton's address was very liberal except in its theology. Sectarianism was clearly shown in Dr. Sheraton's wish to send out men "loyal to the Church"—loyal, he said among other things, "to the history and confessions of our church," loyal "to the methods and rules of the church."

It is all very well for Principal Sheraton to talk of infusing scientific spirit into theology, but as long as the theological and the scientific attitudes are so fundamentally different, science and religion cannot be reconciled. Their methods are wholly incompatible. The theological ideal is absolute and unconditional submission to authority, and the use of reason only as far as it will endorse authority, while certain questions must on no account be rationally investigated. The scientific ideal is absolute and unconditional submission to reason and experience as far as these will go, and the utmost freedom of speculation beyond that point, while there is active and thorough investigation into all matters.

Dr. Hodgins thinks that the unusual activity in the theological and religious world is due to the broader system of theology which is pursued, but all the evidence I have obtained on this point goes to prove that it is theology that has been liberalized by its new environment, and by the wonderful development of the sciences. Farrar, Alford, Stanley, and others, are instanced as proofs of the liberal education of theological colleges. I would like to ask where such men would be now if they had never gone beyond the barricade of creeds and articles which sectarian colleges put around them?

Coming to Mr. Haddow's letter, we find him saying that



there is the fullest investigation, that the case is not prejudiced, that theological students accept nothing which reason, judgment and conscience will not sanction. There is a difference of opinion on this question, and I prefer the opinion of an arts graduate who has attended a theological college, and who says that they go there to be "fortified and not to investigate." My reasons for preferring his opinion are, in the first place, that if a fair investigation and pursuit of truth was the object of theological colleges they would all unite and pursue truth by the same methods as in other departments of learning. In the second place, I do not believe that men who have received the same education in arts and philosophy would believe religious doctrines differing so widely if the whole truth were presented to them fairly.

Coming to Mr. Frost's letter, I am surprised to find him rejecting the command, "Take nothing on authority," which he has heard so often from the professor of metaphysics, to whom he approvingly refers. His position is exactly that of the "man who takes away reason to make way for revelation, and so puts out the life of both; who does much the same as if he would persuade a man to put out his eyes the better to receive the remote light of an invisible star by telescope." Instead of inscribing on the threshold of theological colleges the "Know thyself" of the Greeks, Mr. Frost will write, "Your minds abandon ye, who enter here." He speaks as if he were ignorant of the very nature of Revelation, while one would imagine he had never heard of that modern school of criticism which, by pursuing the historical and comparative method of tracing religious conceptions, has concluded that the barrier between natural and revealed religion is a fictitious one, and that all religions, for their time and to the measure of their excellence, are divine.

Mr. Frost understands Mr. Stevenson to say that theological colleges are not necessary. That is not the position taken at all. We oppose *sectarian* theological colleges because we believe that a man enters such a college not through conviction, but because he is habituated to its forms and doctrines, and that, when he has entered it, he does not and cannot pursue the truth unprejudiced.

G. D. WILSON.

#### *To the Editor of the VARSITY:*

SIR,—In the scientific world there has been for a long time past an open revolt against Authority. To the influence which this revolt has exerted upon the religious community may in great measure be traced the larger freedom of opinion which now exists amongst professing Christians; and the broader views expressed regarding the great vexed questions of theology.

This revolt has spread; and now there seems to be a decided protest against orthodoxy. In the ordinary sense of the word, orthodoxy is taken by most people to mean an adherence to canonical usage and traditional belief, without regard to the later methods of scientific enquiry and modes of thought. By the more advanced, the term orthodoxy is regarded as a mere synonym for old-fogyism.

There can be no such thing as absolute orthodoxy whilst there are so many religious denominations, each claiming to be, or tacitly asserting their right to be called, The Orthodox Church. Most denominations regard adherence to certain doctrines and practices essential to good membership. To such communions 'good membership' practically means 'orthodoxy.' In the leading Protestant denominations the separating differences are rather those of the head than of the heart. These differences vary according to the relative importance which denominations attach to certain doctrines, and the dependence they place upon certain ceremonials and forms of church government.

Can any person be really a consistent member of any one religious communion exclusively? The inevitable answer seems to be in the negative. In the Anglican church the very existence of vari-

ous recognized "schools of thought" proves the truth of the assertion just made. To many in the Presbyterian Church the Westminster Confession is as great a stumbling-block as is the Athanasian creed to many members of the Church of England. If subscription to these be taken as an evidence of denominational orthodoxy, then there are many clergymen in both bodies who either subscribed to them with mental reservations; or who have changed their beliefs radically since they entered upon their ministry, and have thereby virtually forfeited their claim to be regarded as denominationally orthodox.

In this connection it may be well to remember that not very long ago a distinguished Presbyterian divine resident in this city was prosecuted,—nay, even persecuted—because the expression of his views on the doctrine of Eternal Punishment was not in accordance with the standards of his church. It is not needful to mention the names of his prosecutors, but the fact that more than one of them is an instructor of Presbyterian theological students seems to bear very strong evidential testimony in support of Mr. Stevenson's assertion that students are not assisted in the pursuit of absolute truth, but in truth relative to certain isms and ologies.

And this is equally true of other denominations. The existence of so many denominational theological colleges founded for the preparation of men who are being trained to teach certain opinions of religious belief—at variance with those of other communions,—appears to warrant the statement just made. Otherwise there is no meaning in the term 'denominational theological college.' For do not these colleges profess to teach denominational theology? That is their very *raison d'être*.

For one, I fail to see how the ordinary instruction in an Anglican theological college, for instance, can fail to be anything else than instruction in truth relative to Anglican theology. And who will say that Anglican theology is truth absolute? Certainly not other denominations. And at best, is not the Anglican form of church government—as well as that of any other denomination—largely a matter of practical expediency? And is not one's adherence to one's Church altogether the result of personal preference and individual choice?

Does not the average student who enters a denominational theological college, virtually give his adherence to the doctrines which the college he enters proposes to teach? He enters with the avowed intention of fitting himself to preach those doctrines—and he is perfectly sincere in his determination. Did any person ever enter a denominational theological college for the purpose simply of enquiring into the validity of the principles of the school, and of reaching the absolute truth of theological doctrines? Why does the Presbyterian student turn to Knox College rather than to Wycliffe? Is it not because previous training and association have predisposed him in favor of Presbyterianism and Presbyterian theology? And, wishing to become a minister of the Gospel, he naturally seeks that theological college which he knows will supply him with the instruction and training most in harmony with his own predilections and preferences. Besides, he is quite satisfied of the orthodoxy of Knox College; and believes that in Knox College he will receive instruction in that form of theology which he regards, and which he has been taught to regard, as the most orthodox. And this he may do with the most perfect sincerity.

After all, the question is reduced to a personal and individual matter. It rests with the student to accept or reject what doctrines he will, as they are presented to him. But by accepting the diploma of any one school he binds himself, morally, to teach the doctrines of his *alma mater*. If he does not, he is not a consistent member of his communion.

And this leads us to this conclusion, that in the present day one is forced to be an "eclectic" in his beliefs. To be honest and consistent in pursuit of truth, one must accept what is good and true in whatever communion he may find it, regardless of past predi-



lections and associations, and fearless of consequences. We must do this, of course, on our own responsibility and upon the promptings and leadings of our individual consciences. A logical following out of this doctrine has led to the revolt against authority and orthodoxy so called.

Before I close I cannot refrain from expressing my regret at the tone of the communications of Messrs. Haddow and Frost. They have introduced personalities which have no connection with the subject. They only prejudice their own case by so doing, and lower the tone of a discussion which should be carried on in a spirit of the widest liberality and utmost cordiality. Mr. Stevenson speaks for himself alone, and his arguments, not himself, should be canvassed. Upon this line the battle should be fought, and upon this understanding I trust this communication will be judged.

FREDERIC B. HODGINS.

*To the Editor of the VARSITY :*

SIR :—Permit me to say a few words about "The New Protestantism."

I think the gist of Mr. Stevenson's article lies in the remark, "The inertia of the clerical body is the great hindrance to the march of truth in our day." As to the truth or untruth of this assertion I have nothing to say. What I do wish to say is that such language as is used by Mr. Haddow, of Knox College, and Mr. Frost, of Wycliffe, in reply to Mr. Stevenson, is, or should be unworthy of them, and is, moreover, the best refutation of their own arguments, if such they may be called. There is more than a savor of the intolerance of the Dark Ages in Mr. Haddow's letter, ending as it does with the words :

"It is unfortunate for the success of Mr. Stevenson's views that they should have found an advocate whose tone is one of such insolent superiority and unreasoning, self-confident infallibility."

Mr. Frost's "flash of satiric rage" is perhaps more creditable than Mr. Haddow's openly expressed contempt for his opponent personally. Dr. Hodgins, a gentleman of more mature age and of more mature judgment than either of the other two gentlemen mentioned, has shown by his clever and tolerant letter, the manner in which such delicate subjects should be treated. I repeat, let the "disputants" indulge in as much personality as is consistent with decency. Such a course is sure to end disastrously to themselves.

Yours very truly,

J. A. GARVIN.

University College, February 8th.

### MUST THE LITERARY SOCIETY GO?

*To the Editor of the VARSITY :*

To judge from the attendance at the meetings of the Literary Society, during the present academic year, the above question seems to have been virtually answered by the members, in the affirmative. The meetings have dwindled off to about thirty or forty or an occasional fifty, and half of these generally straggle in towards the close of the evening. Of this attendance we will find several prompted, in their presence, more by a sense of duty to a venerable institution, than from any idea of pleasure or advantage to themselves ; and no doubt several more are present to fulfil the conditions of their franchise at coming elections, by putting in their allotted four meetings. So much for the audience ; as regards participants in the programme, matters are but little better. I have not heard an essay, at an ordinary meeting of the Society, during the present academic year, though I have been present at the majority of the meetings. The supply of readings, for a significant reason, is somewhat better. The speeches, with a few prominent exceptions, have been meagre and poorly prepared, and, as a gen-

eral rule, several of the speakers appointed have failed to fill their positions, consequently the meetings have been characterized by a lack of interest and a general feeling of unprofitableness. It would be difficult, perhaps, to determine exactly the reason for this state of affairs. It is not certainly due to the management. Our president, ever punctual, is the right man in the right place ; the other officers, at least those whose attendance could in any way affect the progress of the meetings, have, so far as I have noticed, been very regular in their attendance. The inducements to members to participate in the society's literary work have not been less than heretofore, except that, as previously mentioned, the meetings are smaller. The change then must rest with the members themselves. Though partially due, perhaps, to other causes, the source of this change can be easily traced to the superior attractions of our many minor societies, whose progress and success have been in marked contrast to the Literary Society's decline.

To wean men away from these societies is manifestly impossible, once they have got interested in their work. No man would leave his Natural Science Association, or his Modern Language Club, or his Mathematical and Physical Society for any general form of Literary Society, and for obvious reasons. They bear more directly on the work in hand, and the work, moreover, which is most at heart ; they give more opportunities to individual talent and aspirations ; and they have enlisted the hearty sympathy and valuable co-operation of the professors, who have ever been conspicuous in the Literary Society by their absence. To prevail upon the students to attend both minor and general societies seems impossible, so again are we faced with the question, Must the Literary Society go?

Hoping, sir, you will not think me premature, let us discuss the possibility of the Literary Society being done away with. Essay-writing, which is but meagrely fostered by the Literary Society, receives much more attention in any of the other societies, Modern Language Club, Historical and Political Science Association, Natural Science Association, or Mathematical and Physical Society, for the reason just mentioned, that the subject matter bears more directly on our work. Reading must go hand in hand with essay-writing, and this fact is by no means overlooked in the Modern Language Club. Speaking, especially impromptu debate, is much more practised in the Historical and Political Science Association, the Natural Science Association, or in the Y.M.C.A. meetings than in the Literary Society, where a stranger would judge the members had left all the speaking to a willing few. The social element, supposed to predominate in our Friday evening meetings, would perhaps be the most difficult loss to provide for ; and yet, where the attendance is so meagre, how can we say our Society fulfils this object? The suggestions made in a late letter to the VARSITY, if carried into effect, would prove a much more efficient means to this end ; and I have no doubt the new Y. M. C. A. building about to be opened in connection with University College will be of great value in developing social qualities in our students, as purposed plans will soon reveal. An added interest in the Glee Club, the gymnasium, and the football field would also tend greatly in this direction. The matter of public meetings and our annual conversation are aside from the question. They could be continued, under the auspices of the separate societies in turn or the whole combined. The Reading Room, which, so far as use is concerned, is virtually the property of the whole college, could be provided for similarly to the public meetings, or by a joint subscription from the body of students.

I have presented this question more in the hope of eliciting some definite expression of the mind of the students than with the possibility above mentioned in view. It is evident, however, that either that or a more manifest interest in the working of the Society must soon absorb our attention. Thanking you for the space you have afforded me, I am,

Yours obediently,

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# Di-Varsities.

At St. Petersburg, recently, a building for the  
Female University was dedicated. This is the  
first institution of the kind in the Czar's country.  
The building cost over \$150,000, the money be-  
ing raised by subscription throughout the em-  
pire, the Czar not having contributed a cent to-  
ward it. At the present time this University  
counts over seven hundred students and twenty  
professors.

An old lady read a paragraph in some one of  
the papers, the other day, describing how a  
grindstone burst in a saw mill, and killed four  
men. She happened to remember that there  
was a small grindstone down in her cellar,  
leaning against the wall. So she went out and  
got an accident insurance policy. And then,  
summoning her servant, and holding a pie-  
board in the front of her face, so that, if the  
thing exploded, her face would not be injured,  
had the stone taken into the road, where  
twenty-four pails of water were thrown over  
it, and a stick was stuck in the hole, bearing a  
placard marked "Dangerous." She says it is  
a mercy the whole house was not blown to  
pieces by the thing before this.

Scene, Court Room—Pat is being tried for kill-  
ing his neighbour's dog. The Judge—"The plea  
is entered on your behalf Pat, that you shot the  
dog in self-defence. How was it?" Well, you  
see my Lord I was on one side of the fence and  
the dog was on the other; he was comin' at  
me full bilt, so I up and shot 'im. And you  
say that you shot the dog in defence, Naw, not  
in the fence on th'—. But what I say Pat is  
'in defence,' 'in defence.' Ah, No, my Lord.  
I shot the dog, in the billy, *over* the fence.

The Michigan State University at Ann Arbor,  
has received from the Sculptor, Randolph  
Rogers, the gift of his Roman studio. The stu-  
dio contains the works which the sculptor has  
produced during an active career of thirty-five  
or forty years, including the first rough sketches  
in clay, the original casts completely finished  
by his own hands, and the tools and imple-  
ments which he has used. The Rogers' collec-  
tion represent the work of the Artist's life. The  
Lewis gallery of more than 900 paintings, has  
also recently been bequeathed to the same in-  
stitution.

A NOVEL IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

Maid one.

CHAPTER II.

Maid won.

CHAPTER III.

Made one.

Dartmouth University has received a scholar-  
ship on condition that no student shall secure  
benefit from it who uses tobacco.

By a late number of the *Notre D— Scholastic*  
we are pained to see that there exists in that  
holy place a society known as the *Gentlemen*  
*H—ents*. It is plain that at Notre D— Uni-  
versity they still cling to their belief in *H—and*  
*Nick*.

The most remunerative professorship in the  
world is that of Professor Turner, the distin-  
guished anatomist of Edinburg, which yields  
\$20,000 per year.

The scholarships and fellowships given at Ox-  
ford amount to \$500,000 annually.

Yale is hopeful of soon having a new gym-  
nasium, as it is reported her alumni are raising  
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The University at Heidelberg will celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of its existence next August. A hall, capable of holding 5,000 persons; will be erected for the occasion.

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
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
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
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# 163. VARSITY

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY THOUGHT AND EVENTS.

Vol. VI.

University of Toronto, Feb. 20, 1886.

No. 14.

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## THE VARSITY.

THE VARSITY is published in the University of Toronto every Saturday during the Academic Year, October to May inclusive.

The Annual Subscription, including postage, is \$2.00, payable before the end of January, and may be forwarded to THE TREASURER, J. EDMUND JONES, University College, to whom applications respecting advertisements should likewise be made.

Subscribers are requested to notify the Treasurer immediately, in writing, of any irregularity in delivery.

Copies of VARSITY may be obtained every Saturday at the Post Office Book Store, corner of Adelaide and Toronto Streets; at J. P. McKenna's, 80 Yonge Street; and at Alex. Brown's, cor. Yonge and Carlton Sts.

All communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

## Topics of the Hour.

We regret to see that after all the friends of the defeated candidate for the mayoralty of Toronto—we hope against his wishes—have instituted *quo warranto* proceedings to unseat Mayor Howland. Whilst it is imperative to submit to the law when necessary—even on technical points—we think that in the best interests of the city, the technicality which may unseat Mayor Howland, and put the city to the expense and worry of a new election, should not be pressed. The hand of the Licensed Victuallers is very evident in this move, which is certainly a most cowardly one. That Mayor Howland was the deliberate choice of the people there can be no doubt. If he is unseated and a new election is held, it is almost certain that he will be elected by a more overwhelming majority than before. By proceeding against Mr. Howland as they pro-

pose, they will awaken public sympathy in his behalf, and will assuredly defeat their own object. In view of this fact the friends of the liquor interest have not acted wisely. They are needlessly embittering their present opponents. In the interests of public morality and good government Mayor Howland should be retained.

The announcement of the subjects for the University prize composition in prose and verse has been made. If we might be allowed to make a suggestion, it would be to the effect that these subjects should be announced at the beginning of Michaelmas Term, instead of after Christmas. Our reason for urging this change is, that after Christmas intending competitors have really no time to devote to the reading of works bearing upon the subjects for composition, but have to concentrate all their time on the works laid down in the curriculum. Consequently one end aimed at by these competitions—the acquirement of useful information, historical or literary—is frustrated; and mere superficial cribbing from authorities encouraged. To properly master such a subject as is laid down for the Prize Essay for this year—"The Influence of Greek Thought upon English Literature"—would require more extensive reading and more time for thought than can possibly be given to it in the short period between the announcement in January and the 1st of May. Those in charge of the matter should change the date of the announcement of subjects for the University prize competitions from January to October.

The proposal made in these columns a short time since regarding the formation of a students' club seems to have met with very general acceptance. The resolution agreed to at the last meeting of the Literary Society has given emphasis to the idea, and we sincerely trust that the undergraduates will go to work promptly and enthusiastically, and give the resolution a practical shape. It is superfluous to point out the advantages which would be secured to the students by the establishment of such a club. At present there is no place near the University where students can meet for social intercourse or amusement. The present gymnasium is notoriously unfit for such a purpose, being ill-ventilated and badly heated. What is needed is a place where our students can meet together and discuss all topics of interest without having the fear of the College Council before their eyes. Such a club would encourage sociability and would foster that *esprit de corps*—of which we hear so much and see so little—which would inspire students, after graduation, to retain their interest and affection for their *alma mater*. Under the present state of affairs students only meet one another in the corridors and at formal meetings, in which sociability can never be introduced. The lack of interest manifested by her graduates in the affairs of Toronto University which Mr. Kingsford, in his letter to the *Mail*, deploras, is the direct result of the lack of encouragement given to students to cultivate each other's acquaintance during their college



course. We hope that this era of neglect and apathy is at an end. We will look anxiously for the speedy inauguration of a Students' Club, and shall do our utmost to further its interests.

The recent meeting of Convocation was one of the most harmonious and successful in the history of our University. The great result of the meeting was the initiation of measures for increasing the representation of graduates upon the University Senate. Our graduates seem to be unanimous regarding the advisability of this measure, and there is every reason to believe that the end will be attained. An energetic committee was appointed to secure the necessary legislation. Circular letters upon the subject have been sent out to many graduates throughout the Province, and when the committee wait upon the Minister of Education their request will be seconded by a grand memorial from hundreds of University men. The advantages of the proposed changes were referred to in Mr. Kingsford's earnest letter in the *Mail* the other day. The great need of the University is, of course, more money. A large and active Senate, composed for the most part of our own graduates who have the highest interests of the University most at heart, will be more likely to obtain the required aid either from the Government or from private individuals than the present somewhat lethargic body. By such a measure also the Senate as a corporation would obtain more knowledge of affairs in connection with University College and more influence in their administration than that body seems at present to possess. In many particulars University College is managed in a way that is past finding out. This is especially true with regard to appointments on the faculty of that institution. In some cases if it cannot be said that new positions were created for persons, at all events more than once persons have been very handily found for the positions. And no one knows who asked for the positions or who really controls the appointments. Then, several of the most important subjects are taught in a very perfunctory manner. This is not the way in which the affairs of our greatest public educational institution should be carried on. It is to be hoped that one of the results of the present agitation will be to change all that,—and the change cannot begin too soon.

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## Leading Articles.

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### A PLEA FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A COURSE IN POLITICAL ECONOMY.

We regret to notice that the project to establish a course in Political Economy in our University has apparently received a quietus, or at any rate has been shelved for an indefinite time. And it was perhaps to be expected. It has always been the case that when a new branch of study seeks to assert its right to be admitted to the same status and consideration as its older and more favoured sisters, it will meet with many a repulse before it attains the goal.

A passing glance at the history of the liberalization of the curricula of the English and American universities reveals the fact that a long and hard-fought struggle was necessary to secure the recognition of the rights and merits of the intruder. A century ago the student was forced to make his election between the Scylla of Classics and the Charybdis of Mathematics after he had embarked on the voyage of college study. However, the Modern Languages began to clamor for admission, and although granted a place grudgingly enough, were not unnaturally regarded by the student who was so unfortunate as to have a distaste for them, as but his old enemy Scylla in a new and not less terrible form. Here, nevertheless, was a distinct advance. On whatever ground the study of the Classics or of Mathematics may be lauded as preferable to

that of the Modern Languages, it certainly could not have been of those of the superior practical utility of the former to that of the latter. We consider a man educated if we chance to hear him quote a line of Horace or a simile of Homer; we admire the enthusiasm of the man who makes himself conversant with the intricate problems of the higher Mathematics; but is there any one short of a zealot in either of these subjects who would not prefer having a fair acquaintance with the masterpieces of the Modern Languages, and thereby being better able to intellectually enjoy himself should he ever have the good fortune to visit the lands where these tongues have sway? For we take it that the language of those men whose works exercise the greatest influence over us are clearly entitled to the first consideration. And this was the principle clearly acted on by that great race, the Romans, who paid no attention to the writings of the Semitics or to the lore of the Hindoos, but confined their linguistic studies to the literature of Greece, that is to say, to the literature of that nation to whom they were indebted for a large portion of their education in the domains of poetry, oratory, and the other sister arts. But we, on our part, have been slowly, though none the less surely, emancipating ourselves from the once greatly overweening influence of the Classics, and their place is being gradually usurped by the Modern Languages. And justly so; for does not the part played by the French and German tongues—especially by the latter—with reference to ourselves fully equal that played by the Greeks to the Romans.

But by far the most furious contest that has yet taken place between the forces of Liberalism and Conservatism in University affairs, was that between Science and Ultra-orthodoxy. How that contest terminated is notorious, and who shall say that since the claims of science have been fully recognized in every hall of learning pretending to be abreast of the time, that her influence has not been of incalculable benefit? It is no exaggeration to aver that the growth and dissemination of scientific ideas has done the lion's share of the work in differentiating bygone ages from our own.

Nevertheless, unquestionably the most practically important science of all has hitherto not only been utterly denied a bare recognition of its rights, but has even been treated with contempt on the part of some of our University authorities. We allude to the Science of Political Economy. We are at a loss to conceive how any adequate justification can be urged in extenuation of the course adopted by the Senate towards this branch of study. For is not the study of the laws which regulate the condition of society generally, and particularly those which govern commercial prosperity and depression, one of the most important that could attract the attention of any man? What branch of knowledge is there, we ask, that is of more especial moment to the community than that which treats of Free Trade and Protection, Taxation, Labor, Capital, the Land Problem, and the thousand and one other kindred questions? For every individual interested in Homeric theories or in quaternions, or in the analysis of a substance or the pedigree of a word, there are thousands most deeply concerned in the questions of Free Trade and Protection, Labor and Capital, and generally speaking, in the whole range of subjects considered by the science of Political Economy. This being the case, is it not eminently fitting that these questions should be studied in our University, which is popularly supposed, at any rate, to be the head and centre of learning in the country? Far from the average University graduate being able intelligently to discuss these questions, he is a mere pigmy in the hands of the ordinary member of a Trades Union, nay, in a large number of cases he has never even given them a thought. Any one who would verify the truth of this statement has only to attend a meeting of the Young Men's Liberal Club, when he will be surprised at the power displayed by members of the working classes in their treatment of these questions. Not long ago the Land Question was the subject of debate, and no respectable attempt was made to refute the doctrines of Henry George as ex-



pounded by a member of that class, although there was no dearth of University men at the meeting.

Moreover, the vast majority of the labor riots and the civic commotions that have arisen in the past, while doubtless primarily due to the commercial depression of the time, nevertheless owe their immediate occurrence to the gross ignorance of their participants. The truth is not new that the stability of a state depends chiefly on the enlightenment of its citizens. And on what is the task of enlightenment mainly thrown? Clearly on the schools, academies and other parts of the educational machinery of which the university may well be styled the flywheel. For it is the University that in reality regulates the efficiency and progress of the inferior halls of learning. They are obliged to work on the lines laid down by the University with respect to its first examinations. Their standard is fixed for them and they are placed in the estimation of the community according to the success of their representatives in the annual contest. Suppose, then, that political economy was put down on the list of prescribed subjects. There would be a large number that would acquire a knowledge of the outlines of the science even though they failed to complete their course. Those, on the other hand, who devoted themselves to a conscientious four years' study would prove no mean antagonists to the false-hearted demagogue or the fallacious doctrine that might cross their path in after life.

There is another and perhaps a more important consideration. As the country grows older the percentage of university men in the *personelle* of the government increases. Hence the reciprocal benefit of university to government and of government to university. If the university instil broad and generous views into the minds of her alumni she will receive innumerable benefits from them during their tenure of office; if, on the other hand, she annually hatches forth a brood of illiberal and unpractical men, she will have much to be thankful for if they do not sacrifice her in their striving for unworthy ends, not to talk of their hastening to her support in her hour of need. Verily in this matter as she sows so shall she reap.

We think that we have said enough to demonstrate the importance as well as the correctness of our position on the subject. Indeed, we may be told that our pains have been gratuitous; we may be told that in theory, at least, no one would think of questioning either the importance or the cogency of the arguments adduced. But we may be assured that, practically, there are serious difficulties in the way. As thus: Where are the funds to come from with which we may found a chair? Surely it were no sin to harbor the thought that the Province, which is generous enough in the interests of education to engage the services of a proficient in Ethiopian and Targumic, may some day see fit to do the like for Political Economy. Even supposing the answer to be for all time "No funds," we maintain that the science is one which perhaps will do fairly well without the guidance of a professor. And, indeed, in these days the necessity for lecturers is not so pressing as formerly. Their most useful function now is to direct their hearers where to look for their information. They are no longer the supreme authorities on their subjects, but are mere guides on the paths to knowledge. It so happens in the case of Political Economy that the standard authorities and text books may be counted on the fingers. Put these, judiciously graded, on the curriculum and, unless the professor were a man of wide reputation, his utility would be anything but apparent. Moreover, whoever he may be, his mind would likely be so biased in favour of certain views that he would be the object of much hostility and would almost infallibly be decried as the source of false doctrines.

There might, perhaps, be another objection urged, and it is the only remaining one that we can conjure up worthy of consideration. It is that were the subject to be broached to our local legislators—for their sanction is a necessity—such is the length to which party hostility has gone that it might prove such a bone of contention that serious injury would result from the contest to the

University. One objector might whisper that the Government would be accused by its opponents of using the University for propagandizing in its own interest and that the Ministers would be cowed by the arraignment into silence and inaction. Did things come to such a pass, pusillanimous indeed would the Ministers be were they to stay their hand, dismayed by the howls and gibes of opposition; despicable in the extreme the opposition impelled by so sordid an idea; and, if the like considerations clogged the wheels of progress, worse than a nullity the Senate.

G. H.

## THE ENGLISH CURRICULUM.

It is to be regretted that a more lively interest in the subject of English has not been awakened among the graduates and undergraduates of Toronto University. The new curriculum submitted by Mr. Houston, which appeared in October numbers of the *Varsity*, should certainly have led to an intelligent and general discussion of the principles in accordance with which a collegiate course in English should be arranged.

No one who has carefully considered Mr. Houston's scheme can fail to recognize that it is based upon well-defined principles:—(1) Every undergraduate must spend a fair portion of each year in the serious study of our language and literature; (2) Every special student of English must become acquainted with the language and literature in all their periods, from a scientific as well as from a practical point of view; (3) the student must study the literature and language themselves instead of reading and hearing about them; and (4) he must have constant practice in the careful expression of his own thoughts. To these broad underlying principles it would seem that everybody must assent, and gratefully acknowledge, therefore, that Mr. Houston's draft is a great advance on the old curriculum: but still the main difficulties present themselves when one attempts to lay down more specific principles for the detailed arrangement of work in the various years of the course, and here Mr. Houston's plan does not seem to be sufficiently definite, though doubtless it would seem more satisfactory if we might have a brief explanation of its basis of arrangement.

If it may not be thought presumptuous on my part, I will endeavor here, independently of Mr. Houston's proposed scheme, though in perfect harmony with his general principles, to outline a plan for the distribution of work in the four years of the undergraduate course, and if space permit, for the arrangement of a post-graduate course of two or three years also.

Whatever scheme may be proposed, it must never be forgotten that there can be no education without a lively interest—thought's awakener—on the part of the student.

Professors and instructors, particularly those who have been subjected to German influences, are prone to think that their sole duty is to present their subject as a scientific whole, and that whether the student is interested or not is a matter which the student himself must look after. Forgetting that classification and general theory are utterly worthless from an educational point of view unless preceded by a practical acquaintance with the individual facts classified and upon which the theory is based, they fancy that to disregard chronological order or strictly scientific classification, for the mere purpose of awakening interest, is to degrade their subject. My readers, however, are not so minded, and they will readily concede that if facts are the blocks for the rearing of noble structures, interest is the cement which binds them together and without which there can be no solidity; that every true object of study—linguistic, scientific or literary—presents phases which are intensely interesting to the beginner if the teacher will only take pains to recognize them as he is in duty bound to do; and further, that the professor's first duty is not to present a perfect treatment of his subject, but to awaken in his students an intelligent and heartfelt interest in that subject, after which they may be safely



trusted to explore the field for themselves and seek aid when they require it.

Regard for the student's interest therefore must largely determine what is to be selected for the various years of the course ; and interest demands as a necessary condition, that the student be met on his own ground, and so led on from the known to the unknown. Now, the fact cannot be ignored, that hitherto the majority of matriculants have entered the University with no definite love for literature of any kind, while at the same time they have shown little taste or facility in the practical use of English ; and for many years to come this condition of things must continue, because with each year the average student matriculates at an earlier age. First of all, then, care must be taken to inspire an earnest love for true literature, and to cultivate taste in the expression of thought, for without these no progress could be hoped for. It must be borne in mind, too, that what is absolutely the best literature is not therefore the best suited to awaken a love for good literature—particularly in young people, who have not as a rule that intensity of being which is necessary in order to any full appreciation of our greatest authors, who wrote only because they felt, and who demand in their reader a soul tempered by stern experience on the heights and in the deep waters of life.

Scores of young students are disgusted with the very name of literature, and condemned by friends and instructors as lacking in literary insight, not only because of inferior teaching, but because ill-advised regulations compel them to rush into Shakespeare and Milton before they have acquired any real taste for literature. Too much regard cannot be shewn for the favorite authors of young people in families where a taste for reading is early acquired and pure literature is liberally supplied.

It should be observed further, that the true starting-point in the study of English is to be found in the contemporary literature and language, which must exclude those of bygone centuries, until the student knows and feels what the English of to-day is. This is a consideration which too often seems to be overlooked. We may be heirs of all the ages, but we first open our eyes to the light, and breathe in the atmosphere, of the present age. We live and think and feel in the present ; we speak the language of the present ; as writers, we use the language of the present, and as critics we must, in spite of ourselves, measure the past by the standard of the present if we measure it at all ; therefore, any scheme which fails to emphasize strongly the English of our own age, even to the exclusion of older English in the earlier part of the course, is necessarily defective and unsatisfactory.

Whether the literature of to-day falls below or excels the literature of past ages is not a question to be determined here. The important point is : which will come nearer home to the student ?

Passing now from these preliminary considerations, I will give as briefly as possible my plan in outline.

J. McW.

(To be continued)

## Literature.

### SYMPHONY.

May the dolorous chant for the dying year,  
And the toll of the requiem bell,  
Unhopeful signs of a past career,  
Drawing us nearer and yet more near,  
E'en to the tune of our last farewell,  
Softly stealing, their sad way feeling  
Through filmy folds of the shrouding snow,  
Over a grave where Love is kneeling,  
Breathing a prayer and sobbing low,  
Bear to the wounded heart the healing,  
Sad sweet thoughts of long ago.

F. M. FIELD ("Adanac.")

### BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

At this season of the year it seems like a hollow mockery for me to speak to my fellows about any reading that does not bear upon examinations. And yet there are books which one may read and derive therefrom a positive recreation, in the literal sense of the term, even in the short intervals of relaxation from this daily round of intense mental application. The rest which a healthy mind needs, is to be obtained not so much in absolute quiescence as in diversion. The homely old maxim "A change is a rest," is based on sound psychological principles. It follows, with due limitations, that the greater the change, the greater the recreation.

Beguiled by such subtle reasoning from the senior editor, I was induced to lay aside mediæval metaphysics and to take up modern humor. Fancy then, the delightful change from Saint Thomas Aquinas to Charles Dudley Warner—from the "*Summa Theologiae*" to "My Summer in a Garden!" No, the appeal is in vain ; you cannot imagine the pleasure of the change unless you have tried it yourself.

The charming book which I have now before me is one of the Riverside Aldine series. In unadorned beauty and excellence of mechanical workmanship, this series is a wonder and a delight to the true book-lover. In literary merit also the series commends itself to our notice, comprising as it does the most popular works of Lowell and Aldrich and Burroughs in addition to the author we have under consideration.

"My Summer in a Garden" is a racy and humorous account of Mr. Warner's experiences in his kitchen garden at Hartford, Connecticut, where the genial author has resided for many years. The book deals mainly with the trials of the family man who undertakes to grow his own vegetables. The several chapters deal with the successive weeks of the season, and the special troubles and delights which they bring with them.

The author is assisted in his labors by Polly, (presumably his wife) who sits on a large upturned flower-pot and gives him instructions how the work is to be done. Polly's knowledge of the subject may be gathered from the brief memorandum in May :

"Polly came out to look at the Lima beans. She seemed to think the poles had come up beautifully!"

But Polly had a flower-bed to herself, and her husband, after coming across to see her weeding it, very ungenerously remarks :

"She was working away at the bed with a little hoe. Whether women ought to have the ballot or not (and I have a decided opinion on that point), I am compelled to say that this was rather helpless hoeing. It was patient, conscientious, even pathetic hoeing ; but it was neither effective nor finished."

Mr. Warner seemed to have great trouble with the bugs in his garden—

"The striped bug has come, the saddest of the year. He is unpleasant in two ways. He burrows in the ground so that you cannot find him, and he flies away so that you cannot catch him. The best way to deal with the striped bug is to sit down by the melon hills and patiently watch for him. If you are spry you can annoy him. This, however, takes time. It takes all day and part of the night. But the best thing to do is to set a toad to catch the bugs. The toad at once establishes the most intimate relations with the bug. It is a pleasure to see such unity among the lower animals. The difficulty is to make the toad stay and watch the hill. If you know your toad it is all right. If you do not, you must build a tight fence round the plants which the toad cannot jump over."

The neighbours' hens were also a factor in gardening which came under Mr. Warner's notice :

"It is of no use to tell the neighbour that his hens eat your tomatoes ; it makes no impression on him, for the tomatoes are not his."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. ; Toronto : Williamson & Co.

\* My Summer in a Garden, by Charles Dudley Warner. Boston,

Throughout the fruit season it is impossible for the most amiable man with a family and a kitchen garden to ignore the existence of the neighbors' children. This was the conviction of the Hartford gardener also :

"I hope I appreciate the value of children. Without them the common school would languish. But the problem is, what to do with them in a garden. For they are not good to eat, and there is a law against doing away with them. My plan would be to put them into Sunday-schools more thoroughly, and to give the Sunday-schools an agricultural turn ; teaching the children the sacredness of neighbours' vegetables. I think that our Sunday-schools do not sufficiently impress upon children the danger from snakes and otherwise of going into the neighbors' gardens."

Such passages of delicious humor abound throughout the book. The interest is maintained by the adoption of the narrative form and by the novel introduction here and there of pointed paragraphs on various matters which the reader had probably not previously connected with gardening. Thus, in the chapter dealing respectively with the first week, the following observations occur :—

"The principal value of a private garden is not understood. It is not to give the possessor vegetables and fruit (that can be better and cheaper done by the market gardeners), but to teach him patience and philosophy, and the higher virtues—hope deferred, and expectations blighted, leading directly to resignation and sometimes to alienation."

A few particulars relating to the life of our author may not prove uninteresting. Mr. Warner was born in Plainfield, Massachusetts, in the year 1829. His academical training was received in Hamilton College, New York, where he graduated at the age of twenty-two. He then spent some time with surveyors on the Missouri frontier. We next find him studying law in New York. He practiced his profession subsequently for four years in Chicago, after which he returned to the East and settled down as a journalist in Hartford, where he edited the *Courant* for many years. During recent years he has been in charge of the "Editor's Drawer" department in *Harper's Monthly*. "My Summer in a Garden" first appeared as a series of sketches in the *Hartford Courant*. It was published in book form in 1881. It was Mr. Warner's first book. Since then he has published several others, among which we may name "Saunterings," "Back-Log Studies," "Mummies and Moslems," "Being a Boy," and "Washington Irving," in the "American Men of Letters" series. The essay entitled "A Summary of Culture," which forms one of the chapters of "Back-Log Studies," is worthy of separate mention. It is a vigorous protest against certain social shams, and an earnest plea for the cultivation of the highest humanity in all our social relations.

SIGMA.

## BLUMINE.

Thy cheek to mine, O maiden, lay  
(As our lives lie close together) ;  
Oh, let love flame through each dark day  
Of wind and stormy weather.  
Our love shall flame through each dark day  
Of wind and stormy weather.

And if there come a time of tears,  
Our tears shall flow together,  
Till love shall scatter them in mist  
With his warm and sunny weather,  
Till tears and mist shall flee away  
Before love's sunny weather.

F. H. SYKES.

## University and College News.

## THE CONVERSAZIONE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

" Nil decet invita Minerva."

Translated freely, the above quotation might be rendered, "No entertainments are as good as those given under the auspices of Minerva and the Literary Society ;" or, in other words, "The Conversazione of Toronto University is the great and only social event of the year." We believe that this will be agreed to *nem. con.*, by all who walked the brilliant corridors of the University last night.

Minerva, usually so unattractive to those who do not woo her aright, unbent herself graciously last evening, doffing her helmet, and laying aside her trident, smiled benignantly upon all, looking so pleasant withal, that, for a time, weary pass men and over-ambitious three-course men forgot that she had ever chastised them with her trident, or abashed them with a glance of her blazing eyes. And why so? Ah! need you ask? What female heart is averse to adornment and the charms of bright raiment, and soft, caressing words? Did not her sons, aye, and her daughters too, dress her in gorgeous garments and deck her in flashing jewels? And did they not murmur to one another soft speeches and fair words in her honor and praise?

The cynic will say that they did so for the purpose of propitiating her by a Carnival in her honor, so that when the dark and dreary days of the scholastic Lent approach their final consummation, their soft speeches will be remembered, and mercy be shown to them. But the cynic, himself a victim of a past year, is wrong. And for two reasons: First, because Minerva is too old to be capricious, and yet young enough to be wooed and won by those who have found the key to her heart; and Second, because the High Priests of her annual Lenten sacrifices are not her true and loyal servants, but are degenerate and unconsecrated.

But let the cynic begone! He has no place in the bright throng that fills our halls to-night. Let him be banished to a shelf in the museum.

Musing in such a spirit, the VARSITY representative walked through the corridors of his *Alma Mater*, and betook himself to Convocation Hall, from which were issuing strains of sweet music.

"And youth forgot its passions,  
And age forgot its woe,  
And life forgot that there was death,  
Before such music's flow."

## PROGRAMME.

CONDUCTOR—PROF. TORRINGTON.

## PART I.

1. Quartette in C minor, op. 18, No. 4. Allegro and Andante Sherzando (Beethoven)—Quartette Club.
2. Part Song—Theresa Waltzes (Faust)—Glee Club.
3. Piano Solo—Andante Spianato and Grand Polonaise (Chopin)—Mr. Thomas Martin.
4. Chorus with Soprano and Tenor Solos—Holiday Scenes in Karinthia (Koschat)—Glee Club, Mrs. Gertrude Luther, Mr. M. S. Mercer, B.A., with string accompaniment.
5. Violin Solo—Air Varie (Rode)—Mr. Jacobsen.
6. Solo—Caro Nome (Verdi)—Mrs. Gertrude Luther.
7. College Song—Le Brigadier—Glee Club.

## PART II.

1. Piano Solo—(a) Larghetto (Henselt), (b) Grand Valse, "Le Bal" (Rubinstein)—Mr. Thomas Martin.
1. Quartette—(a) Evening's Twilight (Hatton), (b) Come, Dorothy, come (Swabian Volkslied)—Messrs. C. W. Gordon, Tibb, Hamilton, G. Gordon.
3. Flute Solo—"Il Vento," Caprice, Op. 112 (Briccialdi)—Mr. C. E. Saunders.
4. Soprano Solo—(a) Florian's Song (Godard), (b) My Star (Hackh)—Mrs. Gertrude Luther.



5. Violoncello Solo—Largo (Mozart)—Herr Corell.  
 6. Solo—The Bells of Lynn (Fisher)—Miss Hillary, accompanied by Quartette Club.  
 7. Andante and Variations from D minor Quartette (Schubert)—Quartette Club.

After enjoying the concert, that is, the first part—for your representative is not one of those who freeze to a seat the whole night, to the defrauding of some other person—the VARSITY man wended his way through the Star Chamber—where he inspected the souls of the University Senators through the microscopes—to the Library. Having safely passed the Cerberus at the Gate (Punch), he gazed earnestly at the books,

“As what he ne’er might see again,”

knowing well that he would never again be admitted to the Library till another year had flown.

In the Reading-rooms he noticed some students, mostly Residence men, devouring—not books and notes—but cakes and ices! *O tempora! O mores!* [More what—cakes?—ED.]

Then he wended his way along the corridors, through which sounds of music and laughter floated and echoed back again, till even the grim corbels and gargoyles seemed to have caught the spirit of the hour, and to have joined in the revelry. Presently in the far west—in Lecture-room No. 8—various phantasmagoria flitted before his vision. Vanishing and illusory were they all—as the mathematical quantities usually obtained in this room—though they amused the onlookers much more.

He gazed in wonder at the scientific apparatus and other instruments of torture here, and completed a leisurely circuit of the building with its numerous attractions. Then the VARSITY man’s dream of happiness was abruptly brought to a close by the appearance upon the scene of a breathless *chaperone*, who took his fair companion away, leaving him disconsolate. After wandering around aimlessly for a short time, he braced himself for the closing struggle at the dressing rooms, and emerged after a tight squeeze and a hard fight, with somebody else’s overcoat, hat, gloves, and overshoes. Seeing that they were of a superior quality to those in which he had sallied forth at the beginning of the evening, he was quite content, and, lighting a rare Havana, he strolled leisurely away to the VARSITY sanctum, ever and anon looking back at the college windows in which one by one the lights were being extinguished.

#### THE GUESTS.

No better place could be found for viewing the picturesque features of the *Conversazione* than an out-of-the-way seat in the library. Before the spectator thus happily situated there passed a glowing pageant of youth and love and beauty, such as he may not hope to see often again. The recollection comes back like the echo of a pleasant song, or the sweet memory of a dream.

The very Queen of Beauty herself moved in the throng and the graces attended her presence.

There come a merry group of girls from some private school in the city. A vision of lawn and lace, of blooming cheeks and sparkling eyes, a musical ripple of laughter—and they have passed by.

Then, in graceful procession, our every-day undergraduate fellows and their sweethearts or sisters or friends, sweep slowly along past our cosy retreat. The stately senior has relaxed his haughty brow, the junior forgets his dignified assumptions of full-grown manhood and smiles a youth again; for once the bold sophomore looks blandly, but complacently withal, upon the subdued freshman, who is frightened a little by the brilliant magnificence of his first *Conversazione*, but still looks very happy.

What a transformation from the sober and matter-of-fact countenances we saw only yesterday in the lecture rooms!

But there is no mystery in the change in our undergraduate friends. For beauty walks with them and smiles radiantly into their happy faces—beauty, dark-eyed, blue-eyed, and hazel-eyed, eyes that sparkle and glow with sweet delights,—beauty, with eyes

like the clear refreshing of a forest spring, or filled with the dreamy pensiveness of an autumn afternoon. The ladies all wear bouquets, and as they drift by, the air is fragrant with the odours of roses from the gardens of Gul, and there lingers still the sweet recollection of lilies from the vales of Arcadia.

“But there be other flowers of grace, I trow,

The sweet girl graduates with their golden hair.”

A young graduate now nods a pleasant recognition to us as he walks past with his mother and sister resting on his arm. They are not fashionable people at all, but his dignity does not suffer on that account. They would be abashed at all this magnificence if it were not for their pride and happiness in the gowned and ermined young man beside them.

A distinguished graduate and his wife come next within our vision. The grey is beginning to appear in his hair, but the warm smile in his eye shows that he enjoys to the full this visit once more to the scenes of his joyous youth, and this renewal of the pleasures of long ago. His wife, too, recalls some sweet recollection of the past; she looks into his face and is happy.

And thus all poetry and romance was realized before our eyes, and to our ears came again the music of voices long forgotten. The fair spirits of the books on the shelves were embodied in our presence and in some fashion the pleasant drama of their lives was again enacted there.

#### NOTES.

The display of the Engineering Society was especially attractive. The tent in the cedar swamp, with the fire outside and the dilapidated looking surveyor lying on his elbow in the tent door and reading a letter from his girl, was exceedingly realistic.

Mr. Bengough’s sciopticon sketches, to put it mildly, were not up to the mark. The subjects were well enough chosen, but the execution was a failure. Most of the cartoons—like the *Globe* wood-cuts known to fame—would stand for almost any one else as well as for the individuals they were supposed to represent.

The Glee Club carried out their part of the programme in a commendable manner. They fully maintained the old reputation of the club. The vocal quartette were not in as good form as usual, but not even a quartette can be at its best at all times. Mrs. Luther’s singing was highly praised, and justified the choice of the committee. The concert, as a whole, was a success, but there were no features of such marked merit as to call for very special admiration, as was the case in the last few years.

#### UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS FOR 1886.

LAW.—T. H. Smith, LL.B., and W. H. P. Clement, B.A., LL.B.

MEDICINE.—Physiology and Pathology, S. A. Tye, M.D.; Medicine and Therapeutics, J. J. Cassidy, M.D.; Midwifery and Forensic Medicine, W. Britton, M.D.; Anatomy, D. B. Fraser, M.D.; Surgery and Surgical Anatomy, I. H. Cameron, M.D.; Clinical Medicine, J. E. Graham, M.D.; Clinical Surgery, F. L. Grasett, M.B.; Hygiene and Medical Psychology, C. W. Covernton, M.D.

MEDICINE AND ARTS.—Chemistry, R. F. Ruttan, M.A., Professor of McGill College, Montreal; Biology, A. B. McCallum, B.A.

ARTS.—Classics, Rev. N. McNish, M.A., LL.B.; W. S. Milner, B.A.; G. H. Robinson, M.A.; J. E. Hodgson, M.A.; Mathematics, A. R. Blackader, M.A., and J. W. Reid, B.A.; Physics, J. M. Clark, M.A., and T. G. Campbell, B.A.; English, T. C. L. Armstrong, M.A., J. Seath, B.A., Inspector of High Schools; French, J. Squair, B.A.; German, W. H. Vandersmissen, M.A.; Italian, A. J. Bell, M.A., Professor of Modern Languages, Victoria University; Constitutional History and Civil Polity, J. W. Bell, Professor of History and Political Economy, University of Colorado; Mineralogy and Geology, E. R. Conlon, M.A.; Mental Science, A. S. Johnston, B.A., and Rev. R. Y. Thompson, M.A.; Oriental Languages, Rev. F. R. Beattie, M.A.; Meterology, B. S. Webber, Civil Engineer, Alan Macdougall, Civil Engineer,



## HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The regular meeting was held in Moss Hall at a quarter to five last Tuesday, the President in the chair. The corresponding secretary read a letter from Henry George, in which the distinguished lecturer said that he could not engage to lecture in Toronto before April. The subject for discussion was "Money," papers by Messrs. McMurchie and John Crawford. Both papers were exceedingly interesting, and could not without injustice be reported in the small space here allotted. In all respects this meeting was one of the best yet held. Next Tuesday Mr. Houston will discuss the relation of the Canadian constitution to those of England and the United States. As this subject is of interest to all undergraduates a large attendance is expected.

## NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

On Tuesday evening, 11th inst., the regular meeting of the above society was held in the School of Practical Science, Mr. Frank T. Shutt, B.A., presiding. Dr. W. Hodgson Ellis, M.A., gave an interesting lecture on the Determination of Nitrogen. He drew attention to the fact that chemists strove to substitute for the dry processes wet methods of analysis. In the determination of Nitrogen, Wanklyn and Smith's and Chapman's methods had superseded the old combustion process, and no Kjeldahl, a Swedish chemist, had brought out a method at once readily and rapidly performed, and which surpassed all its predecessors in accuracy. Dr. Ellis explained the details of the process and exhibited the necessary apparatus. Mr. Wilkie read a well-written essay on Protoplasmic movements in the animal and vegetable cell. Also a paper on the Geology and Physical Geography of the Upper Ottawa District was read by Mr. Gordon Bell.

Y. M. C. A.

About one hundred of the undergraduates were present in Moss Hall on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 11th, to hear the Bishop of Algoma address them. His topic was "The inspiration of the Scriptures." He began by stating his belief in the principle of proportion in every true system of education. To be perfect it must develop each of the three sides of our nature—the physical, the intellectual, and lastly the moral and spiritual.

It was with a subject closely connected with this last-named side of our nature he wished to deal, viz., whether we will acknowledge the word of God as inspired. The first question asked by many is, What need is there of such a revelation at all, since we are in direct communication with God, and further, since at various times in the world's history there have been men, such, for example, as Plato and Socrates, who in themselves have seemed divinely gifted. But since these men's morals were not such as to merit commendation in every particular, and moreover, since the mass of men are not favoured as they were, it is clear that an external revelation, such as the Scriptures, is needed to quicken the natural sensitiveness of our consciences.

The speaker then took up several of the objections which have been urged against the Bible as from God. One ground on which its divine origin is disputed is on account of the various slight inaccuracies it contains. Another is that it is devoid of scientific accuracy—things are spoken of in it as they appear to be, not as they really are: e.g., among the phenomena of nature, those of sunrise and sunset. Still another is the anthropomorphic character it ascribes to God. But these and similar objections can all be disposed of on the one line of argument. Since there was need of a revelation to man, that revelation had to come through the only way in which it would be an intelligible revelation, viz., that of human speech. But coming in that form, it had to come subject to such limitations as by nature belong to human speech. There would be, first, danger of inaccuracy in transcribing and otherwise, which would meet the first objection urged above; and second,

need of adaptation to those for whom it was intended, which would cover the other objections. For, the Bible having been written with a special and different aim in view, there was no need for scientific accuracy, though it is a fact that throughout the Book numberless allusions are made which are found to be in strict accord with science. And further, to meet the intelligence of the people, God had to be represented as having the attributes of man, just as in common discourse, to render an idea more intelligible or more forcible, we invest it with human attributes, as, for instance, when we speak of the arm of justice, the brow of fate.

The speaker then went on to show the specific meaning that attaches to inspiration. He opposed the notion that they are verbally inspired, chiefly for the reason that if such were the case and these men of God had merely transcribed at the Divine dictation, the books of the Bible would all present the same literary style. The view now generally adopted in opposition to this mechanical one is what has been termed the dynamical one, viz., that God provided the matter and guided the writers in their statement of it, thus accounting for the various literary styles of the different books. The speaker hoped that our faith in the inspiration of the word would never be shaken, and concluded with a strong appeal to make the Bible the guiding rule of our lives.

## Communications.

## THE NEW PROTESTANTISM.

To the Editor of the VARSITY:

SIR,—The correspondence under the heading of the "New Protestantism" certainly shows dissatisfaction with present ecclesiastical arrangements, but I am not sure that the real difficulties have been touched.

So long as men have faith in any religious teaching, so long will they endeavour to propagate it, and in so endeavouring they will see it necessary to have others trained up to spread it after them. You may call the places where this training is carried on theological colleges, or what you please, but their nature will remain the same. Those who above all others call themselves liberal in thought and open in mind—the Unitarians—cannot do without colleges to train their ministers, and I never heard that those trained in their institutions were any more likely to embrace orthodoxy than those trained in orthodox colleges to become Unitarians.

The professors in theological colleges are of necessity men of fixed opinions, and their influence as scholarly, devoted, mature men cannot but be great on the young men who listen to them day by day. The assertion that students go there to seek for truth needs no consideration. Those whom I have known, at any rate, have not gone with open enquiring mind, but rather to learn what the professors—men as I have said of definite opinions—are able to teach them. The very fact that these students accept an education provided gratuitously by a denomination for its own benefit, shows that they expect to repay this in the only way possible except by the repayment of the expense incurred—viz.: by preaching to others the doctrines the denomination believes in. I do not say that this is wrong, and men's minds being what they are I do not see that it can be helped, but it is as well to face the truth. The pretence that professors are helping young men to seek for a truth not yet found, rather than acting as guides to a truth already found, can deceive no one.

We must, however, recognize the danger of stereotyping the formulas in which truth is expressed, and of clinging to every excrescence accidentally connected with it. And I think that a danger greater than that to be feared from our colleges is to be found in the minuteness of detail into which our creeds enter, and alas! that it should be said, in the amount of endowments and the



number of buildings legally and irrevocably set apart for the support of creeds which men are outgrowing.

Theological colleges, as we can see in our own Province, can teach a liberal and progressive theology, but the influence of some of our creeds is, to my mind, evil and nothing but evil. To me it is inexpressibly sad to hear men at the solemn moment of ordination express their complete agreement with some long creed two or three centuries old, containing in detail statements which not one man in a thousand would venture to preach in a pulpit to-day. The evil is in this, that the free investigation of a truth-seeking soul is hindered by the Athanasian Creed, the Confession of Faith, or the Book of Discipline.

But, however bitterly we may deplore the evil results, however we may claim our right to go behind the teaching of men and listen to the voice of God speaking to our own souls, we must not forget that for common worship and Christian fellowship some basis on which we can agree is necessary. Those of us who in heart and soul believe that the name of Jesus is the only name "under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," cannot enjoy true worship in fellowship with men who would place it on a level with the names of Buddha, of Confucius and of Plato. The difference in essentials is too great. But why a believer in what is usually known as eternal punishment cannot worship side by side with one who cannot believe that awful doctrine as usually stated, or why one who believes that the Spirit used the prophets as penmen and dictated to them the words of Holy Writ, may not worship with one who, even in reading the Sacred Word, strives to disentangle the human element from that which is divine, passes my comprehension.

To lay all the blame of inertia, or clinging to tradition, on the ministry does not seem fair. Pulpit and pew act and react on each other, and inertia is characteristic of us all.

It must be noted, however, that the pulpit is supplied by a kind of natural selection. A man who is not prepared at twenty-five or thirty to subscribe lifelong devotion to a long and detailed statement of belief is *ipso facto* shut out, and only those who are satisfied that they have reached a definite result on each one of the enumerated points, and that result in strict conformity to the provision of their denominational creed, can enter. It is true that men will grow, in spite of their belief that they have reached finality,—hence trials for heresy; and it is doubtless due to the difficulty of seeing the dividing line between conformity and non-conformity, and, to men's frequent unconsciousness of their own growth, that we have so many ministers who would rather cut off their right hand than preach in all its fulness their denominational creed.

Change and growth in any large organized bodies come slowly, but when we are impatient and are tempted to think of others as fossilized and held fast by tradition, we ought not to forget that our intellects are as weak, our spiritual insight as apt to be dimmed and darkened by the things of this world as that of those whom we criticize, and that while we are "to prove all things," we are to "hold fast to that which is good." A violent wrench from the traditions of the past will assuredly lose for us much that is noble and good. It is well for us all to remember that progress too rapidly hastened and progress too long delayed are equally fatal in their effects.

C. L. CRASSWELLER.

Oshawa.

#### A QUESTION OF LOGIC.

To the Editor of the VARSITY:

SIR,—It has been charged against Mr. Stevenson's critics that they have not met his arguments, but have preferred to indulge in personal attacks. Perhaps it is not too late to shew how thor-

oughly illogical the articles on the "New Protestantism" are. I the more gladly undertake this task because it is an easier one than to determine what this "New Protestantism" is; or to go into such a criticism as would oblige one to extract a meaning from such sentences as: "Truth is the primal inheritance of man," or such phrases as "truth absolute"; or to explain the absurdity of expecting a "Moses" (surely one of the greatest of dogmatists) to overthrow the reign of dogmas; or to discuss the remarkable coincidences of some of Mr. Stevenson's paragraphs with the utterances of writers and lecturers of varying degrees of trustworthiness.

Mr. Stevenson's positions seem to be:—

1st. Men have the right and are in duty bound to think for themselves.

2nd. The clergy *more than any other class* deny this right and shirk this duty.

The first position I shall not—nor will anyone—challenge, but I shall not call it new, remembering that one Martin Luther lived some generations ago.

In respect of the second position, one has to ask first of all:—"What kind of evidence would establish it?" I conceive that in two ways it might be maintained: (1) By a comparison of the clergy as a class with other classes of men, at the same time and in similar circumstances; (2) by showing from the character of their professional training, clergymen, having a mental and moral constitution similar to that of all men, must be led to give up liberty of thought and to deny it to others. Besides these two, no other method of proof can lead to a correct conclusion.

One can see at a glance that to institute such a comparison as the first method demands, is a hopeless and endless task. Even the "New Protestants" may be excused for shrinking from it. Although, then, the two methods of proof are theoretically possible, practically only the second can in this case be employed. Mr. Stevenson has not employed the first method. He contents himself with giving one side of the comparison. We have a recital of instances of illiberality only on the part of the clergy. Not a word is said of the comparative freedom of others from the same fault. The argument is thus clearly incomplete and inconclusive.

Nor has Mr. Stevenson attempted to apply the second method of proof in order to establish his second position. He did, it is true, make some statements about the course of training in theological halls. These statements were at once challenged as untrue by a competent authority. They cannot, therefore, be regarded as an attempt to apply the second method. For that method requires an accurate description of the course of training in question.

I suppose that the object of the writer on the "New Protestantism" was primarily the benefit of the clergy and of theological students. For these kindly efforts to convince them of the intellectual and moral error of their way, the gentlemen referred to ought to be profoundly thankful. But I am afraid, from what I know of them, that they are accustomed to more cogent and conclusive reasoning than is to be found in the articles on the "New Protestantism." Prone they may be to give up the right of individual judgment. They will hardly, however, accept the second position stated above until some attempt, at least, has been made to give a logical proof of it.

I sympathize with the desire of Mr. Stevenson to give light to those in darkness, either intellectual or moral. If, then, he thinks the clergy, actual and embryo, are in such darkness, I earnestly hope that he will discover to them some argument that will convince them of the fact. They are rational beings for the most part and susceptible of being influenced by reasoning. Never mind waiting for the "Moses," Messieurs the New Protestants, but roll up your sleeves and help these dwellers in Egyptian darkness! But be logical even at the expense of eloquence!

J. MCD. DUNCAN,

University College, Feb. 15th, 1886.

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Hard lines—Steel rails.

The course of true love often leads to the race-  
course.

O. W. Holmes, jr., lectured on "Law" at  
Harvard this week.

The \$100,000 needed for Yale's new gymnas-  
ium has been nearly all subscribed.

The 436 rooms in the Harvard College dormi-  
tories yield an annual rental of \$68,811.

"Died of hard drink," was the verdict upon  
the man who was crushed under a lump of ice.

The department of Sanskrit and Modern Ori-  
ental languages will be discontinued at Cornell  
next year.

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With the compliments of the VARSITY Treas-  
urer.

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(Specially adapted to the tastes of forgetful or  
procrastinating subscribers who have allowed them-  
selves to get in arrears.)

To pay or not to pay—that is the question ;  
Whether 'tis nobler in a man to bear  
The harsh appeal of unpaid Editors,  
Or to take arms against their dunning letters  
And, by up-paying, end them.

To pay—to square, and by that means to say,  
We end the circ'lars and the thousand duns  
That subs. are heir to.

To pay, perchance to stop, ah ! there's the rub.  
For in that stopping what regrets may c me  
When you have shuffled off your weekly Grip  
Must give you pause.

There's the respect that makes non-paid-up subs.  
of so long life ;

For who would miss the cartoons of the times.  
The happy hits, the independent thoughts,  
The quips and cranks of wit, and all the fun  
That Grip doth of the politicians make ;  
Who would dailies take,

To sweat and groan beneath dry articles,  
When he himself might revel every week  
In Grip—two dollars.

Thus Reason makes subscribers of them all.  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Not to renew gives way to better thought.  
And formed intentions not to send the cash  
With this regard, their currents turn away  
And lose the name of action.

Prof.—"I'm afraid, Mr. S., you are worse  
than the ass mentioned in Scripture." S.—"Why,  
sir?" Prof.—"You don't even know your crib."

On dit that President E. C. Gillman, of Johns  
Hopkins, is considering the acceptance of the  
Presidency of Yale College.

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
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
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY THOUGHT AND EVENTS.

Vol. VI.

University of Toronto, Feb. 27, 1886.

No. 15.

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## THE VARSITY.

THE VARSITY is published in the University of Toronto every Saturday during the Academic Year, October to May inclusive.

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All communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

## Topics of the Hour.

A great deal of attention is being paid at present in educational journals and in our high and public schools, to the criticism and "correction" of English sentences, either quoted from authors or manufactured for the purpose. The purists and the pedants affirm that this a very important branch of education, and one to which much time should be devoted. And so our schools are flooded with books on "Errors in English," and "Exercises in False Syntax," just as if our forms of expression had been absolutely settled for all time by the rules of grammarians, or the usages of any or all writers. It is not so. For a language is a living thing—an organism, and, like other organisms, it lives and grows, and can only

live and grow by changing. A single entire generation of purists (from which may every country be preserved!) would kill any language. What a miserable substitute for genuine language study is this petty quibbling criticism! If our schools, aye, and colleges too, could only succeed in arousing our youth to an enthusiastic interest in good literature, these and other trivial matters might be very profitably given over to the purists.

We have protested more than once against the too common tendency of Canadians to refuse recognition of native art talent, and to rush off to Buffalo or Boston or New York for artistes in our musical entertainments. And now the news comes to us from Edinburgh that a young Torontonion has carried the city by storm with her wonderful powers as a vocalist. But while Miss Arthurs and Albani and Miss Thompson are good enough for Milan and Paris and Edinburgh, we venture to say they would not have been good enough for Toronto without their foreign reputation. This should not be. Let us assert ourselves. How much longer are we to go in the leading strings of Europe and the United States? Since we have the ability to walk alone we should also have the courage. This neglect and this belittling of ourselves is weak and foolish. It is our estimate of ourselves that keeps us in insignificance among the nations of the earth. Like Dogberry, we write ourselves down asses and all the world takes us at our own valuation. The name "colonial" is odious to us, but we deserve it. And we shall continue to deserve it until we develop more individuality and independence of judgment than we have hitherto shown.

The ninth Monday Popular Concert took place in the Pavilion on the evening of the 22nd instant. The audience was large and appreciative. The solo vocalist was Miss Juliette Corden, Col. Henry Mapleson's *prima donna* for the forthcoming London season. Miss Corden is possessed of natural gifts which ensure for her a bright future. She has a pretty face and figure, an excellently trained and powerful, though very sweet voice. She sang "Ernani, involami" (Verdi), two ballads by Bischoff—"Marguerite" and "Supposing,"—besides encores after each number. Miss Corden is one of the best singers who have appeared at these concerts, and we hope to hear her again in Toronto. The Quartette Club played their numbers in excellent style. Their selections included—Mozart's Quartette in C Major, No. 6; and two movements from Haydn's Quartette in C Major, No. 3. Herr Jacobsen contributed two violin solos—Rode's "Air in G," and the "Minuetto and Trio," from Mozart's "Divertimento," No. 1. Herr Jacobsen played with his usual taste and skill. The directors announce that at their concert on the 28th of March the following artists will appear: Lilli Lehmann, soprano; Ovide Musin, violinist, and Franz Rummel, pianist. They very justly claim that the attraction thus offered is one of the strongest that has been announced in Toronto for many a year. All three artists stand among the first in their profession.



Among the numerous musical events occurring at this time of the year, the concert given recently in the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, under the direction of Mr. Edgar R. Doward, is especially worthy of comment. Dr Stainer's sacred cantata, "St. Mary Magdalen," was presented by a chorus of 75 voices to an audience which filled the church to its utmost capacity. The exquisite beauty of the softer passages is the great merit of the work. The *fortissimo* passages seem to lack the power of a great creation. In the interpretation of the former the chorus distinguished themselves, evincing thorough training and a careful appreciation of the lights and shades of the music. The first part is fortunate in having in it the three most attractive numbers of the work: "Ah, woe is me!" "Happy art thou, Magdalen," and "Come, ye sin-defiled and weary." The libretto is good, and in some instances, notably in the chorus "Come, ye sin-defiled and weary," poetical and musical. The solos were carefully and artistically sung by Mrs. Bradley (soprano), Miss Palen (alto), Mr. Richards (tenor), and Mr. Warrington (bass). A miscellaneous concert followed, in which the above artists were assisted by Miss Patterson. Mr. Doward is to be congratulated upon the fine singing of the chorus and for the able manner in which he discharged his onerous duties as organist and conductor.

An ingenious letter appeared the other day in the *Mail* over the pen-name "Liberal." The letter purported to be a reply to Mr. Kingsford's recent communication to the same journal, in which a severe reflection was incidentally made upon the manner in which the recent new chair in University College was created and filled. "Liberal" misses the main point at issue and launches forth into a eulogy of the Oriental languages and literature as a means of liberal culture. With his remarks as to the capabilities of the subject in this respect we readily agree, although it is to be remembered that as yet Orientals have been taken in University College only as a professional subject. But this is not the question at all. Whatever may be the merits of Hebrew as a liberal study, there can be no question that the claims of Political Science and English upon our attention are incomparably greater. Hitherto these claims have been shamefully neglected. The University Senate recognized this defect and made provision for a reform. The Senate were officially informed that the changes agreed upon could not be carried out for lack of funds. Yet, in spite of the resolutions of the Senate, and notwithstanding the alleged lack of funds, an entirely new position was created for which neither the Senate nor any other body had openly asked. This looks very much like machine management somewhere. And what the graduates of Toronto University and their representatives on the Senate want to know is who runs this machine. They will not be diverted from pressing this question by the raising of side issues.

The Rev. Dr. Abbott E. Kittredge, pastor of the largest Presbyterian church in Chicago, is being sued for \$27,000 damages because he had the manliness and courage to denounce the vice of the city and the gross laxity which characterizes the administration of justice there. The occasion which called forth Dr. Kittredge's denunciation was a shameful miscarriage of justice in the case of some noted gamblers. The justice who let them go has entered the suit for damages. We understand that Dr. Kittredge is warmly supported by his congregation and that the trial will be particularly lively. This case is one which we think calls for comment, as we are of opinion that in questions which concern the moral welfare of the community the Church has a right which it is bound to exercise,—to criticize, direct and, if need be, denounce. There is more need of preaching morality in these days than there is for harping on denominational strings. We do not mean to be misunderstood in this matter. We do not advocate the churches or even individual ministers becoming political machines or agents.

The pulpit should never be turned into a hustings. But upon social and moral questions the minister of God is doing no more than his duty when he denounces violations of the moral code and the maladministration of justice when it affects the social and moral well-being of the community. Those who know Dr. Kittredge are assured that he has not made his charges upon insufficient evidence. We wish him every success, and tender to him an assurance of sympathy and respect.

Last Tuesday evening a meeting was held in the Canadian Institute which, it is to be hoped, will inaugurate a new era in the profession of Civil Engineering in Canada. The meeting was convened by Mr. Allan MacDougall, to whom great credit must be given for his energy in this affair. About twenty-five members of the profession were present, including Prof. Galbraith, Kivas Tully, Messrs. Gibson, Stokes and Spry. There were also several graduates of the School of Practical Science present. The object of the meeting was to discuss the advisability of having the profession a closed one, and to form an association among Canadian engineers similar to existing ones in Great Britain and the United States. The opinion of the older engineers assembled was against making the profession a closed one, though all were in favor of the formation of an association. This was accordingly done, and a committee appointed to draft a constitution. Mr. MacDougall will endeavor to hold meetings in Montreal and Quebec early next month, and it is to be hoped that before long an institution will be formed containing among its members the leading minds of the profession in Canada. That the School of Science men will take a keen interest in its affairs may be surmised from the interest and enthusiasm manifested in their own Society. As it is at present, a civil engineer is as much recognized in the eyes of the law as a bricklayer or a plasterer, though not so much so as a plumber. It seems strange that, although the other professions, Law, Medicine, Pharmacy and Land Surveying, are closed ones, and have recognition in the eyes of the law and of the public, Engineers do not wish to have themselves put on an equal footing.

It is admitted on all hands that the Literary Society has reached what must be a crisis in its career. If Party did not kill the society it did worse than that. It destroyed its usefulness, and encouraged false aims and unworthy associations. This we clearly see, for, this injurious stimulating spirit being removed, the venerable structure sinks into helpless and rapid decay. But how restore it? The answer is easy to find. Try to place again before it its old-time aims, and arouse again that feeling of loyalty to our institution whose interests ought to be those of every undergraduate. But to be more practical. The "Literary" Society. Wherefore "Literary"? In past years what have members done to make it deserve that title? The Modern Language men, not finding what they want at the "Literary," have started a Literary far more worthy of the name. From the latter comes a suggestion which bids fair to be the very medicine required by the Literary Society. It has been suggested that the Modern Language Club hand over to the Literary Society their English meetings, and devote their time exclusively to the other languages on their course. The Modern Language men for the most part feel that under proper management the English meetings, which have been held with such marked success this winter, would awaken even more wide-spread interest if held on Friday evenings by the Literary Society. They feel that they have undertaken too much, and that where the English meetings have been in every way satisfactory, the German meetings have been quite the contrary. More time is needed if students are to become practically acquainted with the French and German languages, and to gain this time the majority of the members are, we judge, willing to relinquish the most attractive part of their work. Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the advisability of the Modern Language Club making the proposal, there surely can be none as



to the advisability of the Literary Society's accepting the proposal if it is made. Those who have hitherto taken an active interest in the English meetings of the Modern Language Club would transfer it to the Literary Society. The Literary discussions might be held one week, and the ordinary debate the next, and so the two objects of the Society might be fulfilled. The programme might be drawn out (as last year for the Modern Language Society) before the end of March, so that the work might be prepared during the vacation. Let us try the plan, if agreeable to all parties, at least next Michaelmas term, and then perhaps we shall have a "Literary Society" which will indeed justify its existence.

## Leading Article.

### THE ENGLISH CURRICULUM.

For *Matriculation*, two or three works of one of the easier and more attractive writers of our own generation, or in any case of this century, might be prescribed; and these should be understood to afford material, not for grammatical and rhetorical drudgery, as has been the case with texts in the past, but for the cultivation of a healthy appetite for wholesome literature and for the development of correctness, taste and independence in the expression of thought and feeling. Careful reading of these texts and constant practice in composition on themes drawn from them, would be the student's work of preparation, and the test of his strength at examinations would be his ability to deal with themes selected from the same texts by the examiner. Grammar and rhetoric should be required only in a most general way. Both are strictly formal studies and can have value only when they systematize knowledge already possessed. Instead of studying grammar and rhetoric in order to speak and write our mother-tongue correctly, we must be able to understand and use our English well before we can understand its grammar and rhetoric. Prosody, for similar reasons, should be prescribed only in its broadest outlines.

For the *First Year* the literary work should centre in two authors representative of the best simple prose and poetical literature of to-day in England and America. Each work of these authors, carefully read, would furnish themes for an infinite variety of oral and written discussions, so that every opportunity would be afforded for improvement on the practical side.

These authors, too, with whom the student can be in perfect sympathy, should be made the basis for early studies in prosody, in classes of literary composition, and in the subtleties of style. For the first year's study on the scientific side there are many questions which might be discussed by way of clearing the ground for future study; what language is; change and persistence of its forms; what constitutes grammar; grammatical terms and divisions broadly considered; presentive and symbolic words; nature and value of dialects; principles of modern scientific etymology; elementary study of sounds, etc.

In the first half of the *Second Year* the chief literary work might centre in a leading author of the 18th or 17th century, and in the second half-year in Shakespeare's easier plays, while one or two authors of the 19th century, more difficult than those of the first year, could be carried as minor literary work for purposes of comparison, linguistic and literary, with the older works. An attempt might now also be made to trace great literary influences from Shakespeare's time to the present. As in the first year, there would be unbounded opportunities for composition and criticism. For the scientific work there might be a further discussion of some of the topics mentioned for the first year, together with similar ones, while at the same time a practical acquaintance might be made with one or two English dialects by a study of Burns and

other less noted dialect writers—from a purely linguistic point of view.

In the first half of the *Third Year*, Shakespeare should be continued for the main literary study, and at the same time Chaucer might be introduced, to be continued along with "Piers Plowman" as the chief literary work of the second half-year, during which a beginning should also be made in Anglo-Saxon. Throughout the year half a dozen authors, representative of periods from Chaucer to the present, could be taken as minor literary work for purposes of comparison, as in the second year. In the third year, too, literary influences, foreign as well as domestic, might be traced somewhat carefully. For scientific purposes, Chaucer, "Piers Plowman," and the first lessons in Anglo-Saxon would furnish a great deal of interesting material in new word and phrase forms. Books, too, like those of Whitney, Sayce, Max Muller and Schleicher, might be discussed in lectures and conferences, while a practical acquaintance might be made with additional English dialects.

For the *Fourth Year* the main literary work should centre in English prior to Chaucer—the Ormulum, Brut and Anglo-Saxon prose and poetry—while a broader and more critical treatment of great representative works of all the later literary periods (forgetting by no means those of our own century and continent) might be expected of the student. Each candidate for degree might also be required to hand in at the close of the year a well-written essay of reasonable length on some serious literary topic. In this year, too, might be traced minutely the development of English literature from the earliest times to the present—all kinds of literary influence being noticed; and now for the first time would it be possible to enter upon the systematic study of English philology. Philological study is strictly comparative, and necessarily implies a first-hand acquaintance with several cognate languages—the more the better—and hence the first work of the student must be to obtain a knowledge of such languages, in the study of which, however, many interesting and important principles may be introduced incidentally, but only in so far as they bear upon the languages in question or others already known by the student. In this way only can philological study be anything but a drudgery. Now, according to the plan outlined above, a student of the fourth year would have a more or less thorough acquaintance with English in all its stages, as well as with three or four of its more important modern dialects. By this time, also, in the department of German he would have a pretty thorough knowledge of the modern language and literature, together with some practical acquaintance with Old and Middle High German and Gothic. Latin, and possibly Greek, would also be within his reach. Here, then, is a tolerably satisfactory basis for the systematic study of English philology, for the student is prepared to trace out intelligently many of the general and special laws of linguistic growth.

The fourth year, again, when the student fully realizes the continuity of the language, would be the proper time for a special course of lectures on historical English grammar, not necessarily embodying anything new to the student after his extended course of reading, but simply for the purpose of systematizing his knowledge.

This, then, roughly expressed, would be my plan for the detailed distribution of work for an undergraduate course in English. In scope and general principles, as stated in the introduction, it agrees with Mr. Houston's scheme. The results aimed at are the same, but the way chosen to reach these results is in many respects very different.

From first to last the student's interest in the work would be regarded as of prime importance; and because the student does not see things through Chaucer's or Shakespeare's or Milton's spectacles, but in the light of the 19th century, he would be introduced to the serious study of literature and language through contempor-



ary writers ; for if he cannot catch the literary or linguistic spirit from a study of these it would be hopeless to lead him to the past for inspiration. The study would be chronological in order, though in a backward direction—which is, after all, the only natural direction, since it is more difficult to render familiar what is more remote in time—and no student would be supposed to proceed to the consideration of the older literature and language until he gave evidence of familiarity with the later. Each period of literature and language would be kept before the student from the time when its study is begun until graduation, and thus throughout his course the later forms would always be more familiar than the earlier. Classification, statement of general laws and detailed criticism would come, not at the beginning, but at the close of every study, and philology would be studied only incidentally until a firm foundation could be laid for its systematic treatment. Remembering, too, that a student's undergraduate years are limited to four, and that the best part of his life and consequently his most earnest study are to come when college days are over, it would seem wiser for the present to let the second, third and fourth rate authors rest in peace, except in so far as they specially influence the authors chosen for study.

I have thus far made no distinction between pass and honor courses, which might be determined by different percentages of the same work for the first half of the course, and in the second half both by difference in percentage and in the class of work prescribed. Pass men, for instance, should not be required to take the Anglo-Saxon and systematic philology.

For want of space it will be impossible here to outline a post-graduate course, but no one will say that material would be wanting for three additional years of earnest study in the department of English alone. The undergraduate would find it impossible to explore thoroughly even the highways of English literature, and besides, there still remain the by-ways and hedges. The study of philology, only begun in the undergraduate course, could now be pushed forward with real satisfaction. The aid of Old Saxon, Old Norse, and if time permitted, of Sanscrit also, would have to be sought ; for the study of English philology means first the study of Teutonic and then of Indo-Germanic philology.

J. MCW.

## Literature.

### THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALIST.\*

*Then the poet, little urged,  
But with some prelude of disparagement,—  
Saying, "Of late the theme has been set forth,  
And all the college warblers, me'lower-voiced,  
With their melodious bursts of song will fill  
Our spacious halls, and put my rhyme to shame,"—  
Read, mounthing out the hollow sounding oes,  
His late-penned verses, and to this result :*

BALLADE.

When all a land was stirred,  
Before the great birth-throe,  
By him was that bell unheard,  
Clanging LIBERTY, to and fro ;  
When men toiled on in the row,  
With their tilth overhung by night-mist,  
With their trust in God's weather—no seed did he sow,  
THE U. E. LOYALIST.

But it thrilled as a God-spoken word,  
That loud-clanging bell, long ago ;  
And its voice, like a storm-tossed bird,  
Shrilled o'er them when fighting the foe.  
Now the bell's voice is cracked enow,  
And the LOYALIST dead ; and unwist  
To him was its meaning, which thrilled all men so,  
THE U. E. LOYALIST,

For when a great people was stirred,  
(Now the greatest of peoples, I trow !)  
He with himself conferred,  
Thought " 'twould be prudent to go,  
" All were rebels there, high and low,  
" And....things had a nasty twist."....  
And to speed him all true men were not overslow,—  
THE U. E. LOYALIST.

*L'Envoi.*

Prince, they said, like Ko Ko,  
" He never will be missed."  
And how much he missed—and was missed—we know :  
THE U. E. LOYALIST !

W. J. HEALY.

### THE NEW CANADIAN DRAMA.\*

(FIRST NOTICE.)

The two most notable Canadian dramas that have seen the light unfortunately do not deal with Canadian subjects. Mr. Hevysege's "Saul," as its title indicates, is a Biblical subject, while Mr. Watson's "Ravlan" is a story of Druid rites in the time of the early tribal kings of Britain. The present production has for its theme, not only a Canadian subject, but a subject of the highest national interest to the Canadian people. It is one, moreover, that peculiarly lends itself to dramatic treatment ; and, in the incidents description, and dialogues, as well as in the portrayal of heroism and passion, puts to the test the finest qualities of the poet. In Mr. Mair's "Tecumseh," not only has he achieved a great and complete success, but in the choice and handling of a grand Canadian theme he has amply justified the poet's function and art, and done more for the future study and appreciation of Anglo-Canadian history than it is possible at present to realize. To many Canadian minds, it is to be feared, Tecumseh is but a name : henceforth—thanks to the author of "Dreamland,"—the noble Shawnee chief will stand forth, and deservedly, as one of those grand figures in Canadian annals whose deeds go far to make the British period of our history dramatic, and whose services to Canada and the Empire at a critical epoch in their history deserve to be forever enshrined in the peoples' memory. Looking at the subject in the light of expectant popular favor, it is perhaps a pity that Mr. Mair did not write a novel rather than a drama ; for dramatic verse, admittedly, addresses the reading taste and sympathies of the few. But the few,—the "fit few"—will be the more grateful that our author, instead of resorting to fiction, has wooed the Muses, and given to native literature a work of higher literary art than his genius was likely to give us in fiction, while, at the same time, he has shown us what may be accomplished, in dealing with a purely Canadian subject, in a department in which it is confessedly difficult to achieve success.

But whatever the vehicle in which the story is presented, it is important that the heroic deeds of the faithful Indian allies of Britain, in the struggle to plant and maintain the flag of the Empire on this continent, should be treasured, and a fitting memory preserved of their loyal services and staunch friendship. Nor should gratitude be lacking, particularly in the Canadian nation, which owes so much to the Indian tribes for the heritage it now

\* "The United Empire Loyalists" is the subject announced for the Toronto University Prize Poem.

\* "Tecumseh : a Drama." By Charles Mair, author of "Dreamland, and other Poems." Toronto : Hunter, Rose & Co., and Williamson & Co., 1886.

peacefully enjoys, and from which it has rudely dispossessed the children of the woods, and done much to make them what they now are,—a poor, emasculated, vanishing race. To perpetuate the memory of these services, and outline on the poet-painter's canvas the grand figure of an Indian ally of Britain in the early struggle, on Canadian soil, with the invader of the western peninsula of this Province, is the work Mr. Mair has set himself to do; and skilfully and artistically he has accomplished his task, and indisputably put the hall-mark of genius upon one more production of Canadian verse.

Within the limits of a brief criticism we can only succinctly indicate the plot and chief incidents in Mr. Mair's drama of "Tecumseh." Closely following the history of the time, these include the disaster to the Indian cause at Tippecanoe; the American invasion of the western peninsula; the surrender to British arms of Fort Detroit; the rallying of the Canadian militia to drive the invaders from the Niagara frontier and the Western province; and the fatal field by the banks of the Thames, with the death, at Moravian Town, of the Indian chief, Tecumseh. With the materials drawn from these stirring historic events, and the introduction of a romantic adventure between an Indian maiden and an English poet-artist, "enamoured of Indian life,"—the two latter, creations of the author's brain—Mr. Mair has constructed a story full of dramatic situations, which is related with a large knowledge of the dramatist's art. The passages are innumerable that manifest the author's constructive skill, his felicity of language, and his sympathy with his subject; and there are many lines, also, that indicate the fire of his genius, and the tenderness which bespeaks the poet's heart. Most noticeable, perhaps, of all, is the author's faculty of concentrated expression, which gives force and dignity to the narrative, and enshrines in epigrammatic terseness many a familiar, homely thought. How many and fine, for instance, are the poetic beauties in the following lines, extracted at random from the book:—

"Twelve infant moons

Have swung in silver cradles o'er these woods,  
And still no tidings of his enterprise."

"Long ere the white man tripped his anchors cold,  
To cast them by the glowing western isles."

"From the hot gulf up to those confines rude,  
Where summer's sides are pierced with icicles."

"I care not for your cruel law! The heart  
Hath statutes of its own which make for love."

"The jarring needs of harvest-time and war,  
'Twixt whose necessities grave hazards lay."

"Rashness is the wind of enterprise  
And blows its banners out."

"No more

Our 'leaden birds' will sing amongst your corn."

"Till withered cheeks ran o'er with feeble smiles,  
And tongues, long silent, babbled of their prime."

"My father's God is wise enough for me,  
And wise enough this grey world's wisest men."

"How still the night!

Here peace has let her silvery tresses down  
And falls asleep beside the lapping wave."

The drama opens with the return to the Prophet's town on the Tippecanoe (a tributary of the Ohio) of the Prophet's brother, Tecumseh, who had been long absent, rousing the tribes from the Gulf to the Lakes to resist "the fraudulent treaties of Fort Wayne." These treaties unscrupulous American traders had wrung from irresponsible Indian chiefs, and conveyed the surrender to the en-

croaching whites in Delaware and Ohio of the rich hunting-grounds of the Indians in the immense wilderness region west of the Alleghanies. In this region, fifty years before the story opens, Pontiac, whom Parkman calls "the Satan of the forest Paradise," had leagued the tribes to fall upon the intruding English, who, after the Conquest, had taken possession of the West. Tecumseh, as a native of the Ohio valley, had inherited Pontiac's dislike of the American traders who had settled in the region; but, unlike Pontiac, he desired to right his people's wrongs with reason and diplomacy rather than with the tomahawk and the hatchet. His noble nature recoiled from bloodshed; but the crafty ambition of his brother, the Prophet, taking advantage of Tecumseh's absence, precipitated hostilities, and brought disaster to the tribes whom Tecumseh wished peacefully to confederate for their common weal, and the restoration of the land of which they had been so cruelly and wrongfully despoiled. In a fine monologue, occurring early in the first Act, Tecumseh thus soliloquizes, and the passage furnishes a key to the character and purposes of the great Shawnee chief:

"What is there in my nature so supine  
That I must ever quarrel with revenge?  
From vales and rivers which were once our own  
The pale hounds, who uproot our ancient graves,  
Come whining for our lands, with fawning tongues,  
And schemes and subterfuge and subtleties.  
O for a Pontiac to drive them back,  
And whoop them to their shuddering villages!  
O for an age of valour like to his,  
When freedom clothed herself with solitude,  
And one in heart the scattered nations stood,  
And one in hand. It comes! and mine shall be  
The lofty task to teach them to be free—  
To knit the nations, bind them into one,  
And end the task great Pontiac begun!"

Earlier in the book, occur some spirited passages-at-arms, between Tecumseh and the Prophet, over the means by which the one desires to secure justice for his people and the other revenge. Bitterness is intensified between the brothers by the Prophet's capture of the poet-artist, Lefroy, who is enamoured of Tecumseh's niece, Iena. Lefroy, the Prophet wishes, if not to kill, to prevent from marrying his kinswoman; and he does all he can to poison Tecumseh's mind against him. Tecumseh, though he recognizes in Lefroy a friend and lover of his people, desires that his maidens shall maintain their tribal independence, and refuses to give Iena's hand in marriage to the artist, adding that "red shall not marry white—such is our law." This decision, which Iena, at least, dutifully respects, gives a heightened interest to the book, and keeps the reader on the tenter-hooks of anxiety and suspense until the pathetic close of the drama. The strain of tenderness in the lines which describe the frequent meetings of the lovers is exquisite, while the beauty and melody of some of the love songs introduced are hardly surpassed by the best of England's lyric poets. Take this as an example, which is sung by Iena, when urging her lover to leave her, though, at the same time, she calls on heaven to

"help a weak untutored maid,  
Whose head is warring 'gainst a heart that tells,  
With every throb, I love you. Leave me! Fly!

"Fly far from me,  
Even as the daylight flies,  
And leave me in the darkness of my pain!  
Some earlier love will come to thee again,  
And sweet new moons will rise,  
And smile on it and thee.

"Fly far from me,  
Even whilst the daylight wastes—  
Ere thy lips burn me in thy last caress;



Ere fancy quickens, and my longings press,  
And my weak spirit hastes  
For shelter unto thee !

“ Fly far from me,  
Even whilst the daylight pales—  
So shall we never, never meet again !  
Fly ! for my senses swim—Oh, Love ! Oh, Pain !—  
Help ! for my spirit fails— [ *Iena sinks into Lefroy's*  
I cannot fly from thee !” [ *arms.*

This love-wrapt scene is of course broken in upon by inopportune intruders, one of whom is Tecumseh, who accuses his niece of perfidy, “traversed by alien love.” Iena replies :

“ Tecumseh ne’er was cruel until now.  
Call not love alien which includes our race—  
Love for our people, pity for their wrongs ;  
He loves our race because his heart is here—  
And mine is in his breast, Oh, ask him there,  
And he will tell you.”

Lefroy here breaks in, not altogether apologetically, and advances reasons to Tecumseh for his love for Iena, and urges his admission into the tribe as her husband.

LEFROY] . . . “ I know not what you think,  
And care not for your favour or your love,  
Save as desert may crown me. . . .  
Yet Iena loves me, and I love her.  
Be merciful ! I ask not Iena  
To leave her race ; I rather would engage  
These willing arms in her defence and yours,  
Heap obligations up, conditions stern—  
But send not your cold ‘ nay ’ athwart our lives.”

But other passages, connected with the historical narrative and with the scenery introduced, claim attention and merit notice in this brief review of Mr. Mair’s work. On page 24 there is a charming description of the continent, ere the white man came to disturb its solitudes, which Lefroy recites in a forest-glade, whither he had come to keep tryst with Iena. The author’s keen sympathy with nature is lovingly expressed in the passage (which we regret we are unable to quote), while it affords a fine specimen of his imaginative powers, his command of a chaste diction, and a strength and melody of expression, almost unexampled among writers of modern verse.

G. MERCER ADAM.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

AD MYRRHAM ABSENTEM.

(*From Shelley.*)

Melos modulaminis  
Manet mente memoris :

{ Vix virentes violæ  
Vivunt vi volatile ;

Halant hyacinthi odorem  
Languescens suaviorem.

Flos rosarum, quum marcessit,  
Suis frondibus quiescit ;

Te absente, voces tuas  
Amor revocat amicas.

W. H. C. K.

CATULLUS’ AVE ATQUE VALE.\*

By many lands, o’er many a sea I come,  
To pay thee, brother, these sad burial dues,  
To offer those last gifts we give our dead,  
And call in vain upon thy silent dust :  
For fate has robbed me of thine own true self,  
Oh hapless brother, lost to me so soon.  
Still take these gifts, that, as our sires were wont  
Of old, I bring in sadness to thy grave,  
Take them, all dripping with thy brother’s tears—  
And, brother, now farewell for ever more.

R.

## University and College News.

### NOTICE.

At the request of the Modern Language Society, Dr. Wilson has consented to deliver two public lectures on the poetry of Robert Browning. The first lecture will be given on Saturday, the 27th inst., at 11 o’clock, in the east lecture-room of University College, and the second a fortnight afterwards. The lectures are open to all students and their friends and a large attendance is expected. Professor Hutton lectures in Trinity College on Saturday afternoon at 4 o’clock, and would doubtless be pleased to see Toronto University men in his audience.

Y. M. C. A.

The regular weekly meeting was held in Moss Hall, on Thursday, Feb. 18th. The meeting was conducted by Mr. J. G. Hume, who took for his subject “Substitution,” basing his remarks on Isaiah 53 : 6, “And the Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all.” There were not quite as many as usual present.

On Tuesday, March 2nd, the new Y. M. C. A. building is to be opened. The Minister of Education, Mayor Howland, Mr. Studd, of Cambridge, and Mr. Wishard, of New York, will all be present. This meeting will be for the students. On the following Thursday it is the intention to hold another meeting, to which all the friends of the Association are invited.

Mr. C. T. Studd was considered the best all-round cricketer in England. He gave his fortune of £50,000 for missionary work. His two brothers were first-class cricketers and very popular at Cambridge University.

In connection with the building fund, it may be stated that as the committee consider it advisable to have all the money collected at an early date, they would be greatly aided if those of the undergraduates who have subscribed would forward their subscriptions as soon as possible.

The weekly meeting was held on Thursday, Feb. 25th. The leader was Mr. R. R. McKay. His subject was “A Great God,” Exodus 15 11. Mr. McKay said the greatness of God was shown by His love to His people. It was also shown by the deliverance of His people. As the Israelites were in bondage, so are all men in bondage to sin. God has shown His love to us in delivering us from this bondage by His Son’s sacrifice. The enemies of the Israelites were slain. So does the power of Christ slay our spiritual foes. The redemption from the power of sin is complete and eternal. “Ye were redeemed . . . with the precious blood of Christ.” Some reports were received from the delegates to the Hamilton Convention. After this the meeting adjourned.

\* Catullus’ brother died and was buried in the Troad. Some years after the poet, being in the East, visited his tomb.

## MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

A well-attended meeting of the Society was held on Monday afternoon, in Moss Hall, the President, Mr. T. A. Rowan, in the chair. The work was carried on entirely in French. Essays were read on the Life and Chief Works of Dumas Pere.

Mr. A. H. Young gave a good essay on the life and influence of Dumas, while Mr. J. E. Jones read an excellent paper on Monte Christo. Great progress in the method of reading the essays has been a marked feature in the programmes during the year. Mr. Jones then led the Society in singing some French songs, after which a very successful practice in conversation was carried on, Mr. Squair, Mr. Cameron, and Mr. Rouse encouraging. An exciting meeting is expected next Monday afternoon, when Modern Language interests in general will be discussed. Subjects bearing on the relation of History, Ethnology, etc., to Modern Languages will be discussed. Mr. Houston will also introduce the subject in its relation to the curriculum.

## NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

On Tuesday evening, the society met as usual in the School of Science, Prof. R. Ramsay Wright, in the chair. Dr. Ellis, Prof. Chapman and Prof. Wright, were appointed a committee to examine the essays sent in for the McMurrich medal. The programme was commenced by Mr. Clarke, with an elaborate and interesting paper on the Spermatogenesis of the rat. After some discussion of this essay, the President gave a short account of the nature and working of the German Universities.

## MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

The University College Mathematical and Physical Society held its usual meeting Tuesday evening, Feb. 16, in the Lecture-room, No. 8, the President, J. M. Clark, M.A., in the chair. Mr. Bowerman read an able paper on the "Study of Physics." After defining the term, and classifying the different subjects that come under the head of Physical Science, he showed the benefits derived from the training received in the pursuit of these studies, their adaptability to educate the logical faculties, to cultivate powers of observation, to promote executive skill, and to refine the senses of touch, sight and hearing, the latter acquired more particularly by the great number of indispensable experiments in the laboratory. He pointed out the great number of employments which the recent discoveries and advances in the knowledge of the different departments of science and its application in engineering, telegraphing, telephoning, photographing, electric lighting, etc., have opened to those only who have acquired a knowledge of these subjects.

After some discussion on the paper, Mr. W. J. Loudon, B.A., presented a number of experiments in electricity with instruments recently procured from Paris.

A paper received from Mr. J. C. Fields, B.A., of Johns Hopkins University, was laid over until the next meeting.

On motion of I. E. Martin, seconded by L. H. Bowerman, W. J. Loudon, B.A., Prof. Galbraith and the President were appointed to act as examiners for the Mathematical and Physical Society medal. Papers for competition have to be handed to the Secretary before the 15th of March.

Problems were laid over until next meeting.

Mr. J. C. Stuart will read a paper at the next meeting.

## Communications.

## THE NEW PROTESTANTISM.

To the Editor of the VARSITY:

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me a few words in the grave dis-

cussion which, advisedly or not, has been opened in your columns. The debate seems to centre round the one question as to the desirability of the system of denominational colleges as a means for the attainment of religious truth. It may easily be foreseen that the discussion will have a tendency to spread over into other well-known fields of religious polemics. But we earnestly hope that, first of all, this important preliminary question will be thoroughly argued, and serious, honest endeavour made to arrive at some agreement.

I shall waste no words in maintaining the all-importance to man of religious knowledge, of having clear conceptions of duty here and of the prospects and conditions of life hereafter, and finally of attaining to an ever better apprehension of the presence and attributes of his God. Light, certain light, on these matters is what we are crying for. All through history and the world over we have the piteous spectacle of warring religions and of blindly wandering and suffering humanity. Is this to continue? Are we adopting the best means of putting an end to it? Physical science is working hard and with single eye to make us better acquainted with many duties and their accomplishment, and with the grandeur of God and his works. Is religious science working thus hard and single-eyed? Are the hundreds who go forth to instruct us in religious truth trained to correct habits of thought, and are the institutions in which they are trained the best calculated to give them the highest possible conceptions of religious truth? To this double question the advocates of denominational religious training answer yea, and to it I beg to answer nay.

From the nature of the case and from the facts of the case it is not so.

For the attainment of truth two things are necessary—freedom from prejudice and the freest admission to all fields of information and discussion. Are these conditions realized in denominational colleges? I confess it seems to me that a "denominational college for the search after truth" is a contradiction in terms far greater than the "didactic poetry" against which DeQuincy inveighs. The very term denomination presumes certain truth arrived at and to be maintained; certain truth which it is the peculiar privilege of the institution to possess and to advocate.

We have here a disqualifying prejudice which it is vain to deny; and as for opportunities of securing full information and of benefitting by fair discussion, who will pretend that in the diversity and exclusiveness of denominational colleges any such prerequisites for the discovery of truth are to be found? Zeal in abundance, earnest enthusiasm, no doubt, and a certain restless activity within a limited sphere—but no thoroughly candid, fearless, soul-earnest search after truth.

The history of denominational colleges is unsavory and is not likely to be quoted in defence of their maintenance to-day. The time is past at Oxford and Cambridge when admission to the study of pure mathematics was conditioned by the signing of the articles. The attempt to regulate the acquisition of knowledge in the physical sciences has been abandoned, we may assume. But why is the acquisition of religious truth still so generally restricted? In proof that these conditions still exist, we have only to note the fear of one denomination of another.

What Presbyterian would be content to search for religious truth in an Episcopalian College? Why do they thus distrust each other? When one of your correspondents pleads in behalf of one denominational college, that "its very liberality and extent of theological area has been often a subject of reproach by those outside of her pale," is he not saving his own denomination by a condemnation of the others? I think we may safely leave to the mutual criticism of the colleges themselves the task of exposing the utter unsatisfactoriness of their methods of inquiry. Toronto University, with its meeting of the rival colleges, is most excellently situated for such a consensus of criticism. And here, let me say, is the promise of something better. In such mutual criticism have we not the suggestion of the ideal institution for re-



ligious research? Perhaps the mutual revelation of defects will lead to a mutual purification, and then to a harmonious co-operation in the search of the one object they profess to seek.

It was a pleasure to read the dispassionate communication of your correspondent from Wycliffe College. It was well, however, that another correspondent supplied to his quotation from Dr. Sheraton's address a line or two which he had overlooked. The doctor states that Wycliffe College "wants to send forth men who are *loyal to the Church*." Dr. Sheraton's italics here signify a good deal; for by loyalty to the Church he says he means, among other things, "loyalty to the history and confession of our Church, loyalty to the methods and rules of our Church." Is this looking with single eye to truth? Is this "independence of thought and fearlessness in the pursuit of truth?"

In the *Knox College Monthly* for January, 1886, there appears a biographical article by Principal Caven on the late Dr. Willis. The Principal speaks of him as "a professor of divinity whose high qualifications were on all hands recognized....His mind was polemical. As a theologian he tenaciously held the Calvinistic system in its integrity....It need scarcely be said that his teaching was in strict harmony with the standards of the Presbyterian Church."

And so proof will accumulate as to the unfair way in which the search after religious truth is conducted under the denominational system, and increasing impetus given to the new Protestantism. When religious science has been emancipated from the shackles of dogma, a new era may be said to be begun. It has already begun outside of the Church and unawares, within its bosom.

Feb. 17.

R. BALMER.

*To the Editor of the VARSITY.*

SIR,—In Mr. Stevenson's first article on this subject he declares that the inertia of the clerical body is the great hindrance to the march of truth in our day. It is not my wish to discuss the accuracy of this statement. There are different opinions as to what the great hindrances to the march of truth are, and Mr. Stevenson is at perfect liberty to hold his.

But when we who are theological students are told that the reason for this inertia is our want of proper education; when we are told that we are being contracted and narrowed, that we have prejudged matters which we should investigate, and have placed ourselves in a position in which it is impossible to reach truth; when we are told that we have surrendered our intellectual freedom and the Divine gift of individual judgment, we can hardly be silent. And if we feel that we have been falsely accused of doing that which it is a disgrace and a shame for any man to do, we may surely be pardoned if our denial of the accusation is somewhat warmly expressed.

In a previous letter to the VARSITY I denied that on entering a theological college men virtually affirmed their belief in regard to the matters they should come to investigate, and were precluded from the privilege of individual judgment. I can only repeat this denial now. In support of Mr. Stevenson's sweeping charges not a particle of substantial evidence has yet been produced. Where does the surrender of intellectual freedom begin? As I stated before, all that is required of a student entering theology is that he shall be (to use the ordinary expression) a member of the Church—that he shall have professed in the broadest way a belief in God and Christianity. There is no subscription to articles or confession. If this implies a surrender of judgment, then the charges of intellectual bondage and inertia lie not specially against the clergy but against the whole body of professing Christians.

Is it alleged that intellectual freedom is not enjoyed nor the right of judgment exercised in the studies of the course as to the evidences of Christianity, the special inspiration and divine origin of the Bible and the system of truth which it teaches? This, too, we must deny most emphatically. As Mr. F. B. Hodgins says, it rests

with the student to accept or reject what doctrines he will as they are presented to him. For myself I can speak absolutely, and I know that I speak for others, when I say that my resolve before entering theology was to accept nothing which reason, judgment and conscience would not sanction; and to this resolve I have striven to hold. True, we accept some things we cannot understand, but this is because they are revealed in a book which, from sufficient evidence, we have come to believe is the word of God. And here, I may assure the gentleman who has referred to this matter, that we are not ignorant of the "modern school of criticism," nor are we unable to give reasons for the faith that is in us.

But it is argued that there are a number of theological colleges, and Presbyterian students invariably go to Knox, Episcopalians to Wycliffe, etc., while they all end by professing the theology of their own college. From this it is inferred that each enters and continues his course with a certain amount of prejudice which virtually determines the result. This argument loses its force when we remember that the points of disagreement between these denominations are comparatively few and insignificant. The training for the Anglican Ministry could for the most part be received in a Presbyterian theological college, and *vice versa*. In regard to some of the points of difference it is hard, perhaps impossible, to arrive at absolute certainty. In reaching the conclusion that on the whole the Presbyterian Church is nearest the truth in these matters of dispute, we of Knox may have been guided to some extent by the prejudice from which no man is free. But we have tried to look at the matter honestly, and certainly we have by no means surrendered our intellectual freedom.

Now what do the instances which Mr. Stevenson has so laboriously collected for us in his last article prove? Not in the least, the bold statements of his first paper. In regard to some of these instances we join with Mr. Stevenson in his condemnation of what was done. The others prove that the Presbyterian Church (and the same is true of the other churches) requires that when a man in the exercise of his intellectual freedom and individual judgment has decided that her system of doctrine is true and has professed his belief in this system, he shall not teach what is contrary to that doctrine while he continues to call himself a Presbyterian. A medical man may exercise the utmost freedom in deciding what is the best system of medicine, but if he practice allopathy he has no right to call himself a homœopathist.

No man is bound to enter the Presbyterian ministry nor is he bound to stay there if his views are not in accordance with Presbyterian standards. It would not be right for any church or any corporation to give the authority of its name to the teaching of doctrine which it regarded as false and injurious.

ROBERT HADDOW.

[The discussion on this subject is now closed.—EDITOR.]

## A UNIVERSITY CLUB.

*To the Editor of the VARSITY:*

SIR,—Let me urge upon graduates and students alike, the desirability and feasibility of forming a club to be known as the "Toronto University Club." Only such a union can focus the attention of university men to university affairs. Also it will give a concentrated influence and generate an "esprit de corps" now unknown.

Four thousand dollars subscribed by the members of a Joint Stock Company, in shares of ten dollars each, would be an ample start. Students would be ready and in fact delighted to take up boarders' quarters in connection with such an affair. The revenue in this and other ways, would, I am sure, pay a good dividend. To you, Mr. Editor and VARSITY, it remains to call a meeting of likely promoters to discuss the project and to render plain the advantages of such a move.

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Subjects for Sunday, Feb. 28th.

Morning—"How to possess our souls."

Evening—The Rev. H. M. Parsons on the  
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Subjects for Sunday, Feb. 28th.

11 a.m.—"Going forward—but where?"

7 p.m.—"They know not what they do."

## Di-Varities.

On the avenue :

Cabby : Hansom, sir, hansom ?

De Brickbatte : Well—aw—what the dayvil  
if I am ? Cawn't a fellow show himself in  
this blawsted town without being—aw—in-  
sulted ?

A parent writing to the New York *Evening Post*, states that he sent his son to a New  
England College, and that it cost him \$2,000  
a year to keep him there. The net result  
having hardly justified the expenditure, the  
father says he feels like exclaiming with the  
children of Israel, "We put this gold into  
the furnace, and there came forth this calf."

THE LATEST BON MOT.

Scene—*The Queen's Park, near Toboggan Slide.*

A pet poodle had been run over, and its  
mangled remains bestrewed the slide : a lady  
(mistress of the dog) and a gentleman stood  
alongside lamenting.

LADY.—(Plaintively) : "Ah ! sweet pet !  
what a fate to overtake you !"

GENTLEMAN.—(Sympathetically) : "Good  
dog ! good dog !"

A well-known author, accompanied by a  
friend, was looking on, and turning away  
from the scene, he said, quoting a line from  
George Eliot's well-known poem :

Ah ! "The sweet presence of a good dif-  
fused."

A bold, bad man has burlesqued the fol-  
lowing quotation from Longfellow's "Psalm  
of Life" :

Life insurance men remind us

We can make our wives sublime,

And departing leave behind us

Widows worthy of our time.

We will give them such a send off

On the life insurance plan,

That when we departing end off,

They can scoop some other man.

Our benedict poet's version of the same is  
this :—

Wives of poor men all remind us

If we let our wives dress fine,

We'll departing leave behind us

Unpaid bills till end of time.

Bryn Mawr College.—This year sees still  
another accession to the ranks of the colleges  
for women. Bryn Mawr College which was  
founded in 1879 by Dr. Joseph Taylor, was  
completed and formerly opened to the stu-  
dents at the beginning of the present college  
year. This institution is situated on the  
Pennsylvania Railroad about ten miles from  
Philadelphia. As this is its first year, the  
college is composed entirely of freshmen,  
about forty in number. There are thirteen  
instructors. The requirements for admission  
are much the same as those for Harvard, al-  
though French and German are taken as an  
equivalent for Greek. The course for the  
degree of Bachelor of Arts is expected to  
take four years, and is a combination of the  
curriculum, group and elective system.

—*Harvard Crimson.*

"A reputashun," says Josh Billings, "once  
broken may possibly be repaired, but the  
world will always keep their eyes on the spot  
where the crack was."

How do we know that Cæsar had an Irish  
sweetheart ? He went to the Rhine, and pro-  
posed to Bridget (bridge it).

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The papers that come from St. Paul, tra-la,  
All say that the Inguns will rise ;  
These papers have got enough gall, tra-la,  
If they think that their rumors appal, tra-la,  
They do not cause even surprise.  
And that's what we mean when we say that  
they lie,

When they say that the Inguns will rise by  
and-by.

The papers that come from St. Paul, tra-la,  
Have nothing to do with the case ;  
The reporters these stories who scrawl, tra-la,  
Are liars and cheats one and all, tra-la,  
They're certainly 'way off their base,  
And that's what we mean when we say or we  
sing  
"You bet that the Inguns won't rise in the  
spring."

The statement made some time ago that a \$4,000 scholarship had been given to Dartmouth on condition that no student who uses tobacco shall receive any of its benefits, is but an example of one of the many scholarships at that college. It seems that every student who applies for a scholarship at Dartmouth must sign a pledge not to use tobacco in any form while receiving aid from the college.—*Harvard Crimson*.

## WOULDN'T WORK.

'Pa,' said Olivia, 'we ought to have a thermometer in the house. We don't—'

'There now!' shouted the old man, with the air of one who closes the discussion, 'I don't want to hear another word about it. If ye had one ye couldn't talk through it. Lem Haskins had one put in his house nigh a month ago, an' he's hollered himself hoarse and they've nigh about starved to death, tryin' to order their groceries through it. No good, I tell ye.'—*Burdette*

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
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
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
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
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

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
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# 199 VARSITY

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY THOUGHT AND EVENTS.

Vol. VI.

University of Toronto, March 13, 1886.

No. 17.

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## THE VARSITY.

THE VARSITY is published in the University of Toronto every Saturday during the Academic Year, October to May inclusive.

The Annual Subscription, including postage, is \$2.00, payable before the end of January, and may be forwarded to THE TREASURER, J. EDMUND JONES, University College, to whom applications respecting advertisements should likewise be made.

Subscribers are requested to notify the Treasurer immediately, in writing, of any irregularity in delivery.

Copies of VARSITY may be obtained every Saturday at the Post Office Book Store, corner of Adelaide and Toronto Streets; at J. P. McKenna's, 80 Yonge Street; and at Alex. Brown's, cor. Yonge and Carlton St.

All communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

## Topics of the Hour.

The tenth popular concert took place in the Pavilion on Monday evening, and was very fairly attended. The solo vocalist was Miss Annie Howden, of Millbrook, Ont., who possesses a very sweet soprano voice, clear and true. She won a most pronounced success, and was recalled after each number. She sang "L'Extase" (Arditi), and "Orpheus with his Lute" (Sullivan), the latter being very prettily sung. Fraulein Kitty Berger played some excellent solos on the Zither. This instrument, however, is more suited to a drawing-room than to a large concert hall, and consequently the charming effects produced by Miss Berger were entirely lost by the majority of the audience. The Quartette Club played a

"Minuet and Trio," composed especially for them by Dr. Strathy, of this city, and the "Andante and Finale" from a quartette by Rheinberger. Both were favorably received, but were not specially attractive. Herr Corell played two short pieces by Popper—"Widmung" and a "Mazurka."

The members of the Modern Language Club are about to address a memorial to the University Senate, praying that their department be placed on an equal footing with others in regard to the scholarships granted by that body. The Club will not commit itself to approval of the principle of scholarships, but modern language men rightly think that so long as rewards of this nature are given, no unfair discrimination should be made against their department. No one who is competent to express an opinion will now seriously contend that modern language study requires less mental ability and application than classics or mathematics, yet each of the latter subjects has two scholarships allotted to it of \$130 and \$100 respectively, whereas modern languages receive only one scholarship of \$100. This is in the first year. At matriculation a discrimination is made against modern languages to the extent of \$20, and in both examinations the other subjects count higher in determining the scholarship for general proficiency. This is an obvious injustice and it should soon be righted.

We admire the courage and self-denial of the citizen soldiers of Canada who composed the expeditionary force to the North-West last year. But at that time we referred to the war as a great national tragedy. Subsequent revelations of the disgraceful mismanagement of affairs in these territories approved the statement. War, indeed, seemed to be almost a necessity at the time, but it was a pitiful necessity at the best. It was a crying shame against the whole Canadian people that it was a necessity. While politicians and people were fighting over trivial and contemptible party issues, our fellow-countrymen were being wronged and their repeated appeals for simple justice were neglected. But now that the war is over and reparation being made to the injured people, we should not do anything to glorify or perpetuate the memory of the sad affair. Seen in this light, the application to the Imperial Parliament for war medals was a mistake. We are not Jingoists nor the sons of Jingoists. As a nation sackcloth would be more becoming to us than medals. And even if rewards were to be given, Canadians fighting for Canada should look to Canada alone for recognition of their services.

North America promises to be the grand ethnological theatre of the world. Many of the great stocks of the human race are present in sufficient numbers to make the conflict exceedingly interesting for the scientific observer. The Indian question is practically solved, as the final extinction of this much abused race seems to be not far distant. In the south there is the negro problem, which is now engaging the serious attention of many thoughtful Americans. The people of the United States have wisely or unwisely declined



the further complication of an unrestricted Mongolian influx. Canada contributes her share in the French question. A recent writer to the *Mail* foreshadows important consequences from the rapidity of increase of the French-Canadians. The effects of climate and physical conditions are said to be noticeable in the states of the Pacific Slope, where a new native type is rapidly developing. Whether amid the diversity of nationalities the wonderful vitality of the Anglo-Saxon will ultimately prevail in the native American to-be, or whether a maximum of absorption has already or soon will be reached, are questions which will be definitely settled in the near future. The province of the statesman is to remove all artificial obstructions to the fusion of races, and to allow the great processes of nature to have free play, trusting implicitly to the survival of the fittest.

A community lives by production. Capital and labour are the requisites of production. But it by no means follows that those who chance to hold capital are, or ever have been, producers. Many of the Irish landlords, for example, never produced an ounce of food or a single article of necessity or convenience. They simply inherited capital obtained by spoliation of the real producers. The legality of the spoliation does not affect the morality of the case. There have been times when might was right, and there is more than a tradition of this state of affairs yet existing. The railroad and street car monopolists of the United States and Canada are actual producers in a very limited sense. And even where capitalists are in reality producers, they have too long by dint of this very possession of capital been enabled to take to themselves too large a share of the joint production of capital and labour. They have been able to starve labour into submission. But labour is organizing everywhere. The moral sentiment of the general community is awakening, and demands for a fairer division of products receive the hearty sympathy of the general public. So long as the Knights of Labour abstain from the foolish and unnecessary destruction of property, which formerly characterized strikes, and so long as they exert their influence over their fellows by persuasion and not by intimidation, they will receive the strong moral support of all good citizens. Mayor Howland cannot be too highly commended for his noble action in behalf of the citizens and the locked-out employees of the Street Railway Company. His letter to President Smith is the most vigorous and outspoken protest against tyrannic monopoly ever written by a Mayor of Toronto.

The Canadian snow-shoeing or tobogganing costume commends itself not only to the lovers of these sports, but also to our people in general. It is comfortable, inexpensive, pleasing to the eye, and altogether a far more suitable every-day winter dress for men and women of this latitude than the conventional old-world habiliments. We welcome this sign of Canadian individuality, and hope that the blanket suits may come into more general use. There is a point, however, where objection may arise. If the tyrant, fashion, should ever attempt to declare that snow-shoeing or tobogganing cannot be respectably done unless one wears such and such a dress, then it will be time to revolt. This is no idle fear as such matters go. The evil is illustrated in the folly of parties to which a socially indispensable requisite is a suit of clothes of a certain pattern and color. In this age and this country such usages seem absurd. There should be the most perfect freedom in these matters. Let us be individuals and not tailors' clothes-horses. It is claimed that this usage of society is based on æsthetic considerations. But variety and individuality are the highest conditions of art. Let those wear the swallow-tail and the immaculate gloves and tie who wish to do so, but they must not require others to do the same, nor must the others feel under any compulsion to conform to the preferences of the aforesaid immaculates. We are told that not a few students stay away from our annual *conversazioni* because

they think that they cannot dress well enough for such an occasion. If such be the case our friends make a great mistake. What they require most is not white kids, but a spirit of more vigorous and more independent manliness. For what University man judges his fellow by his coat now-a-days! If judgment is ever passed on such a basis, it is rather against than in favour of the wearers of fashion-plate patterns. There is no doubt that in our University a man is judged on character in general, and not on conformity to trivial conventionalities.

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## Leading Article.

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### THE PRESENT CRISIS.

"A deputation consisting of Rev. Dr. Caven, Dr. Sheraton, Dr. Castle, the Rev. Father Vincent, and President Wilson, waited on Hon. O. Mowat and Hon. G. W. Ross in respect to University matters yesterday."—*Daily Globe*, March 9.

The above short news item at once arrested the attention of those who are aware of the present critical situation of affairs in our Provincial University. Taken in connection with a recent manifestation of clerical influence, it was immediately felt that this concerted action of Dr. Wilson and the heads of the theological colleges had some especial significance.

The fears of our friends were justified. The facts are more ominous than the conjectures. There can be no doubt that an organized attempt is being made by the above gentlemen to utterly thwart the wishes of the graduates of the University of Toronto and to maintain the control which they themselves have acquired in the affairs of the University and University College. The object of the clerical deputation was to oppose the requisition which was recently made by Convocation of the Minister of Education for the increase of graduate representation on the Senate.

This is but one of many indications of threatening evil to our University. We venture to say that the interests of higher liberal education in this Province were never in more serious peril than at the present moment.

Ours is a national University and College, built and maintained by the people and for the people. The management of these institutions is the greatest of provincial trusts and should be held in the main by our own graduates, whether they be appointed or elected for that purpose. They represent the people in their relations to liberal education more widely and more truly than any other class can possibly do. Attached by the strongest ties to their *Alma Mater* and loyal to the spirit and the institutions of their native country, with no selfish ends to serve and with the highest ideals of an education that shall be truly liberal—surely the welfare of our University could not be in safer hands than theirs!

In so far as graduates have been admitted to the government of this institution, they have nobly discharged this trust. The advances which we have made, and the proud position we now occupy at the head of Canadian Universities, are due to their energy and devotion.

But now what do we see? An entirely foreign element has been introduced into the Senate, and no sooner are they in than they begin to make themselves mischievously active. They are not in unison with the aims and objects of our graduates. They combine to baffle and defeat the plans of the best friends of our university.

It is a matter for very serious regret that Dr. Wilson has joined this movement. He has never shown that degree of sympathy with our own graduates which he should have done. But now he comes out openly and joins their opponents. He virtually declares his positive distrust of our alumni and throws himself into the arms

of strangers. Dr. Wilson will find that he has made a great mistake. Neither the president nor any other member of the faculty of University College can afford to defy graduate opinion. If he and some others had been wise they would have learnt that lesson long ago.

As for the other members of the deputation, it must be said that their action in this matter is in very bad taste and plainly reprehensible. In any vital sense they are not members of our university at all. They and the institutions they represent derive considerable prestige and general advantage from their present nominal connection with us. If our graduates had opposed the affiliation movement, as they had a perfect right to do, it could never have been consummated. And now the persons who have been admitted to the honours and privileges of a connection with the University of Toronto, turn round and attempt to get the control of the institution entirely into their own hands.

Graduates, the danger is a serious one. It is true your opponents are few in number *but they are on the ground*, while you are scattered all over the Province. They are a solid body united by a special interest, but you are individuals without effective organization and with distinct individual opinions. Your work is done publicly, and whatever weaknesses there may be in it are fully exposed to your opponents. Their operations are conducted in private, and it is only by the slightest chance you hear of what is being contemplated until it is done and beyond remedy.

There is no time to lose. The designs of this new party in our university politics must be checked at once and forever. We cannot permit our Provincial University to be degraded into the position of a mere ornament and appendage of the affiliated institutions.

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## Literature.

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### THE SLIDE.

The tedious steps ascended now—  
The polished ash, with curling prow,  
All covered o'er with cushions gay.  
Entrancing, charms all fear away:  
A shout! a shove! and down we go  
Skimming over ice and snow;  
Underneath a brilliant sky,  
Swifter far than swallows fly,  
Passing whirling drift and tree,  
Bounding, leaping, in its glee,  
On and on, like startled doe,  
Deftly steered by nimble toe,  
Over icy hill and heath,  
In the whistling whirlwind's teeth.  
The fleet toboggan rushes still,  
Heeding not the quickening thrill,  
The stifled sigh, or tender nerve;  
Without a spill, without a curve,  
Until its brief career we shift,  
And breathless plunge against the drift.

Oh fie! ye murmurers who lament  
The steady climb and long ascent!  
A star-lit sky and frosty air,  
And (best of all) a lady fair,  
Should charm the labour all away,  
And heavy heart make light and gay.

### IN A TRINIDAD FOREST.

"CHACUN POUR SOI."

(Continued from last week.)

Now, for a short time, we will look at another curious plant, also a parasite.

Up a tree trunk zig-zags the fleshy green stem of the vanilla orchis, throwing out at each angle a fleshy, oval leaf and a root which is flattened against the bark of its host. The lower part of the stem has decayed, but it plainly has grown from the ground. Now here is a life history just the converse of that of the matapalo. The seed of the vanilla germinates in the soil. The plant turns to a tree, up which it climbs, and when sufficiently advanced is totally independent of its earthy root, which decays. The plant now feeds only upon the sap of its host and the gases of the atmosphere. Both of these parasites attain their object, namely, a place where sun-food and air can be obtained freely, but by what different routes! The first is at first parasitic and then becomes independent, while the other is born independent but develops into a regular "sucker."

As you slash your way through the bush you are suddenly brought up with a jerk, and, turning round, find your coat caught in the tips, luckily only the tips, of a series of natural fish hooks strung on a green whip-lash three feet long, as fine as a piece of whip-cord and as strong. As your companion helps you out, he will tell you, perhaps, the old story which gives this plant its common name—"Valga mi Inglese" (Desmoncus).

During the good old times of Raleigh and the buccaneers, a party of Raleigh's men attacked a Spanish fort on the Caroni river. The Spaniards abandoned their guns and ran for their lives through the bush, when one of them was caught in the hooks of this Desmoncus, and, imagining that he was held by one of the terrible "Inglese," he shouted in terror "Valga mi Inglese"—"Take ransom for me, Englishman"—a name it still bears among the Spanish Creoles. It is a palm, as is seen from its little fox-brushes of flowers and bunches of coral-red fruit, but how different to the rest of the palm species! These, with the exception of the Desmonci of the Western Continent and the Calami of the Eastern, have all strong, well-developed stems and a terminal crown of fronds. These valgas, however, have found it more profitable to climb. The thin prickly stem gives out at intervals a pinnate leaf of the true palm type, the mid rib of which is enormously prolonged beyond the leaf and carries at its tip, as we have seen, a series of re-curved hooks, which are merely pinnae altered to suit the climbing habit of the plant. A pest of the forest is this same Desmoncus, but not so terrible as that climber which mantles the dark crowns of those melastomas with masses of softest green. This is the Scleria flagellum, the "razor grass" of the Creoles, a cousin in the olden time of that broad-leaved sedge occasionally seen in Canadian gardens. It has developed also into a true high climber, having found it easier to lean on somebody else than to stand on its own legs. Its stem is triangular, beset with sharp, siliceous spines, which look down towards the ground. Its leaves are long, sabre-shaped and curved, and are armed like the stem with sharp spines that cut through clothes and skin and flesh if handled roughly.

Its life history is interesting, and is about as follows:—The seed germinates at the foot of a tree. As soon as the stem is too weak to support itself it gently leans against its neighbour and climbs by friction. It runs up into the tree, where it branches until it completely covers its host, which is generally strangled by its ungrateful neighbour.

A little further on we come across another scleria, the "vine bamboo," not so pretty as its cousin, the razor grass, but more suggestive, since it apparently has not yet made up its mind whether it will be a climbing or an arborescent grass. Meanwhile, in apparent hesitation, it tries awkwardly to stand upright



upon a stem utterly unable to support its weight, and so tumbles helplessly into the nearest bush, whence it tries once more to rise, only to fall again into the lower boughs of a tree over which it finally sprawls, dangling its racemes of heads. Some day, no doubt, the grass will decide the matter. When it has proved by the accumulated evidence of generations the truth and usefulness of the proverb "Never do for yourself what you can get another to do for you," it will cease stiffening its stem with silica—will, perhaps, use this material as does its lawful cousin, the razor grass, and, taking everybody's arm without asking, will develop into a true high climber, choking and strangling its patrons as soon as it has attained the mastery, taking for its motto my text—"Everybody for himself," &c.

I have taken these five suggestive plants from widely different families as striking examples of the various methods by which plants apparently weak and helpless manage to take care of themselves by taking upon themselves habits foreign to the families to which they belong.

C. B.

### CONFUSION IN EUCLID.

There appears in the last number of the VARSITY a communication from Mr. T. P. Hall, of Woodstock, in which he charges Euclid with confusion of geometric principles, Mr. Hall's position being briefly that the *problems* should be discarded on account of their being unnecessary to the demonstration of the theorems, and on account of the utter impossibility of constructing the ideally perfect lines, circles, &c., which the theory seems to require. The examination of the justness of this conclusion seems to resolve itself into (1) an enquiry into what may have been influential reasons with Euclid for inserting the problems, and (2) an enquiry whether Euclid's reason for their introduction still has weight.

1. A moment's consideration, combined with a little knowledge of the history of mathematics, will make it evident that Euclid's treatise was, at the time it was written or arranged, intended to be an eminently practical work, and that the problems must have been considered the most valuable part of it. The science of numbers was in its infancy, and arithmetical operations that are now familiar to every child were unknown. Thus, if it were necessary to determine what must be the length of the side of a square field that its area might be equal to a triangular one, the method was not to find the area of the triangular field and extract the square root of the number representing it, for the process of extracting the square root of a number was unknown. The plan followed must have been to describe a triangle similar to the given one, describe as in Book II. a square equal to it, and measure the length of its side. The celebrated Delian problem well illustrates this point. Euclid, therefore, had a clear eye on the needs of his times when he made problems occupy so important a place in his elements.

2. But has not the advance in mathematical science made it possible now to dispense with the problems? So far as the preceding reason for their insertion is concerned it has; but for other reasons the presence of the problems is still necessary. Mr. Hall may think it a very reasonable thing to call upon a boy to admit that some square exists equal to a given rectilinear figure, but if the boy is to understand clearly what he is doing in making such admission he must have a distinct notion of the continuous growth of quantity,—a notion that lies at the foundation of the infinitesimal calculus,—for he must see, or be made to see, that squares exist of all possible sizes, that as the size grows the area grows by infinitely small accretions. I think Euclid's method much simpler.

Again, it often happens that we would not feel ourselves justified in assuming that a given combination of lines and curves can exist in given positions or relations with respect to each other, until the problem which has for its object such construction has been solved.

Thus would we care to assume that a circle exists passing through two given points and touching another given circle until the position of the former circle had been shewn, *i.e.*, until, in effect, the problem had been solved.

But, furthermore, the solutions of many problems suggest and demonstrate valuable theorems. Thus in attempting to find a point from which the tangents to two given circles are equal, we may shew that there is an infinite number of such points, and that their locus is a straight line.

Objections certainly can be urged against Euclid's treatment of the subject, but Mr. Hall has not hit upon one. Notwithstanding, his letter is an exceedingly interesting one, and evidences independence of thought.

X. Y.

### THE FLOWER'S DEATH

A simple little flower,  
At the sun's hot power,  
Droops its weary head.  
Having done its duty,  
Having lived in beauty,  
Calmly it lies dead.

Dead! and the bees still humming,  
Dead! and the bees still coming,  
Coming all the time.  
There is absence of gloom,  
There is plentiful bloom,  
The sun is sublime.

The spinning wheel ceases,  
The linen, in creases,  
Lies on the floor,  
And covered with wood-biae,  
And bathed in the sunshine,  
The old farm door

Swings softly to and fro,  
Wild roses toss and blow  
In the summer breeze.  
Birds are sweetly singing,  
Leaves are rustling, swinging,  
In the old oak trees.

The white linen, shining,  
Fold on fold, is twining,  
Tangling round the girl.  
The white glossy glimmer,  
Folding in smooth shimmer,  
Round the centre pearl.

The tired hands are listless,  
The weary eyes are mistless,  
No more tears to shed.  
The rosy lips have faded,  
The drooping face is shaded,  
By the golden head.

The lovely face, still sweet,  
As shadows swift and fleet,  
Shade its sweetness.  
The last smile was shone,  
The last smile has gone,  
All is completeness.

The simple life is over,  
And as fragrant clover  
Blooms, droops, is dead.  
This dear fragrant flower  
Withers at even's hour;  
Margaret is dead

Toronto, March 8th, 1886.

E. A. D.

## AN INCIDENT.

But a day ago I was walking through the suburbs hand in hand with a child. We were perfectly oblivious of anything else but each other's company. She was looking up into my face, prattling away about some sleighing adventures she'd had with a bosom friend, and punctuating her sentences with little skips which ever and anon I helped with a lift from my stronger arm. I, on my part, was gazing downward with quiet contentment on her soft mobile features and into her frank blue eyes—prettiest of pictures set in a soft frame of fur. I went with my whole soul bowed in worship of her infantine beauty and innocence. At times it seemed as if I held an angel by the hand, and I felt reverently glad that she did not leave me.

Whether encouraged by my looks of contentment and admiration, or perhaps by some subtler sympathy, the child grew more confidential and communicative, and prattled away about this thing and that, in the soft, purring music of her voice. But all this while she spoke to me words she knew not—of a heart-bursting longing for something perfect and pure, far away—a cheering call from the great Creator borne up to me on the music of heavenly choirs. At times such transfiguration came over the child's face as made me feel in the presence of the Holy of Holies. And I've often thought since that perhaps it *was* no dream of mine—but a sacred reality.

Then again come the doubts that forever mars the ideal. As we turned a corner, we had to step aside to let another couple pass—a workingman and little girl. Both were shabbily and scantily clad. We had passed some like them before, as I dimly remember, in the region of factories. But what now drove a dagger far into my soul was to see the poor shivering child as we passed, reach out her chill hand and lightly touch the comfortable, warm cape of my companion. The action was simple, and yet the thrill of its shock I dare never forget. It seemed as if in one instant all memories of our world's sorrow discharged themselves through that little cold finger. The comfortable isolation of selfish enjoyment was broken, and again I stood face to face with the great, real problem of the needless misery of my fellows. The sight was such as drains the heart of its tears and puts upon strongest manhood a burthen of sympathy, beneath which it faints in a weariness almost of death.

For the rest of our walk I did not cease to look upon the sweet, pure face of my companion, but it was with the eyes of one who watches a fair lily-bud floating upon a dark, sad river.

GUEUX.

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## Editor's Table.

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We have received from Messrs. Harper and Brothers, New York, the following books: "The Wanderings of Ulysses," translated from the German of Professor C. Witt, by Frances Young-husband; "Malthus and His Work," by James Bonar, M. A., Balliol College, Oxford, and "George Eliot's Life," edited by J. W. Cross.

The first of these, "The Wanderings of Ulysses," is an admirable account of the wanderings of the hero of the Odyssey. It is written in a popular and entertaining style, and will serve equally well as a story book, or as a regular reading and lesson book. It is translated into good English prose.

Mr. James Bonar, in "Malthus and His Work," gives a biographical account of the author of the famous essay on "Population." He also examines critically, but judiciously and in a sym-

pathetic spirit, his economic theories. The book is an interesting one to the student of political economy, and will doubtless do much to dispel much of the popular misconceptions which exist concerning Malthus and Malthusianism.

The "Life of George Eliot," related in her Letters and Journals, and edited by her husband, J. W. Cross, reveal the woman as she lived, thought and wrote. They are a remarkable record of a wonderfully gifted woman. Her letters show her to have been affectionate and true in all the varied relations of her life. She was patient under the burden of continuous ill-health and the strain of an unusually severe mental activity. She was conscientious to a degree. Her disregard for conventional usage during her earlier life—as shown by her relations with Mr. Lewes—and her subsequent compliance with it—as evidenced by her formal marriage to Mr. Cross—is still inexplicable, her own letter on the subject being vague and unsatisfying. The only explanation one can suggest is that she regarded Life, and its varied relations, in their purely philosophical aspect; and that during the earlier period of life she endeavoured with all the zeal—and certainly with more than the usual amount of courage—to live up to her philosophy. Her journals make frequent mention of her intimate acquaintance with many famous men and women. Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Harriet Martineau, Dickens, Delane (of *The Times*), Anthony Trollope, Robert Browning, Bagehot and many others are constantly referred to as personal friends. George Eliot's literary appetite was voracious, and her capacity unlimited. She was well read in almost every department of English literature, and was especially conversant with the language, literature, and philosophy of Germany. Her criticisms of authors and their writings, as well as of men and things in general, though frank and outspoken, are never captious or spiteful. One never finds in her journals those miserably bilious and contemptuously patronizing references to friends and entertainers which are such a characteristic feature of the literary Remains of the Sage of Chelsea. With all her faults, George Eliot cannot be charged with the sins of hypocrisy and uncharitableness. These Letters and Journals are an intensely interesting record of a useful and brilliant life, spent in an earnest endeavour to do good, nevertheless neutralized in its effect by an adherence to a system of philosophy, foreign to the spirit of English morality.

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We hope that it is not altogether too late to extend to the students of our sister university of Montreal our heartiest congratulations upon the most successful completion of their song book. Its merits are many in number, but the greatest of these is its national character. It is not only a song book, but a Canadian song book. French-Canadian and English-Canadian songs are mingled with that happy harmony which the book will help to maintain between French-Canadian and English-Canadian students. The appearance of the book, too, at this time is evidence that little by little we are beginning to value more highly all that tends to encourage a national feeling, and in this, song is a wonderfully powerful factor. It shows, too, that we are beginning to realize the fallacy of the hitherto too general belief that the poor colonists have to look to foreign countries for everything, if we would have it good. It would be a blessing if our students were to apply to its pages and enrich our altogether too scanty stock of college music. The Modern Language Club will find in it nearly all the songs they sing: *Vive la Canadienne*, *Le Brigadier*, *A la Claire Fontaine*, *Malbrouck*, and many others. Until we have a song-book of our own, that is, until we have aroused musical enthusiasm enough to compile one of any value, the best thing we can do is to draw from the pages of the McGill College Song-Book. It costs only one dollar, and may be bought at I. Suckling & Sons, 107 Yonge Street. It will be sure to be very popular among our students.



## University and College News.

### THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE AND THE UNIVERSITY.

On Tuesday last Mr. Balfour moved for a Return to the House of the names and salaries of the officers of the University of Toronto, at the date of the order; also the names and salaries of the professors, lecturers, tutors, fellows, and officers of University College at the same date—specifying in each case the subject taught or the office held, and giving the amount of the remuneration for each, when more duties than one are discharged by the same person; also for a return showing the total number of students in University College at the date of the order; the number of female students at the same date; and also the number of students attending lectures in each of the following subjects:—Greek, Latin, Mathematics, Physics, History, Ethnology, English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Logic, Mental and Moral Science, Biology, Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology. We have good reason for supposing that when this report comes before the House, the recent creation of a chair in Oriental Languages in University College will be discussed along with various other details of interest in the management of the affairs of this institution. The particular matter referred to will certainly bear looking into.

### READINGS FROM BROWNING.

Dr. Wilson, at the request of several students, has recently given a series of readings from the poems of Robert Browning. The second took place last Saturday morning in the east lecture room. At both meetings the attendance was very good—about fifty students having been present on each occasion. At the first lecture Dr. Wilson referred to Browning's special characteristics as a poet, and pointed out his wonderful objective power. He stated that he quite agreed with the opinion of Archdeacon Farrar, who held that Browning, in this respect, was second only to Shakespeare. Tennyson, he continued, in his poems, reflects himself chiefly, and uses his characters as mere mouthpieces for the expression of his own thoughts and ideas. Browning, on the other hand, endeavors to make his characters do and say what human beings would do and say under the circumstances in which he supposes them to be placed. His own views are invariably subordinated to those which the nature of his characters and surrounding circumstances would most certainly suggest. This is an important point in the consideration of Browning's poems, which are never necessarily the reflex of his own inner consciousness. Dr. Wilson read the following selections: "My Last Duchess," "The Last Ride Together," "Evelyn Hope," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Bishop Bloughram's Apology," "Porphyria's Lover," "Cleon," "Home Thoughts," "The Italian in England," "Up at the Villa." These, the lecturer said, very fairly represented the wide scope and wonderful versatility of Browning's genius. It is to be hoped that Dr. Wilson's kindness in giving these readings may be rewarded in the way he himself suggested, by the awakening of greater interest amongst students in the writings of Robert Browning.

### THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

On Tuesday afternoon, at a regular meeting of the above society, which was presided over by Prof. Galbraith, Mr. McCulloch read an interesting as well as instructive paper entitled "Limes, Mortars and Cements." He first described their chemical constituents and preparation, and illustrated by diagrams all the different kinds of intermittent and perpetual kilns. He explained the injurious effects of sea-water on Mortars and how it might be remedied by adding a small proportion of quicklime, also the most practical

methods of testing the tensile and crushing strength of the material.

He exhausted the subject of Natural and Artificial cements, dwelt to some length on concrete and beton, and pointed out how advantageously concrete might be used for sewers. During the discussion which ensued Prof. Galbraith kindly gave the society the benefit of his extensive experience. The question "That will prevent block pavements being upheaved by the frost," which was laid over at the last meeting was reopened, and after the cause of such rising had been clearly demonstrated, many practical hints were thrown out for the avoidance of such obstruction to traffic.

The officers for the coming year were then nominated.

### NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The association met Tuesday evening in the School of Science, Mr. Frank T. Shutt in the chair. Dr. Carveth gave a lecture on "Some Common Human Parasites," showing that with the exception of a few cases as that of the deadly Echinococcus, so fatal to the Esquimaux and Icelanders, they did comparatively no harm to their hosts. An excellent paper on the Vertebrate Ear, by Mr. Dewar followed, in which he traced the development of this organ, and showed its homologies with that of some invertebrate forms. Mr. Wait in a short and interesting report, dealt with the peculiar creature Myzostoma, describing its anatomy and development, and giving reasons for its being classified with the chaeto-poda. After the regular programme he showed some specimens of a parasitic plant found encysted in a nerve ganglion of a cray fish.

### HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

A numerously attended meeting of this society was held in the physical lecture room, on Tuesday afternoon of this week, the president, W. Houston, M.A., in the chair.

At the request of a number of persons who were willing to take the financial and other risks involved in bringing Mr. Henry George to lecture in Toronto, the association unanimously resolved to take the lecture under its auspices, and its members will no doubt do what they can to make the affair a success.

A resolution was unanimously adopted instructing the general committee to prepare a program for next session, or as much of it as they can cover, and publish the subjects with the names of the essayists in the last number of the VARSITY for this session.

The subject for discussion was "Wealth and Value," and the time was chiefly taken up with a prelection on it by W. A. Douglass, B.A., a well-known member of the Institute of Accountants, who was present by special invitation. His address was a purely extempore one, and was illustrated by diagrams and classifications on the blackboard. He began by pointing out the great importance of the science, which has wealth for its subject matter, and expressing his regret and surprise that so little attention is paid to it in Canadian colleges and universities. He went on to show the defective character of the definition of wealth given in the great majority of works on political economy, and argued in favor of Lavaleye's view that wealth should be regarded as including all "beneficent satisfactions." To limit the scope of the term "wealth" so as to make it include only things that have exchangeable value is to land the investigator of economic phenomena in a *reductio ad absurdum*. He explained and illustrated, from his own point of view, the relation of "wealth" to "value," and pointed out that the distinctions he was drawing were of practical and not merely theoretical importance.

After the lecture was concluded, Mr. Douglass answered a number of questions put to him by Messrs. Squair, Logie, McMillan and others. A cordial vote of thanks was tendered to the lecturer by the association, and the meeting was brought to a close by the announcement from the chair, that T. C. L. Armstrong, M.A., one

of the university examiners for the year, would give a paper next Tuesday evening on one aspect of "Socialism."

The time of meeting has been fixed at a quarter to five, in order to enable as many as possible of the students to hear the paper, which will begin about five.

### KNOX COLLEGE NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Metaphysical and Literary Society was held last Friday evening. The reports read showed the society to be in a prosperous condition. The principal business of the evening was the election of officers. A good general committee was elected, president, C. W. Gordon.

The editors and managers for the *Knox College Monthly* were also appointed. The retiring staff intend making the April number a special one. One of the best articles in the last *Monthly* was "Biology and Theology," by W. Dewar.

The Students' Missionary Society held its monthly meeting on Wednesday evening. Eighteen fields were taken up by the society, four of the fields being in Manitoba and the North-West.

Mr. Studd addressed the students after tea on Monday. His meetings have been much appreciated by all the students who attended them.

The theological examinations begin on the 30th.

of the world and the people in it, their customs and what they are doing from day to day. Such knowledge is not to be obtained in any society in connection with the college if it be not in the Literary (I drop the word scientific) Society. My observation of the men of the past ten years has led me to believe that it is not the book worm or medalist that has come to the front in life, but rather the member of the Literary Society who stood first in debate, who learned to amend a constitution, or to manage an election contest, and who made its bargains with shrewd men of business in the city. Let the coming professor or specialist stick to his special subject, let him join every association that can cram him full of the knowledge from which he directly expects to reap his livelihood, let him fold himself in his gown, and never leave the shadow of the college tower, but let the coming man of the world, who must know men in order to prove a peer among them, seek every chance of so doing, while pursuing his college course. The society was founded to offer him such an opportunity, and with many suggested accessories, particularly anything of the nature of a club, the life of the Literary Society should be one of vigor. In its arena, should be brought to play on matters of the outside world, that fineness of thought and calculation that is being acquired by the mental training involved in the study of the different departments, and every student who fails to take advantage of it, will find that he has been an enemy to himself, and that his college career has to a large extent been in vain. Faithfully yours,

FRED. F. MANLEY.

## Communications.

### THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

*To the Editor of the VARSITY :*

SIR,—It does not require a very keen perception on the part of a casual observer, much less of one who takes an active interest in the above society, to notice its present gradual decay. As an ex-officer of the society, I should like to make one effort to urge upon the undergraduates of the college, the necessity of successfully carrying on the most valuable of its adjuncts, and upon the college council the advisability of assisting in every way. The society's present sleepy condition is in a large measure the result of the council's continued action in vetoing the discussion of Canadian party politics among its debates. Where free discussion is choked, death soon puts an end to a precarious existence, and the society has not been an exception to this rule. I shall not discuss the *pros* and *cons* of this subject, but surely the council might, without danger, leave the choice of material for debating purposes to the approval of those, who, from time to time, fill the position of presiding officer of the society. As regards the high feeling that might be engendered by such discussions, I would simply remark that the society had better perish from excitement and strife, than die the death of the sloth,—from the former, two off-shoots might come, from the latter, none.

Now to impress on the men of the college the great necessity of keeping up the old institution. I know well that competition on the part of the other societies has much to do with the present condition of the Literary Society, nor is it to be wondered at, that a student will bestow greater energy on anything that may help him nearer the top of the class lists. Suppose he arrives at the top, is he going to prove a greater success in life than his competitor half-way down? The history of the university answers in the negative. It is not the gold medal that enables a lawyer to touch the hearts of a jury, a silver one is quite as potent. Nor is it first-class honors in metaphysics that binds the preacher to his flock. Then what is wanted? A knowledge

*To the Editor of the VARSITY :*

SIR,—A few words on the Literary Society. Mr. Young's letter in last week's *Varsity*, sketched part of a plan by which I would like to see the work of the Literary Society done next year. Any one who has attended the English meetings of the Modern Language Club must have come away assured that such meetings were a success; and, moreover, that they belonged properly to a Literary Society. At the Longfellow meeting Dr. Wilson was in the chair. Readings from this poet's works and essays, prepared during the summer vacation, were given. A graduate gives an essay on *Hiawatha*, and passes around photographic views of the Red Pipe Stone Quarry. Dr. Wilson, amid many valuable remarks, intersperses an account of his meeting with O. W. Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, and other celebrities, and initiates us into the mysteries of a "torchlight procession" consumed in his honor. Again, knowing Prof. Hutton to be an admirer of Mrs. Browning's poetry, he is invited to take the chair at the Browning meeting; and over 100 undergraduates go to Moss Hall to hear him. I am aware it showed a degenerate disregard of the prescribed "dumb forgetfulness" of an orthodox, irreprehensible student who considers bench-tilting and incipient rowdiness as the only decently unpedantic occupation of a Literary Society for that Club to adjourn at the regular hour, and then for nearly all its members to stop to listen to the conversation on Carlyle. But if pedantic and priggish it is pleasant, and above all, profitable. Everyone knows what enthusiasm is created in an author's writings by hearing them familiarly and naturally discussed. Let us do the work in English, done by the Modern Language Club. True, they have voted to continue this work themselves, but this was on account of the unsympathetic attitude which the Literary Society has hitherto displayed to all literary work. They have no other objection for not confining themselves entirely to the study of foreign languages and literature. Let the M. L. Club's committee arrange a series of English meetings to be held every third Friday during the next year.

Let the Political Science Association's committee arrange for next year to contribute a similar series of meetings, on the most popular of its subjects, every third Friday. On the other Friday let the Science Association give us, in essays, material for conversation and reflection, on the most familiar and popular scientific



questions. In default of enough scientific subjects of general interest we could have a formal debate.

The Literary and Scientific Society would be a general, popular, public meeting, held every third week, by each of the minor societies. The plans for these meetings, made by the committees of the minor societies, would be subject to the revision of the General Literary Society committee to ensure that only subjects of general interest would be discussed at the general meeting.

This would give each special association some sympathy in the work done by the others; would furnish topics for discussion and conversation, and we know speaking and debating is acquired largely by talking on thoughtful subjects outside of all societies. A large society is mainly useful because it provides material for discussion outside of its walls. Co-educationists, those residing at a distance, and many others too, would willingly see the hour changed to 4 p.m.

The chair would be filled each evening by the leading men of our city who have shown an interest in science, political economy, or English, as the case may be, and who would be selected by the committee on account of the likelihood of their giving us interesting remarks on the evening's discussion. Let our society be a means of bringing us into contact with these men.

J. A. FERGUSON.

### A DREAM OF ATLANTIS.

*To the Editor of the VARSITY :*

My grandmother has often told me, that when a dream repeats itself the third time, there must be some truth in it. The force of this remark has been brought home to me quite recently. A few days since I had a very curious dream, which was almost a perfect reproduction of the visions which used to disturb my slumbers, while pursuing my studies in modern languages in old University College.

While visiting Toronto a short time ago, I had frequent conversations with a large number of the present undergraduates of the University, and upon relating to them my strange dream, they assured me, almost without exception, that it was indeed a "Dream which was not all a dream." And so, at their urgent request, I have decided to disclose it to the readers of the VARSITY, that they may have an opportunity of comparing it with reality.

During my slumbers after an evening of dissipation, I thought I was wafted far away, in some strange fashion, upon the bosom of a beautiful ocean; I was finally cast away upon the shore of what seemed to be a well-inhabited country. Upon making enquiry I learned that it was really the long-lost Atlantis. I was in a perfect ecstasy of delight, and immediately set out on a tour of exploration. Being of a literary bent of mind I hastened first to visit its institutions of learning. I was pleased to find that the people of the island possessed an excellent University. In this institution, they assured me, were concentrated the greatest minds of the land. This was a fact so well established that it was treason to question it.

I soon fell into an interesting conversation with a young man who seemed to be well acquainted with the college and university. It seems it had been noticed that the lectures, in one of the most important branches, were being avoided by the students, whereupon the governing body appointed the lecturer in this department to the position of examiner in the university, and thus compelled attendance at his lectures with the alternative of annihilation in the annual examinations.

"But," I asked, "should one be compelled to listen to what does not interest him?"

"Why, certainly," he said, "as these same lectures have been delivered for many, many years, and what was good enough for the past age is equally good for the present."

"But why have the students thus allowed their time to be wasted for so many years without complaining?" I enquired.

"Oh, they have been complaining constantly," he answered. "Up to the present men have gone out from the college with only the most elementary knowledge of the subject. But now, since the method of examination has been changed, the matter has assumed an entirely different aspect."

"In which departments do you find the complaints most frequent?" I asked.

"Well, strange to say, in our college the language of Atlantis itself seems to be very inefficiently taught. The students in this branch complain that their lecturer is sadly lacking in energy; that his style is absolutely wearisome; that a large portion of every lecture hour is occupied with compliments or other irrelevant matters; that an energetic lecturer would easily accomplish the usual hour's work in a quarter of the time, and, in short, that methodical working is quite foreign to the lecture room."

"The chief charges, however," he continued, "are brought against the lecturer in a very important department of the Teutonic stock of languages. The students in this branch are becoming more and more disgusted each year, yet, from a feeling of courtesy, they have delayed disclosing the state of affairs, till they have become almost as indifferent as the lecturer."

Being very much interested in this particular language, and observing that the name of the distinguished lecturer betrayed Teutonic origin, I obtained permission to attend a few of his lectures. I was punctual to the hour appointed for the lecture, but was surprised to find that it was necessary to wait about twenty minutes, to become sufficiently calm to be in harmony with the spirit of the learned lecturer. In the course of time he appeared, wearing a most frigid scowl, and entered upon the work of the day, which consisted of transmuting the language of Atlantis into that of this northern race. Although I thought I was perfectly familiar with both these tongues, I found it impossible to distinguish what was being said by the lecturer in either language. Yet I was informed that the unfortunate students were forced to submit to an oral examination from this gentleman annually, with the negative result which one would naturally expect in such a case. I was informed also that he read a large volume of manuscript to his class each year, in lieu of lectures, this requiring less thought and affording him an opportunity for rest after the exertions of the vacation. I refrained from attending this reading, however, on account of my profound regard for the subject which was treated in this absurd fashion.

Still in my dream, I visited several other lecture rooms, but in most of them I found a marked difference from what I had observed elsewhere. Two of the languages of the Romance stem—under one lecturer—seemed to be taught with energy, and in these great interest was evinced by the students. Systematic treatment and practical ideas seemed to hold a first place in this lecture room.

I then entered the department devoted to the ancient classics and was pleasantly surprised. Here I found *living* lecturers teaching *dead* languages, while, in the other room, I found a *dead* lecturer teaching a *living* language.

I was permitted to continue my investigations in several other departments of this institution, in most of which activity was displayed. Complaints, however, were frequent and strong against the manager of the library, on account of his lack of sociability towards the students of his own department as lecturer, and especially, on account of his cynical disposition.

I was permitted in my vision, to see many other things of great interest in Atlantis, but for the present I shall refrain from describing them.

Believe me, Dear VARSITY,

AN OLD B.A. OF 1883 (*circa*),

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### Church Notices

## REV. DR. WILD

BOND STREET CHURCH

Hours of service—11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Subject for Sunday Evening, March 14,  
"FOUR QUESTIONS ASKED."

## UNITARIAN CHURCH, Jarvis Street.

REV. HILARY BYGRAVE, Pastor

Hours of service—11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Subjects for Sunday, March 7th.

Morning—"Looking for Grapes,"

Evening—"The Struggles of the Age."

Strangers welcome at both services.

## CENTRAL METHODIST CHURCH

Bloor Street.

REV. MANLY BENSON, Pastor.

Service at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

March 14th—

11 a.m.—"Encouragement to Young Chris-  
tians."

7 p.m.—"Some questionable things in  
Church and State."

Full choir. Cornet and organ accompaniment.

## Di-Varsities.

A rising man—A balloonist.

Election colors—Black and blue.

A "ball-room"—A bowling alley.

A "smoke-stack"—A false accusation in  
euchre.

The University of Colorado is said to have  
a course in Gothic.

Tennyson is writing a new poem to be en-  
titled the "Closes of Eve." The poem prob-  
ably will be very brief.

What kind of music does an excessive  
tobacco masticator remind one of? Why,  
an over-chewer to be sure.

The \$36,000 necessary to build a divinity  
hall at Harvard has been nearly all sub-  
scribed, within a very short time.

According to the *World*, by Street-car  
Smith's new baseball rules, a man is out be-  
fore he strikes. It is to be hoped that a  
short stop will soon be put to this base hit.

"Doctor, said a despairing patient to his  
physician, "I am in a dreadful condition. I  
can neither lay nor set. What shall I do?"  
"I think you had better roost," was the reply.

Nine out of every ten college graduates in  
the United States are Republicans.—*Dal-  
housie Gazette*. Statistics show that ninety  
per cent. of college graduates are Democrats.  
—*Niagara Index*.

Yale, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Cornell,  
and Princeton are the only American colleges  
which provide fellowships for graduate stu-  
dents desiring to pursue studies beyond the  
regular academic course.

What is the point of similitude between  
the system of rectangular co-ordinate in  
mathematics and the opponents of Annexa-  
tion? Because, both resolve themselves into  
the question of "why annex" (y and x).

### A NEW-FASHIONED GIRL.

She'd a great and varied knowledge, picked up at  
a female college, of quadratics, hydrostatics  
and pneumatics very vast.

She was stuffed with erudition as you stuff a  
leather cushion, all the ologies of the colleges  
and the knowledges of the past.

She had studied the old lexicons of Peruvians and  
Mexicans, their theology, anthropology and  
geology o'er and o'er.

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historic creatures—ichthyosaurus, plesiosaur-  
us, megalosaurus and many more.

She'd describe the ancient Tuscans, and the  
Basques and the Etruscans, their griddles  
and their kettles, and the victuals that they  
gnawed.

She'd discuss, the learned charmer, the theology  
of Brahma, and the scandals of the Vandals,  
and the sandals that they trod.

She knew all the mighty giants and the master  
minds of science all the learning that was  
turning in the burning mind of man.

But she couldn't prepare a dinner for a gaunt and  
hungry s'inner, or get up a decent supper for  
her poor voracious papa, for she never was  
constructed on the old domestic plan.



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## I.

A TADPOLE lay  
In a ditch one day,  
And sadly that tadpole sighed,  
As a bullfrog gay  
On his joyous way,

Hopped off in his manly pride.  
But a smile came over the tadpole's face,  
As he lay 'mid the rushes dim,  
And he said: "Old man, you've got dandy legs  
But you've got no tail to swim."

## II.

A Freshman lad,  
With a visage sad.  
Once stood by the college door,  
While with high hat glad,  
(And a cane he had)  
Out strutted a Sophomore.

But a smile stole over the Freshman's face.  
And he almost laughed in glee.  
As he said: "You may stalk with your hat and cane  
But you can't be fresh like me."

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
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
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

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
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211

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY THOUGHT AND EVENTS.

Vol. VI.

University of Toronto, March 20, 1886.

No. 18.

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## THE VARSITY.

THE VARSITY is published in the University of Toronto every Saturday during the Academic Year, October to May inclusive.

The Annual Subscription, including postage, is \$2.00, payable before the end of January, and may be forwarded to THE TREASURER, J. EDMUND JONES, University College, to whom applications respecting advertisements should likewise be made.

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All communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

## Topics of the Hour.

It is not generally known that the famous scientist, Mr. G. J. Romanes, is a Canadian by birth and early training. He was born in Kingston, where he has a brother living at the present time. Mr. Romanes is best known by his psychological researches. His book, "Mind in Animals," has many readers. His recent appointment to the chair in Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, shows how highly he is esteemed in his adopted country. Kingston may well be proud of him and of her other no less distinguished son, Mr. Grant Allen. If Mr. W. D. Howells had known of Mr. Allen's Canadian origin, he would have saved himself some useless conjecture in the February number of *Harper's Monthly Magazine*. In reviewing a novel recently published by Mr. Allen, in England, he seems to be quite exercised as to

how the author picked up his knowledge of American language and character. And, of course, taking it for granted that the United States are America, the Yankee critic repudiates some of Mr. Allen's expressions. Yet Mr. Howells is not infallible, and it is quite probable that Mr. Allen knows what he is doing and saying.

Remarks and suggestions with regard to the curriculum, wear some and never-ending though they may seem, have, nevertheless, their use. Having said this, we would ask those of our readers, if there be any, "*quos curriculo pulverem collegisse juvat*,"—who have, that is to say, taken a certain pleasure in suffering the curriculum to gather dust in some out-of-the-way corner—to brush away the dust and look into its pages again. We wish to briefly indicate at least two ill-advised lines upon which the prescribed authors in English have been chosen. The English required at Junior Matriculation reaches farther back than the living interest of the classes which are being prepared for the University; and in prescribing the authors to be studied, the assumption should be that a book which is not of itself interesting and attractive to the youthful mind,—a book which a boy will not read with pleasure outside of school hours, will prove worse than useless as a means of culture. As to the English required after Matriculation, we do not understand the absence from the curriculum of the names of the great new-world writers. Lowell, speaking for Americans, says: "It might be questioned whether we could not establish a stronger title to the ownership of the English tongue than the mother islanders themselves. Here, past all question, is to be its great home and centre. And not only is it already spoken here by great numbers, but with a far higher popular average of correctness than in Britain. The great writers of it, too, we might claim as ours, were ownership to be settled by the number of readers and lovers." Of the great writers in whom America has absolute title, we need say nothing.

It used to be thought impossible for any one to receive a liberal education except in the study of philosophy, of classics, or of mathematics. For hundreds of years proficiency in one or more of these subjects was made the indispensable condition of the honors of the Universities. But slowly the modern languages and the natural sciences won their way into this recognition. In our own University a still further advance was made when a graduating department was created in physics a few years ago. And now we see it is proposed in the Senate to allow students to graduate in Greek and the Oriental languages. This proposition ought certainly to be carried out. There is every reason why the widest system of options should be adopted throughout our entire curriculum. Why should a metaphysical man be compelled to take civil polity rather than German if he preferred the latter subject, or why should a modern language man be compelled to carry the burden of all the languages (and history and ethnology as well!) if he would prefer to devote himself more earnestly to one or two of them only? This is not mere



theorizing. The elective system has been tried in its fullest sense at Harvard, and with the most satisfactory results. There are upwards of one hundred courses, differing in a greater or less degree, in which a Harvard student can take his diploma, and President Eliot says that the highest intellectuality has been wonderfully quickened by this liberty. The old system of men-of-learning-made-to-order-after-one-pattern must be abandoned. A liberal education can be received in a thousand ways. It is not what we study, but how we study, that in the end determines our culture. Furthermore, the infinite variety of the human mind requires a corresponding variety of agencies for its highest development. Individuality must have the fullest play if the greatest possible progress of the whole race is to be attained. If it were possible to reduce all mankind under the six classes which our Toronto University curriculum now represents, what a wearisome and profitless world this would be!

The University Senate will hereafter meet regularly four times a year and continue in session until the business then on hand shall have been concluded. Heretofore the Senate has met at the call of the chair, which has been occasionally or semi-occasionally as the case might happen. Meetings have sometimes been called of which the graduate members living in Ottawa, Hamilton, St. Thomas or London did not receive notice until the very day appointed for the meeting. Then the session only lasted for a few hours, and perhaps before a week had passed another meeting had to be called to consider some other matter. This irregularity entailed no little inconvenience and expense on members of the Senate residing at long distances from the city. It was often impossible for them, on such short notice, to arrange their business to admit of their absence. Consequently too large a share of the proceedings came into the hands of the Toronto members, and the advantage of a wide and varied discussion of important questions was not secured. There is reason to suppose that this state of things, so unsatisfactory to the graduate representatives, was not at all unsatisfactory to some of the representatives of University College and the other affiliated institutions. It was no trouble for them to drop in at any time and have a little Senate meeting. At all events, when Mr. Kingsford's motion for regular meetings came before the Senate, it was strongly opposed by Professor Loudon and others. It would be an interesting exercise in psychological analysis, and withal not a difficult one, to discover the ultimate principles of this opposition. (We might then understand, also the Professor's vehement denunciation of the movement for increased graduate representation, and the not over-remarkable coincidence of the opposition of certain Ottawa graduates to the scheme.) Yet the general sense in the Senate of fair play for outside members sustained Mr. Kingsford, and his motion was adopted provisionally. But the advantages of the system of regular meetings are so many and so obvious that it is not to be expected that the old order of things will ever be revived.

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## Leading Article.

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### THE SCHOLARSHIP QUESTION RE-OPENED.

It is well known the Senate of Toronto University recently withdrew the medals and the greater number of the scholarships which had previously been granted by that body on the results of its examinations. This action of the Senate met with the approval of the students generally. In fact, it may be said that the reform was the result of an agitation against these rewards which originated among the students themselves a few years ago. Many noted scholarship men carried on the movement, and the result was a memorial to the Senate on the question. This memorial was signed

by a very large majority of the students of the university, and ultimately led, as we have seen, to the abolition of the medals and scholarships.

But the Senate had scarcely completed this reform, and our most earnest and thoughtful students had scarcely ended their mutual congratulations on the order of things, when it was hinted that a project was on foot in the College Council which would practically subvert the intentions of the Senate and renew the grievance of which the undergraduates had complained. Various wealthy gentlemen have recently been asked to found scholarships in the college. Circulars have been issued soliciting "subscriptions of one dollar and upwards" for the purpose of obtaining medals to be bestowed by the College Council. And a few days ago an elaborate scheme of scholarships and medals was posted up on the college bulletin board to the surprise and intense dissatisfaction of many of our students.

A mass meeting of undergraduates was called to consider the matter. At that meeting the following resolution was carried by a large majority. It was moved by Mr. F. F. Macpherson, and seconded by Mr. A. H. Young, both of them well-known scholarship men of the fourth year:—

"Whereas, in the opinion of the undergraduates medals and scholarships are detrimental to the true interests of education; and

"Whereas, contrary to the expressed wishes of the undergraduates, scholarships and medals have been restored by the College Council; and

"Whereas, from a lack of funds, the Library is not equipped so as to afford students all the advantages such an institution should confer; and

"Whereas, there is the greatest necessity for the appointment of a lecturer in Political Economy;

"Therefore, it is resolved, that the undergraduates, protest against the restoration of medals and scholarships, and also against the action of College officials in soliciting contributions for such purpose, thus diverting public benefactions from more worthy objects."

There is no uncertainty in the tone of this resolution, nor in that of the two letters which appear in another column on this subject.

The objections against the system of scholarships and medals have not been exaggerated. This system sets up unworthy objects before students and obscures the highest ideals and aims of education. It intensifies all the evils of competition and of competitive examinations. It tends to produce jealousy and distrust among students following the same courses. It forces our best students, no matter how unwilling they may be, into an unhealthy and degrading rivalry. It confers undue honor on a very few at the expense of all the rest, and it aggravates the positive injustice which is often done to the best men, as the result of the fallacious test of ordinary examinations.

Our students wish to be generous and helpful to each other; they desire to pursue truth, single-eyed, for the truth's sake alone, and they would preserve their manhood and independence in its fullest measure.

They simply ask, then, that the College Council will not expose them to a temptation which would tend to prevent them from making a fair approximation to this ideal. It is to be hoped that a request so reasonable will no longer be refused.

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## Literature.

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### "THE OWL'S TRIAL."

"Do, please, write something funny for a change."—*Correspondent.*

The owl is a sober bird, in fact soberness incarnate; and, moreover, he is fortified in his soberness by the solid, honest conviction that he can be nothing else but sober. But it is on record, nevertheless, that once, when in his most funereal mood and securest in his conviction of impregnable sobriety, he was betrayed into a



smile, a most undeniable smile. Ten consecutive juries of the owl's personal friends found the evidence irresistible and tendered a verdict of guilty—guilty of unallowable, or, as they declared, un-owl-able levity.

Now, what was to be done? The case was certainly serious. Shall darkness enter the home of light? Shall vice defile the source of virtue? Shall levity, then, sit one instant on the sable throne of soberness? Shall the fool's cap ever press the melancholy brow of the imperturbable monarch of sorrow? Such was the general purport of a lengthy speech made by the monkey, the judge.

It was then decided by the combined juries in open court that, "whereas the owl has feloniously and nefariously violated the trust committed to him by the nation and, in atrocious outrage upon the express and manifest will of the people, has actually, undeniably and indubitably *smiled*, therefore the aforesaid owl has abdicated the throne of soberness, and the said throne shall be declared vacant." Then, upon deliberation, and almost unanimously it was decreed to vindicate the lenience of the court and commute the sentence of death and mutilation provided in the statute book. The punishment reserved for the fallen monarch is recorded as a singular instance of judicial clemency and a most sage application of the principle of remedial prison discipline. He was simply "required to learn by rote the funny column of the ages." As the judge remarked, "Reprobate criminal, in this merciful judgment the court is inspired by a lingering hope that some time in the distant future, sobered by reflection over the past, sobered by the vision of an approaching eternity, sobered still more and irrevocably by a sickening surfeit of what once proved your temptation and your ruin, you may then come forth from your solitary confinement and live your remaining years an honourable and consistent citizen amongst us, and perhaps (with a really benignant smile) receive again the confidence and kingship of the people."

It is in a certain degree to be regretted that the story does not go on to furnish us with the effect of the remedial measures adopted, but that could not be, for here occurred a most unexpected and entire alteration in the sentiments of the court.

The prisoner had been standing during this harangue on a broken branch of a weeping-willow, close by an oak stump occupied by the judge, while over him hovered on guard three vultures and a bald-headed eagle. His dishevelled plumage, his clenched claws, his drooping wings, his drooping beak, his sadly wandering eyes and his melancholy countenance disfigured by a faint but perpetual smile, made him as abject a sight as could well be imagined. When the judge had finished, the prisoner limped slowly to the outer end of the broken limb on which he stood, and in a feeble voice asked for a hearing. He said he had nothing to say against the judgment of the court, but thanked it for the leniency which had so mitigated the severity of the statute book. He begged, however, before leaving them, perhaps for ever, to tell—not in vindication of himself, but simply as a warning for others—he begged to tell them the circumstances of his fall, the humiliating traces of which remained in his ineffaceable smile.

He then related how that one day he had been meditating on the origin and persistence of evil, and as he revolved in his mind all answers given by all sages in the past, and as he contemplated the vast universe in its rioting chaos of sin, he fell into an abyss of sadness, in which he seemed to fathom the secret heart of mysteries never before seen by mortal owl. It was at this fatal moment, under a load of sorrow, and with the weight of the universe pressing upon it, he felt himself pulled by a feather and appealed to in childish voice. He turned with inexpressible tenderness and in his eyes sorrowful love for all beings, when the voice that broke into his sorrow began as follows: "Say, Mr. Owl, will you tell me a funny story?"

"Now it so happened, former and beloved fellow-citizens, that through the entrance effected by these words there rushed in a

whole universe of levity and irreverent imaginings. Surcharged as I then was with sorrow, there arose within me an elemental conflict of emotions. I strove with my whole soul to repress it. But, athlete of melancholy though I was, the strain proved too great, and I exploded into laughter. Nay, it was not laughter. In the presence of a sorrowing universe, I swear it was not laughter, it was not laughter —

"But, that the king of melancholy should tell a funny story. Oh, shadow of the universe, forgive me! Here it is again!"

And here the prisoner, the judge, and all beasts both great and small assembled there burst into one loud roar. Before the echoes had died away on the hill-tops the ten juries and the whole court had reviewed and reversed the decision.

The owl was reinstated on his throne, and in all the chronicles of that time it was ordered to be written that the only laugh ever made by the king of melancholy was a laugh that was not a laugh.

R. BALMER.

#### SNOW AND STREAM.

Willow stems like rods of gold,  
Blue birds on the wing,  
A land that wears expectant airs,  
And schemes and dreams the spring!  
Yet here's a snow-bank, old, and gray,  
And grimy, spread along the way.

Thou dreary drift! why, what a hard  
And sullen heart thou hast,  
To hold thy place, devoid of grace,  
When all do wish thee past!  
How canst thou brave the sunny day,  
Refusing thus to slink away?

But lo! when I had paced the rods  
Her ashen robe o'erspread,  
Most deftly fleet, most gaily sweet,  
A shining brooklet fled;  
Drew p'iant currents into braid,  
And ceaseless curves and sparkle made.

In joy I cried, "Thou lovely thing,  
Where didst thou learn thy ways?  
Thy winsome mirth beguileth earth  
Thy purpose never stays;  
Thou art so willing, yet so pure,  
Responsive, headstrong, wavering, sure!"

The brook sang low in quiet flow,  
And this I heard it sing:  
"I am the drift, in patient thrift;  
I kept the robes of spring  
Thou praisest so. Be thou more slow  
To judge of hearts from outward show.

M. E. BENNETT.

#### LEATHERBY HEARD FROM AGAIN.

It seems that, after all, Leatherby soon lost faith in Dr. McCrudely's lengthy announcement, which he at first regarded as

"Some stupendous  
And tremendous (Heaven defend us!)  
Monstr'—inform'—ingens—horrendous  
Demoniaco-seraphic,  
Wise man's latest piece of graphic."

"There was more table-cloth," he wrote, "than feast. Dr. McCrudely himself has turned out to be no prodigy; he is not even bald. For I hold with Herodotus that 'baldness is a peculiar property or inseparable accident of learning.' Shakespeare, too, was bald; and I, who wear his baldness while I'm young, by rea-



son of my ardor in original research, regard as sound doctrine that saying of his that 'what Time hath scantied men in hair he hath given them in wit.'" Leatherby may not be wrong in asserting that there is, in general, a correlation between hairiness and want of wit. In his own case, however, I do not think that Shakespeare's saying will fit to a hair; for even when my friend becomes wholly bald, it will be truly said of him that, like Launce's sweetheart in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," he "hath more hair than wit."

This, however, by the way. While as yet the smoke of the first gun of the New Protestantism was slowly rolling up into the astounded heavens, Leatherby had heard afar its distant reverberations; and, when the battle began all along the line, he exulted like the war-horse in Job. But he was unable to come into the field himself, being then deeply engaged in the deciphering of a series of Targumic epitaphs, in which occur the names of several mighty conquerors, "hitherto unheard of and still unpronounceable, but of great value to the student of the entirely dark ages." He wrote that, "though it seemed a hopeless task, he was in hopes of fixing the dates of these kings, with the aid of Dr. McCrudely." But the doctor proved a sorry *deus ex machina*, though here was certainly a *dignus nodus*. Yet Leatherby says that at Universality College a number of surprising things are done *ex machina*.

All the hopes which had led him to enter that well-known College being thus blighted, he had no reasons for staying longer; in fact, there were reasons why he should return to Toronto. But when he was about to leave, the election excitement swept away his purpose; and after having solemnly and confidentially protested to every undergraduate in the College that he would not *run* for any office, he accepted a nomination at the exterior caucus, and consented to *stand*. "Lord, Lord," roared Falstaff, "how this world is given to lying!"

The Interior party—so named, I understand, "because it has been kept 'out' for some time—opened the campaign with a manifesto "made up of big phrases and round figures of speech, which, when put together, amount, like certain other combinations of round figures, to exactly o." Thus Leatherby, with the true spirit of a partizan. Of what the Interior has said of the Exterior manifesto I have heard nothing, except an obscure allusion to *Knox et praeterea nihil*, which I do not understand.

I need not weary the readers of VARSITY, as Leatherby has wearied me, with a long account of the many politic moves of each party as the night of election approaches; of the eager scrutiny of lists; of the wagging of knowing heads as they talk together; of the insinuating smile that lights up the care-worn brow of the practical politician as he meets a Freshman in the corridors; of the air of wonderful importance with which the Freshman walks away after a long talk; and of the flickering out of that insinuating smile to a grin of Machiavellian astuteness, almost preternatural; of the harangues at the caucuses; of the studied reserve and indifference of the man who feels sure of a nomination; of the sinuous manœuvres of the man who doesn't; of the rings within rings; of the pulling of wires,—and of corks and cigars; of the unwonted blandness and affability of the third year candidate; of the vain efforts of the Freshman candidate to look unconcerned; of his anxious preparation of the speech he is going to make; in short, of the mighty preparation and the infinite suspense.

Let us return to Leatherby himself. *Revenons à nos moutons*. Not that Leatherby is at all sheepish; this was shown by the shortness of the estrangement between himself and Maud Gerolman, who is an undergraduate at our College. It will be remembered that the estrangement grew out of Leatherby's unfortunate attempts at mind-reading. But, as I said, it was for a time only. They soon resumed their old relations, and while he has been away from Toronto their souls have held converse through the medium Her Majesty has graciously given us all in the Royal Mail.

Of late he has been writing poetry to Maud Gerolman, of which he sends me copies. The verses run very smoothly indeed; as

witness a "Nocturne" in which all concerned are told that now the toils of day are over, and the sun hath sunk to rest, seeking like a fiery lover, the bosom of the blushing West. Now the night keeps watch and ward,—the moon her shield of silver broad; she summons all her stars to guard the slumbers light of my fair Maud!

JEWLYAH.

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#### "SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH."

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Say not the struggle naught availeth!

How like a clarion note it rings—  
That saying of the royal Arthur,\*

Arthur, famed among poet kings;  
What though the great weak world bewaileth?  
Clear through the tumult a poet sings,  
"Say not the struggle naught availeth!"

Ah, but we mourn in bitter sadness,  
What are the feeble utterings  
Of airy fancy? In this world sorrow,  
And sin and death are terrible things;  
When the stern heart faints, and the strong eye quailleth,  
How idle the tune on a poet's strings,  
"Say not the struggle naught availeth!"

Still our faltering feet keep time to the measure,  
(How light and free and buoyant it swings),  
What do they matter, the ills that assail us?  
What are the world's small arrow stings?  
Hope dieth not nor courage faileth,  
And the song uplifts like the sense of wings—  
"Say not the struggle naught availeth!"

Old wounds aching and new wounds bleeding,  
These we could bear, but the sufferings  
Of those we love—dear heaven, have pity!  
But still the poet his message brings  
To tear-wet cheek and lip that paleth,  
And heart that to a broken heart clings,  
"Say not the struggle naught availeth!"

Ah, Pain, thou art a greater Goliath,  
We meet thee with pitiful stones and slings,  
The terrible odds are all against us—  
What to the foe are our feeble flings?  
Courage! The brave heart yet: prevaileth!  
From seeming defeat, lo, victory springs;  
"Say not the struggle naught availeth!"

\*Arthur Hugh Clough.

AGNES E. WETHERALD.

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## Editor's Table.

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### "SCHOOL ARCHITECTURE AND HYGIENE."

This is the title of a manual which has just been issued by the Education Department of Ontario. The author of the book is Dr. J. George Hodgins, and his wide experience of so many years with all the details of our public school system has eminently qualified him for the production of such a work.

Among special matters which Dr. Hodgins has treated of here in a simple and practical fashion, are the selection of school sites, the architecture and construction of school houses, heating and ventilation, windows and lighting, school room decorations, the water supply, and the improvement and beautifying of the school grounds by the planting of trees, shrubs and flowers.

A book like this has long been needed, and the Department of Education will do well to give it a wide circulation. It may be-



come a most effective means for the improvement and elevation of the general public.

It is obvious that if Canadians are to become a strong and vigorous people, our youth must not be exposed to unhealthful influences. Yet throughout the length and breadth of Ontario too many school houses are to be found where the seeds of disease are hourly sown. Constitutions are weakened by defective ventilation and virulent diseases are engendered by germs from impure wells or malarial surroundings.

Then, many of our country schools are dingy and cheerless, and the grounds are not only devoid of ornamentation, but very often most untidily kept. Yet the presence of some simple pictures or other decorations within, and of flowers and trees without, would add an attractiveness to school life which children would not fail to appreciate. Moreover, beauty, as an educating and refining influence of the highest value, has been too long overlooked by our school authorities.

Improvements in school houses means improvements in homes. Children who experience the benefits of pure air and pure water at school, and learn the means of obtaining them, will in the end put their knowledge to account at home. The cultivation of taste, also, which is implied in the improvements referred to, will be beneficially felt in the home life as well. And thus the power for good of such a book as this one of Dr. Hodgins cannot be too highly estimated.

## University and College News.

### GRADUATE REPRESENTATION ON THE UNIVERSITY SENATE.

The movement to secure increased representation of the graduates on the Senate has not yet resulted in actual legislation, but much good has been accomplished by the effort made. In the short time at the disposal of the Executive Committee a great number of signatures were obtained to the petition, which has now been presented to the Minister of Education. In order to show who the men are who ask for this reform, and who take a live interest in University matters generally, we publish the text of the petition with the names of those who signed it in different localities :—

#### *To the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Ontario.*

The petition of the undersigned graduates of the University of Toronto, humbly sheweth :—

That at a meeting of Convocation, held in the City of Toronto, on the 12th instant, the following resolutions and suggestions were adopted :

1. That it is expedient to increase the representation of graduates on the Senate from fifteen to twenty-five, and that, in addition, the Chairman of Convocation be a member of the Senate, *ex-officio*, during his term of office.
2. That the date of the election of representatives of the graduates on the Senate be changed from May to September.
3. That in case of any vacancy in the Senate, such vacancy be filled by the members of Convocation at the next regular election.
4. That it is expedient to increase the number of High School representatives in the Senate from two to four.

The two following points were also agreed upon :—

5. That at the next election the whole of the additional representatives be elected, in addition to the present number.
6. That a member of the Senate not attending a certain number of meetings of the Senate (particulars to be settled by Committee in charge of Bill), without sufficient excuse, do lose his seat on the Senate through such non-attendance.

Your petitioners heartily concur with the above resolutions and suggestions, and respectfully ask that your Honorable House will be pleased to grant appropriate legislation during the present session to carry the same into effect.

And your petitioners will ever pray.

TORONTO—J. Squair, B.A.; W. J. Loudon, M.A.; W. H. Ellis, M.A.; G. R. Mickle, B.A.; Frank T. Shutt, B.A.; J. H. Cameron, B.A.; J. H. McGeary, B.A.; Herbert R. Wood, B.A.; W. H. Vandersmissen, M.A.; J. C. Robertson, B.A.; A. S. Johnson, M.A.; W. Dale, M.A.; A. Stevenson, B.A.; H. L. Dunn, B.A.; Wm. Houston, M.A.; D. Blain, LL.B.; Nicol Kingsmill, M.A.; W. G. Eakins, M.A.; William Hay, M.A.; J. Howard Hunter, M.A.; W. H. Irving, B.A.; Geo. Acheson, M.A.; W. Harley Smith, B.A.; John McBride, M.A.; J. E. Graham, M.A.; J. W. Mustard, B.A.; L. McFarlane, M.B.; Wm. Oldright, M.A., M.D.; Fred F. Manley, M.A.; W. G. Crawford, B.A.; W. H. Huston, M.A.; Neil McEachern, B.A.; Euston Sisely, B.A.; C. Ferdinand Durand, B.A.; O. Weld, B.A.; G. R. Cruickshank, B.A.; J. H. Cameron, M.B.; J. M. McCallum, B.A.; J. M. Clark, M.A.; John Ferguson, B.A., M.B.; A. B. McCallum, B.A.; R. U. McPherson, B.A.; G. W. Holmes, B.A.; H. T. Machell, M.B.; J. Fulton, M.B.; W. H. B. Aikin, M.B.; J. McKenzie, B.A.; A. H. Wright, B.A., M.B.; S. G. T. Burton, B.A.; J. S. Duncan, M.B.; G. B. Smith, M.B.; A. McD. Haig, B.A.; J. McGillivray, B.A.; H. R. Fraser, B.A.; Wm. Farquharson, B.A.; Theodore S. Covernton, M.D.; R. Campbell Tibb, B.A.; A. J. McLeod, B.A.; P. H. Bryce, M.A., M.B.; Alex. M. Campbell, B.A.; J. Mackay, B.A.; D. McKenzie, B.A.; John L. Campbell, B.A.; Donald McGillivray, M.A.; J. C. Tolmie, B.A.; Chas. A. Webster, B.A.; D. G. McQueen, B.A.; Robert Haddow, B.A.; W. P. McKenzie, B.A.; Francis Rae, M.D.; J. J. Kingsmill, B.A.; Joseph Morgan, M.A.; A. W. Wright, B.A.; James Gray, M.A.; Wm. Sanderson, B.A.; W. F. Freeman, M.B.; A. Collins, B.A.; D. W. Ross, B.A.; M. Stalker, M.B.; Geo. H. Kilmer, B.A.; J. L. Cox, B.A.; Wm. Williams, B.A.; H. T. Beck, M.A.; F. W. Hill, B.A.; Alex. Fraser, B.A.; J. H. Burnham, B.A.; C. J. Mickle, B.A.; Thos. Hodgins, M.A.; Angus MacMurchy, B.A.; John A. Paterson, M.A.; F. S. Cassells, B.A.; W. W. Vickers, B.A.; R. O. McCulloch, B.A.; Chas. T. Glass, B.A.; A. J. B. Lawrence, B.A.; W. H. P. Clement, B.A., LL.B.; John Andrew, B.A.; Douglas Armour, B.A.; John Douglas, B.A.; W. H. Blake, B.A.; H. H. Langton, B.A.; G. S. Wilgress, B.A.; W. S. Ormiston, B.A., LL.B.; W. E. Thomson, B.A.; T. H. Scott, M.A.; Ernest F. Gunther, B.A.; Edward J. Bristol, B.A.; Henry Wright, B.A.; C. R. Boulton, B.A.; James Baird, B.A.; Robert C. Donald, B.A.; Davidson Black, B.A.; H. A. Reesor, B.A.; T. D. Delamere, M.A.; J. H. Bowes, B.A.; G. S. Macdonald, B.A.; Gordon Hunter, B.A.; R. E. Kingsford, M.A., LL.B.; Edwin B. Brown, B.A.; G. G. S. Lindsay, B.A.; W. D. Gwynne, B.A.; Spencer Love, B.A.; C. R. W. Biggar, M.A.; Thos. Langton, M.A., LL.B.; W. F. McLean, B.A.; William F. W. Creelman, B.A., LL.B.; Henry S. Osler, B.A.; A. H. Marsh, B.A., LL.B.

LONDON—W. P. R. Street, LL.B.; V. Cronyn, LL.B.; J. H. Gardiner, M.D.; A. Arnott, M.B.; Jonathan Robinson, M.B.; T. J. W. Burgess, M.B.; C. H. Britton, M.B.; E. R. Cameron, M.A.; Richard Hayley, B.A.; E. F. Essery, LL.B.; A. Greenlees, LL.B.; Albert O. Jeffery, LL.B.; W. O. Proudfoot, B.A.; T. Macbeth, B.A.

WINNIPEG—T. W. Taylor, M.A.; H. Dawson, M.A.; Jas. Fisher, M.A.; Horace E. Crawford, B.A.; J. D. Cameron, B.A.; Geo. E. Patterson, B.A.; L. C. Biggs, B.A.; A. E. Richards, M.A.; W. E. Perdue, B.A.; W. R. Mulock, B.A.; G. Davis, B.A.; H. Archibald, B.A.; J. A. M. Aikins, M.A.; J. H. Gilmour, B.A.; A. V. McCleneghan, LL.B.

WHITBY—D. Ormiston, B.A.; Jno. E. Farewell, LL.B.; G. Y. Smith, LL.B.; James Rutledge, B.A.; H. B. Taylor, B.A.; L.



E. Embree, B.A.; T. G. Campbell, B.A.; W. O. Eastwood, B.A.; L. English, LL.B.

OSHAWA—A. Henderson, B.A.; J. J. Grierson, B.A.; R. McGee, B.A.; S. H. Eastman, B.A.; D. S. Haig, M.B.; C. L. Crassweller B.A.

KINGSTON—John Fletcher, M.A.; Adam Carruthers, B.A.; Edward H. Smythe, LL.D.; Robert Balmer, B.A.; C. R. Clarke, M.D.

PETERBOROUGH—E. B. Edwards, M.A.; Jas. Henry, LL.B.; Arthur Stevenson, B.A.; J. H. Long, M.A., LL.B.; W. A. Stratton, B.A., LL.B.

ST. CATHARINES—W. J. Robertson, B.A., LL.B.; John Henderson, M.A.; E. J. McIntyre, B.A.; J. B. Gamble, B.A.; John McKeown, M.A.; J. S. Campbell, M.A.; Herbert Collier, B.A.; John Seath, B.A.; H. Yale, B.A.

Many more signatures could have been obtained if the movement had been started earlier. The rapidity with which all the signatures obtainable in places like London, St. Catharines, Kingston, Whitby, and Peterborough were procured was most encouraging. The list of names from Winnipeg includes some of our best known and most popular graduates. So long as the University is thus loyally remembered by her alumni without respect to locality, so long will her prosperity be assured.

The reasonableness of the proposed reform is so generally recognized by our graduates everywhere that the action of the Ottawa "bolters" seems inexplicable to the University public. If, however, it could be shown that, as some surmise, there is subterranean communication between Toronto and Ottawa, that phenomenon would be accounted for.

Whatever happens, it is evident that our graduates are now becoming so numerous, and so earnest in their interest in the University, that their united opinion on measures of reform cannot well be opposed or ignored.

#### "PAGAN VIRTUES AND PAGAN THEORIES OF LIFE."

Last Saturday forenoon, when Professor Hutton entered the metaphysical room, which was crowded with those desirous of hearing his lecture, he saw, in the front seats, a number of the young ladies, and several members of the Faculty, including Dr. Wilson; and behind these, a great multitude of every day undergrads, a few of whom were seeking standing-room in the rear. The lecture (to which the brief summary given below fails to do justice), was heard with close attention by the audience,—every one, we feel sure, bringing away with him something of the "joy of elevated thoughts."

It is possible within limits, the lecturer said, to mark some real difference in the virtues professed and practised by Pagans, and those developed under Christianity. Character is the outcome of external facts, of the circumstances of the age that is; and of internal facts: the theory of life and the religion which is dominant.

The external facts gave to the Pagan virtues their public and social character. The man was nothing without the state: in his own right he could not hold property even within the city walls, still less in other lands. Apart from his own state, his life was not safe; as a prisoner of war he was naturally butchered, and if spared sold into slavery or turned into a gladiator; wherever he was a stranger he was naturally an enemy; *hostis* and *hospes*, "enemy" and "guest," come from the same root and both mean "enemy"; "*domi militiaeque*" said the Romans for "at home and abroad"—literally "at home and at war." Again, his fortunes depended on those of his own family: when Achan and Cyrsilus and Lycidas offended, their families suffered death with the offenders.

Consequently patriotism outweighs friendship, as in the assassination of Julius Caesar, and treason is regarded as the blackest of all crimes. Tyrannicide, for the same reason, is a duty, even if the tyrant be one's own brother. On the same principle, within the family, the bond to brothers and sisters is stronger than the bond to

the alien wife. Intaphernes' wife in Herodotus sacrifices her husband to her brother's safety. Such sanctity as belongs to marriage belongs to it in its political aspects, as a bulwark of the state, hence the mourning over Jephthah's daughter. Athenian marriages were marriages of convenience, designed to keep the property in the family. A father gives his daughter to their nearest male relation or in default to whom he pleases.

Christianity, on the other hand, popularized the inner and personal virtues of righteousness rather than mere justice, of purity and humility, of moral rather than physical courage.

Yet, at the same time, it did not come to destroy the old social virtues, but to fulfil, teaching a kinship wider than the kinship of fellow-citizenship, and co-extensive with Christendom. Its very complexity, therefore, in developing both the individual and personal, and also the public and social virtues more than Paganism had developed them, has obscured its perfectness and tempted fanatics to forget one side or the other, and lose the whole in the part. Public duties to the State have often suffered in Christian societies at the expense of personal or family duties: as in the history of the monks. Morals have become too transcendental, and truthfulness, for example, has been made an idol. The law of sacrifice and compensation is hard to elude, and in gaining one virtue another has not often been lost. Yet, after all, the social virtues of Paganism were not as truly social in spirit as the same virtues in Christian societies; rather they were forced upon ancient communities by enlightened self-interest only, not by an unselfish religion. And hence patriotism and selfishness are found curiously blended among the old Greeks in the same breasts; in the Spartans above all.

Again, the internal facts of life, the prevailing theories of life's meaning, leant their own colour to the virtues of Paganism. The religion of the masses was a rude and boisterous nature-worship, clouded by a deep fear of the jealousy of the gods derived from experience of life's hardships; a fear which found vent in Moloch-worship and human sacrifices, and later, in the sacrifice of treasures and the blood of bulls and goats. The king threw away his signet-ring; the victorious general heard with relief of the death by disease of his only son. In the educated classes who had risen above the indiscriminate worship of their own instincts and of outer nature, may be discerned a pessimism not unlike that of modern sceptics, of Arthur Clough, George Eliot and Frederick Amiel. Æschylus deifies the power without showing the justice of Zeus; Euripides is sure of nothing; Sophocles alone seems to trace a purpose and a compensation in suffering, but the cloud is more manifest than the silver lining.

Such being the Pagan religion and theory of life, the virtues evolved from them have no supernatural character, but are the spontaneous expression of human nature as it contemplates this world alone, and endeavors to work out its own happiness, as it best may, against the heavy odds. The character of the State forced men into co-operation, and gave to their actions a social aspect, but the character of their creed fostered selfishness, and made their motives selfish. The despotism of the State and the egoism of the individual went hand in hand.

The natural spontaneous character of their virtues, or its selfish and self-regarding character, is traceable in the several senses in which they used the word "virtue." Sometimes it is natural human kindness; indulgence to everyone, self and others: this is said to be chiefly found in the young; the old are too soured and hopeless to retain it. Christianity alone gave to old age a dignity and a hope, out of which virtue could blossom. In the same way the vices on which the Greeks are emphatic, are natural and spontaneous: the arrogance and indolence, for example, of youth, both physical and intellectual; a vice which was a factor in their state politics, but which, with the growth of less violent ideals, has dwindled down so as to be imperceptible outside Universities.

Sometimes the word virtue is used to mean "justice:" whatever is just is right; neither more nor less; the supernatural grace



mercy has not yet appeared and is represented by bare justice ; forgiveness, if shown, proceeds from a well-reasoned and dispassionate sense of what is fair : we must be merciful because we should have done the same ourselves under the same circumstances. Dean Mansel, from his classical training, used to maintain that this was the true basis of forgiveness. Yet a further use of the word virtue is for intellectual force. Antiphon, an unscrupulous politician, is "second to none in virtue," i.e., in force of intellect. Socrates also, by example and by precept, resolved virtue into philosophising. Prudence again is described sometimes as the virtue of all others. The pessimism of Euripides and Sophocles breathes this thought. All lofty ideals, all enthusiasm, all ambition, are pitfalls into which a man is tempted by his imperious instincts, only to ruin himself in the end and learn that a simple unheroic life is wisest.

Finally, their great men, though they may escape "the last infirmity of noble minds," the love of fame, never escape spiritual pride and self-righteousness. Pagan humility is intellectual only, not moral ; of the truer humility which—like, yet unlike, the slave at a Roman triumph—whispers to a man even in the hour of spiritual exaltation, that he is an unprofitable servant, they know nothing. Plato's ideal man is self-engrossed and self-complacent, politely indifferent to less lofty natures. Aristotle's "high-minded man" idolises himself and is a Pharisee. A French writer fancies he can trace the Christian spirit in Seneca : as a parallel to "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," he quotes "Forgive the world ; they are all fools." The tone of intellectual pride rings in the pagan version and destroys the parallel.

"If any evidence were wanted," says an acute Saturday Reviewer, "to show the superiority of the Scriptural over the classical theory of life, it can be derived from a comparison of the self-consciousness and self-complacency of the Gironde, who formed themselves on Plutarch's lives, with the morose earnestness of the Puritans of the Long Parliament."

#### HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The regular meeting was held in Moss Hall last Tuesday. It was decided to have the nomination of next year's officers next week, and their election on the 30th. T. C. L. Armstrong, M.A., LL.B., read a paper dealing with the origin of our social system and the historical aspect of communism. Society as we now find it has been very slowly evolved, and bears many relics of the past. Most of our laws, religious beliefs, and national prejudices are the survivals of an undeveloped social state, and can be best understood if traced back to their origin. The patriarchal system is the oldest form of society. In it, however, there was an absence of liberty ; there were no contracts, for custom ruled ; no wills, for property was in common ; no laws, for the Pater was absolute. The common meal, associated with the ceremonies of a common religion, was the great bond of union in those families. Permanent nations were impossible till the clan system was broken up, for under it allegiance was always given to the head of the family, not to the State, and invariably reverted to the Pater when external pressure was withdrawn. The Greeks were united by a common religion, and this union led to the development of intellect, oratory, and political science ; but there was no central authority, and therefore no lasting bond of union. In Rome there was a common religion, and the clan system had been broken up. Rome was consequently the first example of the real state. But when the Romans conquered many outlying countries without breaking up their clans or suppressing their religions, it only required a weakening of the central power for all these countries to revert to their original state. Before the fall of Rome, Christianity had been adopted, and all mediæval history is the tale of the struggles between the germinal Church and germinal nations. Gradually, however, the kingdom was developed after the model of the old family, and the divine

right of kings is only a relic of the absolute authority of the Pater.

The subject has fought successfully against the tyranny of rulers, but has now to contend with that of property. The great problem is to remedy the evils of inequality without taking away the liberty of the individual. Labor combinations destroy liberty. Communism destroys liberty and discourages industry. Communes based on religious fervor have been the most successful, but even they have always failed. When the old monks could not succeed in establishing communism in the world they retired into their monasteries, round each of which villages sprang up in which civil liberty was first developed. In the most liberal States co-operation is now supplanting communism. Any successful attempt to remedy existing evils must be founded on pure science rather than on religion.

At the next meeting, Mr. Alfred Jury will read a paper on the labor question.

Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Studd has been here and is away. His visit was enjoyed by every one who had the pleasure of coming in contact with him, whether in the meetings or elsewhere. His simple and pointed way of speaking, the matter of his speech and the open earnestness that always possessed the man—an earnestness which never flagged throughout the week he was here, though two and in some cases three meetings were held daily,—were recommendations sufficient to account for the well-filled hall that invariably awaited him.

Quite a number of the undergraduate members of the association assembled at the Union Station on Thursday morning to see him off. He was bound for Queen's University, where he expected to hold a short mission.

Any one anxious to join one of the classes for Bible study, organized at the suggestion of Mr. Wishard, may do so by handing his name to Mr. C. C. Owen or the secretary of the association. These groups meet once a week, and wherever tried it has been found that the work done is exceedingly satisfactory.

Mr. A. H. Young conducted the regular meeting on Thursday afternoon. The subject of his remarks was "Work," based on John 9 : 4.

It is hoped the new hall will be well filled on Thursday next, when Mayor Howland is to give an address.

#### PERSONALS.

W. F. W. Creelman, B.A., has been appointed Examiner in Mental Science in the University of Trinity College. W. F. W. C.'s card also appears among our legal advertisements this week.

T. C. Milligan, B.A., is the candidate of the Inside Party for the presidency of the Literary Society.

T. C. Robinette, B.A., is the candidate of the Outside Party for the same office.

### Communications.

#### MEDALS AND SCHOLARSHIPS.

To the Editor of the VARSITY.

SIR,—The recent action of the College Council in restoring, in spite of the well-known opposition of the undergraduates, the medals and scholarships abolished by the senate, must be met by



a renewed opposition on our part, continued till success crowns our efforts.

The arguments for and against these prizes have been given often before, but they must be iterated and re-iterated in every possible shape. The economical and intellectual aspects have been amply treated by some recent correspondents of the VARSITY, but there are some other phases of the question not yet fully presented.

The opponents of prizes do not deny that some intellectual benefits may be had from them, but these are more than counterbalanced by the intellectual evils resulting from them. But even if the opposite were the case, we would only need to throw in the moral evils to turn the scale again. To some extent, certainly, prizes have an inspiring effect on those who win, but they also have a very dispiriting effect on those who lose; and these are the majority. And while these baits exist, many a student who would choose differently, is forced by outside influences to work for something which he knows to be harmful.

The competitive principle of these prizes is bad in itself. The failure of competition in labor is becoming plainer every day and it cannot but have the same result in educational matters. The only true competition should be between the student at one date and the same student at a later date, and, moreover, the progress shown by such a comparison will do more to spur on a student than any scholarship or medal.

There is another way in which prizes affect education. Educators to be worth anything must be enthusiastic; if they are not, they will rely on stimuli outside of themselves, to stir up in their pupils that love of knowledge which it should be their duty to impart and foster. If our present educators have become so accustomed to these aids that they cannot do without them, then by all means let us get some who will. There are three generations of educators; those of the first, who *drove* their pupils, are dead; those of the second, who *lure* theirs, are dying; those of the third, who *lead* theirs, are growing up to manhood; and I hope to be present at the retirement of the second, and at the coming of age of the last.

Yours very truly,

F. F. MACPHERSON.

March, 17th, 1886.

*To the Editor of the VARSITY.*

DEAR SIR,—A circular which is headed "University College," and signed by the college registrar, and which therefore appears to be of an official character, has been sent out within the past few days requesting subscriptions with a view to the founding of a medal in commemoration of the late president of the college, and to be given for proficiency in classics. There are these evidences that the circular is an official document. There is no statement, it is true, that this action has been taken in consequence of a resolution of the college council, that the founding of such a medal is desirable. But whether the movement has been inaugurated simply by enthusiastic individuals who have taken upon themselves to proceed under the auspices of the college, or whether it is sanctioned by the council, it is not a movement which should be approved of by those who have the interest of the college at heart.

After years of discussion and untiring effort on the part of those who were convinced that the abolition of medals would be in the interests of higher education, that step was, so far as the University Arts courses are concerned, taken by the University Senate, a body never overhasty in adopting important reforms. One would be safe in saying that the opinion of the great majority of those connected with or interested in the Provincial University and College endorses the Senate's action. But it appears that an attempt is now being made to counter balance this abolition of the University Arts medals by the establishment of a system of medals in connection with the college, and so to nullify the good effects which were sure to attend the University Senate's action.

It is not necessary to repeat at length the arguments which have been so often and so forcibly urged against the medal system. The competition of medals begets an ungenerous rivalry which does not exist under the simple and reasonable system of ranking by classes. And this is not the only bad effect which the medal system has upon our undergraduates. The tendency of such a system is to divert the attention from the true end of education, development in the fullest sense, to the medals themselves, from the useful to the ornamental, from the really valuable to the practically worthless. Our students under the medal system are too much like the captives in the den, of whom Plato tells us, who, bound hand and foot, beheld only the shadows and saw not the realities. Further, it is by no means an invariable rule that the best men are the medalists. And even if it were the rule, that the medals were bestowed upon those who most deserved them, there would still be in most cases at least an injustice, for the striking distinction between those who are medalists and those who are not medalists in a class—a distinction to which the public attaches considerable importance—is rarely if even justified by the real facts of the case.

It cannot even be said of medals, as it may perhaps of scholarships, that they are of real benefit to the student, that from them "there may flow a slight trace of help to the young heroic soul struggling for higher things."

It will no doubt be urged that unless University College holds out strong inducements in the way of medals it cannot compete with other colleges throughout the Province. But there are other and better means of attracting students to our halls. A few devoted and enthusiastic teachers might fill our class-rooms as no system of medals and scholarships could.

If private individuals are determined to found medals they cannot perhaps be very well opposed, but it is not necessary that the faculty should exert themselves to perpetuate the medal system.

It may perhaps be said that a protest against the founding of a medal does not come with a good grace from one who may have been so fortunate or unfortunate as to have obtained a medal at the close of his University course. But there are those among the University medalists who are candid enough to confess their belief that they would now be better men had not their vision been blinded by the prospect of scholarships and medals.

Yours truly,

H. L. DUNN.

## A DREAM OF ATLANTIS.

*To the Editor of the VARSITY.*

SIR :—There is always something unsatisfactory about dreams and the one described in last week's VARSITY is not an exception in this respect. There is one part I should like to refer to. It is that which deals with the tuition in the language of Atlantis (or English). So far as I know, no one has ever told the lecturer in English that his lectures are not appreciated. Such being the case, it is scarcely fair to attack him in a newspaper. If the dissatisfaction were general (but it is not), the lecturer would, I am sure, at least listen politely to any complaint, and try to make his lectures more attractive. At present he is working at a disadvantage. Not only is he doing the work of two men in English, but he has to lecture to three years in Italian. As though these were not enough to keep him busy, he has lately been saddled with Gothic.

These things should all be taken into consideration. Besides, it is quite evident that he is actuated by a desire to do the best that he can for us. This, too, counts for a good deal.

Any mistakes that the gentleman may have made, have, I am sure, been made unwittingly.

With these few words of comment, I am,

Yours truly,

A. H. YOUNG.

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Disappointment.

Full choir. Cornet and organ accompaniment.

## Di-Varsities.

TO A PEDAGOGUE-BENEDICT.

Dear Cipher, you've naught left to sigh for,  
Since units unite when they marry.  
And you will be quick to see why, for  
You add two, and have one to carry.

But when you behold the first baby—  
'Twere well in your adding to tarry,  
The arithmetic changes; and maybe  
You'll add one, and have two to carry.  
—The Rambler.

They engaged a new porter at the Lahr  
House last night. He was an active young  
man, with Hibernian type of countenance  
and large, horny hands about the size of  
hams. Everybody liked him, he was so  
cheerful, so obliging, and so rigorously  
and scrupulously exact in carrying out every order  
given him.

On last Tuesday Mr. J. B. Johnson, the  
vice-president of the Omaha Chilled Plow  
Works, put up at the hotel. Mr. Johnson is  
a very dignified and polished gentleman, and  
extremely particular about his room and  
service. That evening a very extraordinary  
thing occurred. Some say it was about nine  
o'clock; others place it as late as half-past  
ten. At any rate, somewhere near that time  
Mr. Johnson was amazed to see the door of  
his room open and a man step in.

"Who the devil are you?" asked Mr. John-  
son.

"Oi am the porter," replied the stranger,  
deliberately removing his coat and rolling up  
his sleeves.

"Well, what is the meaning of this singu-  
lar intrusion?" inquired Mr. Johnson.

Thomas did not reply. He spit upon his  
hands, executed a rapid fantastic jig and  
leaped suddenly upon the astonished guest.

"Help! Murder!" bellowed Mr. Johnson,  
"crazy man killing me!"

"Shut up, ye dhirty spalpeen!" exclaimed  
Thomas, obtaining a firm grip upon the bust  
of his trousers and propelling him rapidly  
out of the room, "It's none of the loikes of  
ye that's wanted in a dacent house."

"But, my good man!" gasped Mr. John-  
son, his words coming by excited jerks,  
"there is some mistake! Let me explain!"

"Niver a word, ye hoodlum!" replied  
Thomas, rushing him toward the stairs;  
"we're on to ye! The house has had ye  
spotted!"

The next instant, the guests in the corri-  
dor were amazed to see two figures, one  
spluttering and kicking and the other grim  
and determined, shoot down the staircase,  
plunge through the lobby and disappear into  
the outer darkness. In a few minutes  
Thomas returned panting and rolling down  
his sleeves.

"What in the name of heaven were you  
doing?" asked Mr. Weekly, the proprietor,  
when he recovered sufficiently from the  
shock to speak.

"I was firing that dhirty blackguard John-  
son," replied Thomas.

"Firing him? Hold me, somebody! Who  
put such an infernal idea into your head?"

"Here she is," replied Thomas, with an  
injured air, holding the slate before the  
proprietor's eyes.

"By—the—great—horn—spoon," gasped  
Mr. Weekly, and swooned away.

This was what he read:

"Fire, No. 40 at 10.30."—*Lafayette Comet.*



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## IN THE WRONG BOX.

She hurried past; a letter she  
Held closely in her little hand.  
She'll post it now; so let us see  
Just how she does it—here we stand.

The metal box she hastens to—  
(Where is the man she would not charm)  
Ha! how she flushes—mad—"O shoo!  
Confound the durned old fire alarm!"

A bachelor, returning from a ball in a crowded coach, declared with a frown that he had not the slightest objection to "rings on his fingers," but he had most unequivocal objections to "belles on his toes."

Papa (soberly)—"That was quite a monstrosity you had in the parlor, last evening." Maud (nettled)—"Indeed! That must depend on one's understanding of the term 'monstrosity.'" Papa (thoughtfully)—"Well, two heads on one pair of shoulders, for example."—*Ex.*

A New York paper contained a very severe criticism on a book. Not long afterwards the author met the editor at a social gathering.

"So you are the newspaper fellow who made my book out to be so bad," said the exasperated author.

"Excuse me, that's what you, yourself, did for it," replied the editor.

A citizen, who had been playing poker the night before, dropped a blue chip into the contribution box by mistake. After service, he went to the deacon who had passed the plate and told him of his mistake. "So I'll just give you a dollar in its place," he said, "and we'll keep the matter quiet." "No, you don't," replied the deacon, ignoring the money offered; "that's a blue chip. It's worth five dollars."

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
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY THOUGHT AND EVENTS.

Vol. VI.

University of Toronto, March 27, 1886.

No. 19.

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## THE VARSITY.

THE VARSITY is published in the University of Toronto every Saturday during the Academic Year, October to May inclusive.

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All communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

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## Topics of the Hour.

The grand memorial which the graduates of Toronto University laid before the Government has not resulted in the desired legislation for an increase of graduate representation upon the Senate of that institution. Still, the agitation to that end has been most advantageous in its general influence. It has created another band of union among our graduates and has brought them into closer and more intelligent sympathy with one another. Through this agitation, also, the university public, have discovered the exact attitude which the representatives of University College and the other affiliated institutions are pleased to assume towards the graduates and their purposes. This is a most important fact and one which our graduates will doubtless keep well in mind. It sufficiently ex-

plains the mystery of the recent appointment and will throw considerable light on what else might have been a secret and powerful opposition policy in the future.

As the time approaches for the annual election by Convocation of its representatives in the Senate of the University, our graduates are desirous of knowing who are likely to be put forward as candidates, and what are their recommendations. And good candidates are particularly required at the present moment. The graduate representatives now in the Senate--most of them, at least--are fighting a good battle in behalf of their constituents, and the strengthening of their hands is a thing to be much desired, for they have a strong opposition to contend against, much of which, however, comes from quarters from which might rather have been expected sympathy and support. Men must be chosen, then, whose position is clear, unambiguous and firm. Two such men are already in the field: Mr. E. B. Edwards, M.A., LL.B., will be nominated from Peterborough, and Mr. J. A. Culham, M.A., from Hamilton. Both these gentlemen have been for years among the most active members of Convocation, and have done much in their respective counties towards working up strong graduate associations and developing university feeling and interest. In addition to this they promise--a promise we think they will keep to the letter--to attend regularly the meetings of the Senate, which not a few of our graduate representatives have undertaken in the past with apparently little intention of carrying it out. We think that Messrs. Edwards and Culham would represent in the Senate the views of Convocation on all the important questions now under consideration, which are likely soon to be considered, in our University government, and that they would give plain expression to those views, without hesitancy or fear. In our opinion, Convocation could not do better than elect these gentlemen as two of their representatives during the next five years.

In view of the great recognized needs of other departments of learning in University College, we felt called upon recently to protest against the creation of a new chair in Oriental languages. The method of procedure in the case was also irregular and open to serious objection. The VARSITY will continue to protest against this policy of secrecy in the conduct of University and College affairs. The university public have a right to know the reasons why such an important step was taken, not only without the advice of the Senate, but even without the knowledge of that body. While objecting to the manner in which this chair was created, we are not, however, precluded from a proper appreciation of the gentleman who fills it. It is not to be supposed that the sins of an official superior are to be visited on him. An imprudence in the matter of announcements gave occasion to one of our contributors for a humorous article which, we are told, was



misinterpreted and misapplied by some of our readers. For ourselves we have attacked the position and not the occupant. We have it now to say that since the position has been created, it is probable, so far as can yet be judged, that no better person could have been found to fill it than Dr. McCurdy. His scholarship is unquestioned. As a native Canadian he can sympathize fully with the spirit and aspirations of his students. He is untiring and energetic in his efforts to add new interest to the work of the department. And it is this enthusiasm which our college needs more than scholarships and medals as a source of inspiration to study. It seems probable that this department will acquire new importance in another way. The Senate are now considering the potential merits of the Oriental languages as a means of liberal culture with a view to the establishment of a new graduating department in Greek and Orientals. This measure would no doubt prove acceptable to a large number of students. Sanscrit could perhaps be added with advantage during the last two years of the new course, and it is probable that earnest students in philology from the other departments would be anxious to acquire some knowledge of the parent tongue. We look upon Dr. McCurdy's Saturday classes in Sanscrit as a commendable initiatory measure to the introduction of this language into the regular curriculum.

The members of the Young Men's Christian Association of our University are now fully at home in their new hall and a corresponding measure of fresh life and activity is being manifested among them. With such an attractive and commodious place of meeting it is certain that the membership will be largely increased, and also that there will be a more regular attendance upon the society's meetings of those who are members. Mr. McLeod and his fellows may now rest well satisfied with the result of their noble enterprise. It would be difficult to speak too highly of the character and objects of this association. It is a great centre of moral and spiritual life among our students. With a creed as broad as Christianity itself and high as the spiritual aspirations of our race, the Young Men's Christian Association is the type and the partial realization of what the New Church will be. This society represents not a dogma but a Life. And by this grand band all the churches will at last be united. Looking to such an end our College association is worthily doing a great work. For here no one is Baptist or Methodist, Anglican or Presbyterian; it is enough that he is a Christian. Thrown together in earnest fellowship at this most impressive period of their lives, our young men will learn how artificial and trivial are the distinctions that separate the denominations when compared with the great vital principles that underlie all Christianity. The partial and one-sided views which purely denominational instruction necessarily produces will be counteracted by the liberalizing influences of fellowship in this association. Next to a non-denominational theological college such as Harvard possesses, a University Y. M. C. A. is the most powerful means for the furtherance of liberal religious culture. The prosperous existence of this institution in our midst must also in time have a good influence on that large class of students who as yet care very little for these things. They may come to learn that there are realities which purely physical science does not dream of and that there are cravings in the mind of man which knowledge will not satisfy. And so by spiritualizing science on the one hand and rationalizing belief on the other we may hope that University Young Men's Christian Associations may some day help not a little in producing the final harmony of science and religion.

The dramatic poem "Tecumseh," which was reviewed in our columns recently by Mr. G. Mercer Adam, is attracting much attention throughout Canada. The author, Mr. Charles Mair, has become a subject of interest, and many are the inquiries concerning

him among our literary people. Through the kindness of a Toronto friend of his, we are able to lay the following particulars of Mr. Mair's life before our readers. He was born in the village of Lanark, in Upper Canada, in the year 1840. He received his early education in his native village, and in the Grammar School of the neighboring town of Perth. From here he entered Queen's College, Kingston, but entered upon a business life before completing his course in this institution. His father, the late James Mair, came to Canada from Scotland, nearly sixty years ago. The elder Mr. Mair was one of the pioneers of the lumber business in the valleys of the Madawaska and other tributaries of the Ottawa River. Much of our author's early life was spent in the forest, and to this source we may trace his sympathy with nature in her varied forms and moods. In 1868, Mr. Mair published a small volume entitled "Dreamland and Other Poems," which was favourably received by Canadian readers. Copies of this book are now very scarce, as a large portion of the edition was burnt shortly after publication, in the Desbarats fire in Ottawa. In the fall of this year, Mr. Mair was sent by the Dominion Government to the Red River settlement, as paymaster to the men engaged in opening the Snow Road from Fort Garry to the Lake of the Woods. Mr. Mair was consequently in Fort Garry at the time of the outbreak of the first Riel rebellion. He was a prisoner in the hands of the rebels for many weeks during the winter of 1869-70. After being sentenced to death by the Provisional Government, he escaped from prison, and subsequently joined the expedition from Portage la Prairie to Fort Garry under Major Boulton. Shortly afterwards he set out for Ontario. With two or three companions he walked 400 miles on snow-shoes to St. Paul. Subsequently he reached this province and with Drs. Schultz and Lynch, was accorded a most enthusiastic reception. Upon the restoration of order, Mr. Mair settled at Portage la Prairie, and a few years after he moved to Prince Albert on the Saskatchewan, where he was engaged for some ten years in fur trading and general business. In 1883, foreseeing the outbreak which occurred last spring, and wishing to have his family safe, he moved from Prince Albert to Windsor, Ontario, where he has since been living. Here he wrote "Tecumseh," many of the scenes of which are laid in this part of the province. When the rebellion broke out he came to Toronto and enlisted in the Governor-General's Body Guard, whose commanding officer, Colonel George T. Denison, is an old and intimate friend of the author's. He was appointed acting Quarter-Master of that corps and served through the whole campaign. Mr. Mair was at one time a contributor to the *Canadian Monthly*, and it is said he will continue his literary career in other fields.

## Leading Articles.

### A STUDENTS' LOAN FUND.

There is nothing wholly bad, and it is to the presence of an element of good that the scholarship system owes its continued existence. When we admit all the harm that is done by the competition, the frequent injustice of the decision, and the fact that the awards often fall to those who are not in need of financial assistance, admitting all this, there still remains the undoubted fact that valuable aid has often been given through this means to needy and deserving students.

This is the ultimate ground upon which the scholarship question will be fought out. No one now cares to advocate the efficacy of money prizes as lures to attract students and to prevent them from entering other colleges. Some persons still speak of their potency in stimulating study and raising the level of the whole class, as the phrase runs. But this is a mere delusion of the men who get scho-



larships, or the few additional ones who unsuccessfully compete for them. The competition has no beneficial effect on the others. They recognize the mercenary element in the activity of the competitors and there is no inspiration in the example for them. For themselves they either know that they could not win the prize, or they think the game not worth the candle.

And among the scholars themselves there is the freest admission that apart from the moral dangers which are imminent in the case, the intellectual results of such a competition are, as a whole, flat and unsatisfactory. Money, as an intellectual stimulus, is both artificial and pernicious.

We have a plan to propose which contains all the good in the scholarship system without the evils that have hitherto accompanied it. We advocate the conversion of the scholarship endowments into a loan fund, the claim to benefit from which would rest simply upon need and not upon ability to succeed in competitive examinations.

The details of the scheme might be worked out in various ways. It might be decided, for instance, that the loans should not exceed \$100 per year to any person, or \$300 altogether. Interest should perhaps be required at a low rate, and the time of repayment might be limited to five years. No security other than the honor of the recipient would be required. Losses from death would be guarded against by insurance, the trustees of the fund to hold the policy and pay the premiums, which would also, of course, be repaid by the beneficiary.

As it is well recognized that a university course is not necessarily the highest good for individuals of every variety of mental or physical constitution, the loans should only be available to those who, in the judgment of the trustees, would probably be especially benefited thereby and who required such assistance.

No loss of dignity or independence would ensue to the student who took advantage of the assistance of this fund, as may to some extent occur under the present arrangements. The whole thing might be considered a matter of business. There is not here the appearance of working for pay which adheres to the scholarship system. And if intellectual culture is a good thing why should any one be paid for receiving it?

The President of University College and a committee of the faculty should be the trustees of this fund. They would be the most competent persons to judge of the qualifications of the applicants.

Messrs. Blake, Mulock, Macdonald and other benefactors of our University and College, would certainly not object to the conversion of their endowments in the way mentioned. We conceive that what these gentlemen desire is the good of our students and not the perpetuation of any special plan of assistance.

By this plan the money laid out would be replaced in a few years, and friends of our university who do not approve of ordinary scholarships would contribute readily to this fund.

There are many university men who have received benefit from scholarships and who are now in good positions with an income more or less greater than their needs. No doubt the establishment of a loan fund would be retro-active in its effect, and many of our old scholarship men would return to the university the money which it gave them in the time of need.

On the simple presentation of this scheme, and entirely without solicitation, three well-known graduates in this city have already signified their approval of our project by the following substantial offers: The first graduate will contribute to such a fund \$360, being the amount of the scholarships won by him, with interest in full since the date of graduation, now more than ten years ago. The second and third graduates will pledge themselves to contribute similar sums, but they are not prepared to do so at once.

We submit this scheme to the fair consideration of the friends of our university. Should the Council or the Senate see fit to act upon it, we think they will be sure of the active assistance of many of our graduates.

## ENGLISH IN SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

The Report of the Minister of Education for 1885 contains some interesting remarks on "English," by John Seath, B.A., Inspector of High Schools. Mr. Seath is this year one of the University Examiners, and every under-graduate has therefore a peculiar interest in knowing what he thinks about the subject. His whole report (pp. 152-172,) may be read with advantage by those who have access to it, but for the benefit of those who may not be able to see it, we take the liberty of making a few quotations from the section devoted to "English."

"There is a wide-spread feeling that some, at least, of the English branches have not received the attention they merit. My experience as Inspector leads me to conclude that, although there are many schools in which English is admirably taught, this feeling is justified by the facts. Here again, however, the teacher is not wholly in fault. The schools are largely what the examinations make them; and in some of the English subjects the examinations have set what, to my mind, is too low a standard. There is little use in declaiming against bad methods in English grammar or in English history, or against the neglect of English literature or composition or reading. In these days of examinations, the examination papers being unsuitable examination papers, produce or perpetuate bad methods; and the subject on which it is difficult to pass, and neglect of which means failure, is the subject that will not be neglected. If, then, English is to secure its proper place in our system, we must have a higher and a better standard at the examinations. . . . On the subject of English literature, I find in many a great deal of misapprehension. The history of English literature is often confounded with English literature itself. . . . The biography of the writers and the forces that produced certain forms of our literature, should be taken up in connection with the literature texts; but they deserve special attention only in so far as they have been agents determinative thereof. Literature itself, according to the accepted definition, is the thoughts and feelings of intelligent men and women, expressed in writing in such a way as to give pleasure by what is said, and by the artistic way in which it is said. The teaching of literature, therefore, deals with the author's meaning and the form in which he puts it—with the meaning primarily. *The elucidation of the meaning should be the teacher's grand object.* If this be attained, all else will follow. . . . An English Classic is not, as many make it, a mere collection of linguistic pegs on which to hang every conceivable form of biographical, historical, philological, archæological, and grammatical questions. Side work, the true teacher of literature sedulously avoids, even when it thrusts itself forward in its most seductive garb. Grammar and philology, history and biography, are his servants, not his masters. . . . In most of the schools there is too much destructive, too little constructive work in English composition. . . . We learn how to do anything by doing it, not simply by correcting the mistakes others make in doing it. . . . The University authorities have taken a step in the right direction, in prescribing a prose author as a basis for English composition. . . . We learn how to speak good English under proper and systematic guidance, and by frequenting the society of those who speak good English. Similarly, we shall learn how to write good English under proper and systematic guidance and by the careful study of those authors that have written good English. . . . Experience and reflection both show that the mere study of the principles of grammar can never impart the ability to speak and write correctly. The ability comes chiefly from fortunate associations, and from being habituated to the right use of words by constant and careful drill. . . . Greater freedom from the cast-iron systems of martinet grammarians is urgently needed. The inductive method of presenting English grammar is not in general use. Our false conceptions of



literature teaching we owe chiefly to the old-fashioned classical master. To him we owe also our false conceptions of the proper mode of presenting English grammar."

The obvious inference to be drawn from these passages is that Mr. Seath is likely to attach far more importance to acquaintance with the texts than to wide reading when he makes out his questions and estimates the answers. The italics given above are his own; and if the elucidation of the meaning of a text should be the grand object kept in view by the teacher, it is safe to predict that the examiner's questions will be designed to test the extent to which this object has been kept in view by the student. It is safe to predict also that the questions on the history of literature will deal with prominent authors rather than those insignificant ones whose names are found so plentifully sprinkled over the examination papers of past years. The knowledge of this subject that is likely to be most useful is a critical rather than an encyclopedic knowledge. There may be differences of opinion as to the correctness of Mr. Seath's views, but there is little room for doubt that his papers will indicate a new departure in the methods of conducting examinations in English. Whatever others may think about the matter, we feel strongly convinced that the time for a somewhat radical change has fully come.

#### TORONTO UNIVERSITY AND THE SECONDARY SCHOOLS.

It is interesting to note the steady progress made by the University of Toronto in her influence on the secondary education of the Province. Year by year the head masterships of the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes have fallen more and more into the hands of Toronto graduates, until in 1885 they hold 49 head masterships out of a total of 106. The list includes Alexandria, Arnprior, Aylmer, Barrie, Beamsville, Belleville, Berlin, Bowmanville, Bradford, Brantford, Cayuga, Clinton, Colborne, Collingwood, Elora, Fergus, Galt, Gananoque, Goderich, Grimsby, Guelph, Hamilton, Harriston, Kemptville, Mitchell, Mount Forest, Napanee, Newburgh, Newcastle, Newmarket, Niagara Falls, Oakville, Orangeville, Orillia, Ottawa, Parkhill, Peterboro', Port Dover, Port Rowan, Prescott, Richmond Hill, Ridgetown, Sarnia, Seaforth, Simcoe, Stratford, Strathroy, St. Catharines, St. Mary's, St. Thomas, Toronto, Uxbridge, Vankleek Hill, Vienna, Walkerton, Wardsville, Waterdown, Welland, Whitby, Windsor, Woodstock. Of other universities, Victoria supplied 20 schools with head masters; Queen's, 11; Trinity, 7; Albert, 2; Aberdeen, 2; McGill, 1; Queen's (Ireland), 1; Dublin, 1, while two taught on unexpired certificates.

Scarcely less striking is the hold Toronto University has on the secondary schools through the assistant masters, a very large proportion of whom are graduates or undergraduates of this University. The total number of Head Masters and Assistants is 362. Of these, 150 are members of Toronto University; 57, of Victoria; 26, of Queen's; 13, of Trinity; 15, of universities outside of Ontario; one of Albert; and 100 of no university. In other words, while 150 of those who teach in the High Schools belong to Toronto University, 97 belong to other universities in Ontario, 15 to universities outside of Ontario, and 100 teach on certificates. Not being attached academically to any institution of learning, the latter class sympathise more with the Provincial University than with any other.

The bond between the teaching profession and the University of Toronto will soon be materially strengthened as the result of the recent action of the Senate in accepting *pro tanto* for junior matriculation the certificates of those second-class teachers who have passed a Provincial examination. All they have to do in order to matriculate is to pay the usual fee, pass in the subjects they have not already taken, and register with the proper officers. As they will be able, under the local examination system, to take these

subjects in their own counties, many of them will no doubt do so, and so far as sympathy is concerned, undergraduateship in a University is practically as important as graduateship. With the strong and increasing hold the University of the people has on the general public, its future is assured independently of all schemes of consolidation.

### Literature.

#### TORONTO.

I see you in the dying day,  
Your trees and turrets stretch away,  
From this your distant island bay.

Half hidden in your cloud of smoke,  
That wraps and folds you as a cloak,  
The sun hath cleaved with single stroke.

When scarce the day is growing old,  
And shadows thicken fold on fold,  
Your turrets glimmer red and gold.

Here when the evening's voice is dumb,  
Across the lake your murmurs come,  
A never ceasing human hum;

The hurrying of a thousand feet,  
Where joy and sorrow ever meet,  
The mighty city's throb and beat.

For where evening slants and falls,  
Against the sunset's lighted walls,  
Rise in the gloom your college halls;

Lore battlements, grey, grim and towered,  
Half shadowed and half sunset flowered,  
Your student hives in trees embowered.

This side of roof and smoke and dome,  
A single boatman roweth home,  
Leaving behind a track of foam.

I see his shadow far away,  
The flashing of his oars at play,  
Dying in the evening grey.

I hear stray snatches of his song,  
Now far away, now growing strong,  
In echoes that the airs prolong.

Perchance, within your streets below,  
Some loved home spirits wait him now,  
To kiss him on his cheek and brow.

The night comes up, the sun goes down;  
Across you, loved Canadian town,  
The day is dim, the sky grows brown.

The sky grows brown, the day is dim,  
And up Ontario's misty rim  
The misty star is stealing in.

Your bells from out of roof and tower,  
With rise and swell proclaim the hour,  
And now the dusk is wheeling lower.

Now in your dusky streets uprise  
Faint glimmers, like a million eyes,  
Or stars down fallen from the skies.

O mighty city by the shore,  
Hushed is your pulses' throb and roar ;  
To-night God sends you rest once more.

And o'er yon steeple's shafted height,  
The pale moon floods her misty light,  
The benediction of the night.

W. W. CAMPBELL.

West Claremont, New Hampshire.

### SYMPATHY.

A cry came to me this afternoon across the wide Atlantic—a cry that cut to my heart and unmanned me straight. A blow was struck that left me prostrate as under night and day toil for many a weary month ; and my soul was stricken with a consuming, maddening thirst for sympathy, and writhed in agonies that have hardly left me yet. I confess I thought of you, brother, in my desperation, as the only one who knew and could sympathize with what I and another suffered. I was even going to brave your politest sarcasms and beg for sympathy. But the fit is over now, and I can theorize and grasp the sunbeams and the mist, and mould and build gay castled unsubstantialities.

What a curious thing, for instance, is this very sympathy. Why are we not like isolated atoms? or why do we not resemble what everywhere we find in elemental nature? Nearest in approximation, quickest in conjunction, is the law. "Hydrogen to oxygen" is the simple edict. Hydrogen to oxygen, therefore, the world over—quick, direct, with lightning flash, no wayward caprice, but rigid, invariable law. We do not know, but it seems to me it *must* be beneficent, painless law.

But what a mad, unreasonable thing is this capricious human sympathy, overleaping the intervening space of one thousand leagues to find its brother. Locked fast the hearts are as ever any associate atoms of oxygen and hydrogen—close-wrapped, welded in indissoluble union—and yet the distance one thousand leagues. That's the insane mystery of the thing. I've pondered, baffled, over it many an hour. Can it be that underneath, guiding it all, lies a universal law?—or is the thing lawless?

Then, this need, this hunger for sympathy. I've a picture now before me in imagination of what the world is and of what it might be. The many souls I see moving through the labyrinthine mazes of their goings to and fro. And each is cased in hard crystal ; and as they jar in a whirling chaos they make unlovely music—noise of envy, suspicion, hate—wild wailing of pain—dumb meaning of woe—and unseemly cackling of a thing called joy.

But ah, what has happened? where is now the jarring? whence this new harmony, thrilling to the soul? where now the hard crystal? Soul to soul in flux and reflux of electric currents of sympathy. One heart-throb for humanity, beating deep and strong with high hope and mighty endeavor, driving the race on to sublime, undreamed of apotheosis. And the ravishing harmony!—silence before the memory of it!

GUEUX.

### CONCENTRATION.

You declare that the common fault of writers is that they are too diffuse. Is that your quarrel with them, Sir Critic? Mine is, that those of to day and of all times, have never written one tithe of what they should. What subject is treated sufficiently? Which one do your miraculous German doctors, your Neanders, Heynes, Rankes with their tons of writing, mountains of folio, and acres of library, dare to say they have exhausted! The glaring fault of one and all is their reckless bald concentration.

A case in point. A handsome young Englishman is travelling

in Italy ; he writes verse and has letters in his pocket that admit him to the most cultured society of the day. The poet is in his first youth, with its countless visions and bursts of heart, its vivid intense living and endless precious thought. All this is quickened into a fire by the contact of equal minds taught how to flatter with southern courtesy. In the Eternal City the goal of all artists in every age, he meets a young and lovely singer. Music's spell is on him. Its thousand thronging delights are entranced by the liquid language of the south, glowing with a passion warm as southern skies, poured forth from an eloquent Italian heart, matched with a lovely face. If, still thrilling with such music, he writes a sonnet, good Elia calls it "almost profane." Is it at all adequate, think you? Then the author takes all this infinitude of life and feeling and thought, sets it down in ten lines of print, and says this is the story of Milton and the Baroni.

With these ten lines, then, you would coldly put me off, and call it the history of a life dowered by its maker, above all others when each successive thought of the commonest of earth's sons is an Apocalypse, a constant miracle that we do not dream of. Is not this concentration, as of the universe compressed into a cubic inch?

BOHEMIEN.

### TO A SNOW-BIRD.

A starry sheen now fills the bloomless earth,  
Summer hath gone, and gone the delicate rose,  
With perfumed petals sunk in deepening snows,  
Faded and dumb the emerald fields of mirth,  
Where the wild warbler used to tune his pipe at birth  
Of spring with sweet melodious song,  
Sporting amid an airy throng  
Of tangled boughs and drooping bowers of leaves.  
Empty is every silken nest,  
Where grew the tender brood, caressed  
'Mid whispering trees, whose mingled shadow weaves  
Cool haunts, languid with ease and dreamful rest.

How throbs the heart at gay approach of spring  
When Beauty plays upon the silver grass,  
Or trembles in the weedy pools of glass,  
Lulled with sweet song and lilies pale that sw  
On slender stalks. In her luxuriant tresses cling  
Violet and moss and bleeding—heart ;  
Gently she sleeps, with lips apart,  
On blossom beds, her scented bosom heaves  
Glad with the thought of future boon,  
She dreams beneath the curved moon,—  
Dreameth of harvest with its yellow sheaves,  
And fruit on r sy branches strewn.

Ah, soon forgotten Spring when Summer glows !  
And the wild bee roams round the fragrant lime  
Long after sunset flush and cheated time  
Of rest, ere humming he reluctant goes  
Through 'shadowy scented fields where juicy clover grows,  
'Mid barley, wheat, and fluttering peas,  
Whose bloom doth promise large increase  
Of bearded ear, plump seed, and bending pod.  
Along the fence wild bushes fling  
Dew-laden berries, locusts sing,  
The daisy, buttercup, and wild rose nod,  
Brief bloom the days of summer bring.

Soon, soon the summer wanes in Autumn's sheen,  
Then sumachs hang rich plumes along the hill,  
And glossy groups of crows untiring fill  
The woods and stubble fields ; reddening is seen  
The hawthorne tree. Along the road canaries glean  
Light thistle down in darting flight,  
Dank golden rod throbs with delight ;



By hill and winding vale and bubbling streams  
 Gay butterflies a fluttering stray  
 On silken wings in lazy play,  
 Where clustering fruits, swollen with jelly, gleam  
 On mountain ash and alder spray.

'Neath bursting apples orchard trees hang red,  
 With luscious peckings to the mealy core,  
 And gardens yield sweet plums. About the door  
 The purpling vine on bending trellis spread.  
 Far in the woods the deep-tinged trees melodious shed  
 Their mellow leaves, and scatter o'er  
 The ground brown nuts in ample store;  
 The sportive squirrel, chattering with glee,  
 O'erjoyed with food for winter days,  
 'Neath logs and fallen leaves he lays  
 Them one by one so secretly,  
 While hills and woods are dim with haze.

What wonder that the yearning heart is sad  
 When Winter comes and Autumn days are dead;  
 When song and bloom and gladdening days are fled.  
 Where are the joyous scenes that Summer had,  
 And where the bright-winged birds that singing were so glad?  
 They sought the radiant South, long, long  
 Ago for warmer haunts of song;  
 But thou, swift-winged bird of snows and winds,  
 Thou tender messenger of love,  
 Comest like Noah's wandering dove  
 With olive branch of hope to weary minds  
 When all is gloom below, above!

Thou hast not known spring on the hill's green side;  
 The summer's sunshine, shade and crystal streams,  
 And misty Autumn's melancholy dreams;  
 Nor seen them fade, nor asked 'Can aught abide;  
 Nor wept sad tears for loves that with them sighing died.  
 I know not what the future hath.  
 Narrow, or heavy tangled path,  
 Failure and grief and death must be my lot;  
 Yet hidden power that lives in thee  
 Will surely lead me tenderly,  
 More than the south-born bird thy life hath taught  
 Me hope and immortality.

T. B. PHILLIPS-STEWART.

## University and College News.

### HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The regular meeting was held last Tuesday; the President, Mr. Houston, in the chair. Mr. Alfred Jury gave a very clear exposition of the "Labor Question." The hour question is the most important of all those before the public. If work is carried on for a fewer number of hours each day, a demand for extra workmen will be created in order to keep up the amount of production. This extra demand will increase wages. It has been urged that if a workman has more time at his disposal he will waste it in dissipation. But dissipation among workmen is far less common now in proportion to the opportunities for it than it was when hours were longer. If a man works eighteen hours a day in a heated shop, when he gets through he is not fit for anything but drinking. Poverty is as much the cause of drunkenness as the reverse. Prison labor should not compete with free labor. If a convict is idle the workingman has to pay the largest share towards his support, but if he is allowed to compete with the free labourer who supports a family, the latter is driven out of employment, perhaps to crime, while the rich man reaps all the benefit of cheaper produc-

tion. It is better for the workingman to feed the criminal than himself to starve through his competition. Convicts might be employed on government works that would not otherwise be undertaken. Machinery in factories should be properly covered, and children should not be employed till they have received a certain amount of education.

On the land question the labor party agrees with Henry George that land is the great source of wealth and employment, and that its monopoly is detrimental to the best interests of labor. Though some go the full length of saying that all land should be state property, all are agreed that no land should be sold by the Government to speculators, but all land granted should be immediately turned to productive purposes.

Co-operation can do much towards overcoming the antagonism between labor and capital, and towards encouraging habits of thrift and industry amongst the working classes. For a Government constantly to carry on public works for the sake of employing idle labor was about as sensible as to burn your house to keep yourself warm. On this point, however, he was at variance with the majority of his fellow-workingmen. After a lively discussion on the views advanced, a hearty vote of thanks was presented to Mr. Jury, and the meeting adjourned.

### THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

Prof. Galbraith, the President, presided over the last regular meeting of the above society that will be held this session. The ordinary business having been despatched, Mr. R. Laird read an interesting paper on "Toronto Sewage." His paper gave evidence of much industry and research, while it was rendered even more entertaining by a keen sense of humor and irony which pervaded it throughout. Mr. C. H. C. Wright gave a neat solution of the strains in a bridge of 120 feet span. The dimensions of this bridge were sent in to the Society by a practical engineer, who, in working out the strains, got puzzled over the "counters." "An Improvement for a Theodolite," by Mr. R. A. Ludgate, was read by the corresponding secretary. Mr. Ludgate's paper explained an excellent device (his own invention) to prevent the telescope revolving too rapidly about its horizontal axis, an evil which is too well known to be described here. This was ingeniously accomplished by a spring attached to the horizontal axis. A paper on "Railroad Construction," from Mr. W. F. Tye, was partly read, but owing to want of time it was laid over for the next meeting. As Mr. Tye has been out on the C. P. R. ever since he left the School of Practical Science six years ago, he is well qualified to make a valuable addition to the transactions of the Society. His paper started with prairie work near Winnipeg and ended with mountainous work in the heart of the Rockies.

### NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of this association on Tuesday evening, Prof. Pike, Ph. D., was nominated for the presidency for the ensuing year. Motions were made to have a question drawer established in connection with the society, and that the meetings be held next term in the afternoon. An interesting account of the organization of German Universities, and of the method of proceeding to the degree of Ph. D., was given by Prof. Wright, after which Mr. T. McKenzie, B.A., delivered a lecture on the "Anatomy of the Seal," illustrating it with specimens of the more peculiar organs of the body.

### MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

At the last meeting of the University College Modern Language Society the annual election of officers took place. The offices were all keenly contested, and after a most exciting election the follow-

ing were declared the staff of management for 1886-7:—Honorary President, Mr. J. Squair, B.A.; President, Mr. A. H. Young; Vice-President, Mr. F. J. Steen; Lady Vice-President, Miss H. Charles; Recording Secretary, Mr. J. H. Moss; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. F. McLeay; Councillors, Messrs. T. Logie, J. A. Ferguson, E. C. Jeffrey, J. E. Jones, H. J. Cody, T. C. Des Barres; Musical Director, Mr. J. E. Jones. The representatives from the first year will be chosen in October.

The newly-elected President, Mr. A. H. Young, then took the chair, after which Mr. Ferguson, in a very flattering speech, moved the thanks of the Society to the retiring committee, mentioning the President, the lady Vice-President, Miss Balmer, and Mr. Jones. On behalf of his committee, Mr. T. A. Rowan replied, thanking the members for their cordial support during his term of office, and assuring them of the pleasure it had been to him to preside during a year, in which such unusual success had attended the working of the Society.

The usual farewell was then tendered the old fourth year men, almost all of whom were present, and in most touching speeches expressed regret at their prospects of not meeting again at the Club. Among those who replied were Mr. Mapcherson, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. King and Mr. Burkholder. Thus closed the most successful year in the history of the Modern Language Society of University College.

#### PRESENTATION.

On Tuesday evening, the 23rd inst., Lieut. Acheson, who lately resigned the command of "K" Company Q. O. R., was presented with a handsome bronze clock by the officers and men of the University Rifles. This presentation was delayed by the sudden call of the Company to active service last March, and on this account was made informally.

Sergeant Cronyn, on behalf of the members of "K" Company, presented the clock as a token of esteem and of the high appreciation of the services rendered to the Company by Lieut. Acheson, whose resignation was the cause of general regret.

Mr. Acheson returned his hearty thanks to the members of the Company, and expressed his regret that circumstances should have made it necessary for him to resign the command of the University Rifles.

A SENSIBLE DONATION.—The treasurer of the University College Y. M. C. A. has received a donation of \$46.75 from St. Paul's church, Bowmanville.

#### Drift.

FROM "LEAVES OF GRASS."

A child said, *What is the grass?* fetching it to me with full hands;  
How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more  
than he.

I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green stuff  
woven.

Or, I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,  
A scented gift and remembrance designedly dropped,  
Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners, that we may see  
and remark, and say *Whose?*

Or I guess the grass is itself a child, the produced babe of the vegeta-  
tion.

Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic,  
And it means, sprouting alike in broad zones and narrow zones,

Growing among black folks as among white,  
Kanuck, Tuckahoe, Congressman, Cuff, I give them the same, I re-  
ceive them the same.

And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves.

Tenderly will I use you, curling grass;  
It may be you transpire from the breasts of young men,  
It may be if I had known them I would have loved them;  
It may be you are from old people or from offspring taken soon out of  
their mothers' laps,

And here you are the mothers' laps.

This grass is very dark to be from the white heads of old mothers,  
Darker than the colorless beards of old men,  
Dark to come from under the faint red roofs of mouths.

O I perceive, after all, so many uttering tongues,  
And I perceive they do not come from the roofs of mouths for no-  
thing.

I wish I could translate the hints about the dead young men and  
women,  
And the hints about old men and mothers, and the offspring taken soon  
out of their laps.

What do you think has become of the young and old men?  
And what do you think has become of the women and children?

They are alive and well somewhere,  
The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,  
And if ever there was it led forward life, and does not wait at the end  
to arrest it,  
And ceased the moment life appeared.

All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,  
And to die is different from what any one supposed and luckier.

WALT WHITMAN.

#### Communications.

##### THE CLASSICAL COURSE.

To the Editor of the VARSITY.

DEAR SIR,—Every one who has watched the course of events within the sphere of University and College work, during the past two or three years, must have noticed the active spirit of reform, or shall we rather call it desire for change, that has shown itself at every opportunity. Hardly had we recovered from the shock of the New Protestantism, when the sacred monument erected by the Alexandrian "father of mathematics," and no doubt expected by him to be *aere perennius*, is assailed as being antiquated and confused. But instances of this tendency are perhaps most plainly to be seen among the undergraduates themselves.

Changes in the curriculum are suggested, visions of Atlantis are related, scholarships are denounced, freedom from the restraint of the College Council is demanded, until the situation presents the picture of an irritable, grey-headed father, surrounded by a group of persistent and noisy children, who may, by one more demand, evoke the impatient, "Don't bother me!"

Whether or not many of the proposed changes are in the right direction, we are not in a position to state. There is one, however, in favor of which an opinion might safely be expressed. The department of Modern Languages has of late been receiving special attention, while classical literature has been comparatively ignored, either from the belief that this department is insusceptible to reform or does not fall within the province of literature.



A change which it was thought would be beneficial in that department, viz. : to allow freedom of choice with regard to the work read provided a fair proficiency in the languages is acquired, would apply quite as well to ancient literature as to modern. Greek is not so much more abstruse than German or Latin than French, that after a certain acquaintance with it, in order to appreciate the author's sentiments, we must take them in small doses, interspersed with lengthy notes and criticisms to aid digestion. If there were no ideas underlying these languages, were they to be regarded merely as an interesting collection of grammatical constructions, or modified Sanskrit roots, a knowledge of which was essential in order that the reading might be of any benefit, the above plan might well be adopted.

But surely, there is something beyond the mere form. Should our language ever occupy among future ages the place that Greek and Latin does among us, would a comparison of dialects and idioms be worthy of much attention? The strong, homely verses of Burns would afford as much information as would be found in the polished lines of Pope.

Again, one who may care comparatively little about the narrative of a contest between Athenians and Spartans, the result of which, after all, made little difference in the history of the world, may read with delight, and be equally profited by the perusal of scenes from Plato, for example, where an acquaintance is formed with that great philosopher, in rank the second of those the world has seen, or with the every-day life of the citizens of a nation surpassed only by our own.

But, Mr. Editor, my object was not to instruct in these matters those who know far more about them than I do, but merely to call attention to the fact that by the removal of prescribed text-books in the upper years, by an examination upon whatever passages may be placed before the candidate, much might be done to encourage in our college the study of a department, which at present is not receiving due attention, nor is the attention it does receive producing the best results.

T. A. GIBSON.

#### A DREAM OF ATLANTIS.

*To the Editor of the VARSITY.*

SIR,—If the few remarks made by "B. A." on our English lecturer call forth criticism, how much more should Mr. Vandersmissen be defended from the mean attack directed against him!

There are a few men around our college who criticise almost everything and everybody. No doubt the young man who had the interview with "B. A." was one of these, and we must confess, to put it mildly, that he possesses an extremely inventive and imaginative mind, or, to put it stronger, that he, out of a spirit of petty spitefulness, in consort with "B. A." (perhaps a disappointed would-be medallist), deliberately mis-states the facts and takes this means of making an unjust attack which would in no way meet with the assent of the students if submitted to them in the form of a petition.

This petty spitefulness is evident in the exaggeration indulged in, "more and more disgusted each year," "necessary to wait twenty minutes," "a most frigid scowl," "impossible to distinguish," etc., etc.

It is doubtful whether a grievance which has to resort to despicable exaggeration to state itself is a grievance at all.

Not satisfied with the attack on Mr. Vandersmissen as a lecturer, your correspondent criticises him in his position of librarian. I wish "B. A." would explain the sentence "Complaints—disposition." Does he mean that because Mr. Vandersmissen is not amiable enough to the students of the Modern Language department, therefore he is an inefficient librarian? If this is his meaning, he is a miserable logician.

Mr. Vandersmissen, in addition to his weekly lecture on German

prose, has always kindly offered to correct all the prose we might be inclined to write. He takes us very often into the library and there explains the corrections he has made in our exercises. Although I have been three years in this College, I have never yet heard a complaint against Mr. V.'s sociability. He is always willing to enter into a conversation with us on any subject which interests us. Nor have I ever seen evidences of his "cynical disposition."

Mr. V.'s non-punctuality has been greatly exaggerated. It is the exception and not the rule. Students must remember that he is often detained in the library by members of the Faculty and visitors like that one who came sniffing around the University last week to find fault as much as he could in order to have something to talk about in the Local Legislature.

The accusation that Mr. Vandersmissen is unpopular among the Modern Language students goes without weight when confronted with the fact that in the contest yesterday afternoon for the position of Honorary President of the Modern Language Club three votes would have won him the election.

Yours truly,

March 23, 1886.

THIRD YEAR.

#### A CLERICAL CRITIC.

*To the Editor of the VARSITY.*

SIR,—A Presbyterian preacher of this city, in his sermon of last Sunday evening, to give point (I presume) to a sarcastic denunciation of a late contributor to your columns on the "New Protestantism" discussion, deliberately went out of his way to say that the VARSITY, in his opinion, does not at all represent the opinion of University men as a body. I could not discover any connection between a disagreement on the preacher's part with the views expressed by your contributor and a gratuitous attack on your magazine. He gave no reasons for his opinion, nor do I know the motive which called forth its utterance. But I desire that such a statement—a very serious one to those of us who take an interest and pride in the VARSITY, particularly when made in a position where direct answer or refutation is impossible—should not go unchallenged unless true. In this case, I take the liberty of saying, that the expression of opinion was not only uncalled for, but was, to put it mildly, quite unwarranted by fact. Having known the VARSITY from its foundation, I venture to say that it has always, on all questions that have arisen of importance or interest to University men as such, been in accord with, and given expression to, the opinion of the majority, or of those who soon became the majority in its constituency; and that it to-day occupies a position as the accepted representative of graduates and undergraduates, of which both are proud. Of course the VARSITY is not in agreement with everybody, even among University men; to be so would involve the most absurd inconsistency. Much less does it pretend to be in agreement with those who are not of the University or in sympathy with it. But it has an opinion of its own which it does not hesitate to express, and this, while doubtless of itself the ground of some opposition and dislike, is at the same time the main reason why the VARSITY possesses to so marked an extent the confidence and support of those who know it best and have known it longest. Candour and fearlessness are good qualities for a press to show, and as long as the VARSITY possesses these it need not be afraid of attack from the pulpit or elsewhere. Those qualities won it success in the past and can be depended on now. Moreover, Mr. Editor, I fancy that you will find the approval and the ever-increasing support of our University men a sufficient antidote to any injury attempted to the VARSITY by its enemies, of whom, of course, its independence will always ensure the existence of a certain number.

I am, Mr. Editor, yours truly,

Toronto, March 27, 1886.

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FOR CANADA FIGHT.

O hark to the voice from the lips of the free ;  
O hark to the cry from the lakes to the sea !  
Arm ! arm ! the invader is wasting our coasts,  
And tainting the air of our land with his hosts,  
Arise ! then, arise ! let us rally and form,  
And rush like the torrent, and sweep like the  
storm,  
On the foes of our king, of our country adored,  
Of the flag that was lost, but in exile restored !

And whose was the flag ? and whose was the soil ?  
And whose was the exile, the suffering, the toil ?  
Our fathers', who carved in the forest a name,  
And left us rich heirs of their freedom and fame,  
Oh, dear to our hearts is that flag, and the land  
Our fathers' bequeathed—'tis the work of their  
hand !

And the soul they redeemed from the woods  
with renown,  
The might of their sons will defend for the  
Crown !

CHARLES MAIR.

**REPRIMANDED IN CHURCH.**

[Ned Buntline, in Detroit Free Press.]

It was years ago. I had no gray hairs in  
my top-knot, no wrinkles in my face, few  
griefs in my bosom. I had business in  
Quincy, Ill., and had to stay over Thanks-  
giving day there. I was invited by a fair  
friend who belonged to the choir of a popu-  
lar church to go with her to hear the Thanks-  
giving sermon.

It was one of the old-fashioned kind, long,  
theological and dry. I sat where I could  
look out on a vacant lot beside the church.  
In that lot, alone, wandered one poor goose  
—apparently seeking in vain some way to  
get out. I saw it and a thought struck me.  
I wrote a paraphrastic verse on the blank leaf  
of my fair friend's singing book. These were  
the words :

'Twas the last goose of autumn  
Left standing alone ;  
All its feathered companions  
Were slaughtered and gone—  
Not a goose of its kindred,  
Not a gander was nigh  
To list to its sorrow,  
Or yield sigh for sigh !

I handed the book over to the lady and  
pointed to the unhappy goose in that back  
yard.

She tittered and handed the book to the  
next member of the choir.

The verse was read, the goose looked at,  
and so it went all through that large choir.

And all this time the preacher was watch-  
ing me while he went on with his sermon.  
When he saw that the choir was in a full blast  
of glee he broke out :

"It is bad enough for the members of the  
choir to bring strangers into their circle, but  
when such strangers are so irreverent as to  
write notes in the singing books to excite  
laughter, it is more than a man of God can  
bear in silence !"

I felt worse than that goose, you bet, and  
never since then have I tried to make fun in  
a choir.

The mariner is not liable to censure if he  
leads a wreckless life.



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
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
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# 223 VARSITY

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY THOUGHT AND EVENTS.

Vol. VI.

University of Toronto, April 3, 1886.

No. 20.

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## THE VARSITY.

THE VARSITY is published in the University of Toronto every Saturday during the Academic Year, October to May inclusive.

The Annual Subscription, including postage, is \$2.00, payable before the end of January, and may be forwarded to THE TREASURER, J. EDMUND JONES, University College, to whom applications respecting advertisements should likewise be made.

Subscribers are requested to notify the Treasurer immediately, in writing, of any irregularity in delivery.

Copies of VARSITY may be obtained every Saturday at the Post Office Book Store, corner of Adelaide and Toronto Streets; at J. P. McKenna's, 80 Yonge Street; and at Alex. Brown's, cor. Yonge and Carlton Sts.

All communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

## Topics of the Hour.

As the examinations are now drawing near, we shall, according to custom, presently discontinue publication of the VARSITY for the current academical year. The next number will be the last regular issue. On Commencement Day in June we shall issue a special double number, which will be of a purely literary character for the most part; but will also contain full personal notices of the members of the graduating class. We ask contributions from those who so readily aided us in similar enterprises in the past, and also from new contributors. We hope to make every special number of this kind better than the last, but we cannot do so without the hearty co-operation of all our friends.

Last week we referred incidentally to a non-denominational theological school at Harvard University. In response to a request

for more definite information on this subject, we wrote to President Eliot, and he has just given us the following particulars which we quote from his letter. "By the Constitution of the Harvard Divinity School every encouragement is given to the serious, impartial, and unbiased investigation of Christian truth, and no assent to the peculiarities of any denomination of Christians shall be required either of the instructors or students. Of the professors two are Unitarian Clergymen, two are Baptists, one is an Orthodox Congregational, and one is a layman supposed to be a Unitarian. The course of study does not enable a graduate to meet the requirements of any denominational creed or liturgy. The fact that the Unitarian element is so large is due to the larger endowments mainly given by Unitarians. The number of students has always been low, numbering now 25."

In another column appears a letter from the secretary of the Historical and Political Science Association, by which it will be seen that an opportunity is offered for the appearance in "Kosmos" of the papers read at the meetings of that association; and we understand that the management of that publication is desirous of securing also the essays read before the Natural Science Association. Mr. Wilson's letter and the circumstance which has given occasion for it, while emphasizing the undoubted fact that the original papers read before our college societies are really valuable and worthy of being preserved, brings forward prominently the necessity there is that VARSITY should enlarge itself to fill what some would call a long-felt want. These original papers should appear in VARSITY, which is the organ of undergraduate thought in its various phases; but at the present size of our paper, an article of more than two or three columns in length is generally from its very length unsuited to our pages. It may be that some such arrangement as the one sketched out by our correspondent this week will be arrived at before VARSITY begins another volume.

It has been our frequent duty to chronicle the success of our graduates in other lands. The latest news of this nature comes to us from Grand Forks, Dakota. From a recent number of the *Daily Herald* of that city we learn that Henry Montgomery ('76) who was lately appointed to a chair of Natural Sciences in the University of North Dakota, is now acting president of that young and vigorous institution. The *Herald* speaks highly of Professor Montgomery's energy and popularity, and felicitates the University authorities upon the possession of so able an official. We learn also that another of our graduates is ably maintaining the reputation of his *alma mater* in the Western States. We refer to Professor J. W. Bell, who fills the chair of History and Political Science in the State University of Colorado, at Boulder. It will be remembered that Professor Bell took a post-graduate course in Leipzig University. As a result of his study and investigation while there, he has recently issued, in pamphlet form, an able history and discussion of German Socialism. It is hardly necessary



to say that Professor Bell fully approves of this revolt against the tyranny of Bismarck. And still another. Professor J. W. Wright, late assistant engineer of the U. S. Survey, and now professor of mathematics in Union University, New York, has just published a work which is being received with considerable favor across the border. The book is entitled, "A Treatise on the Adjustment of Observations with Applications to Geodetic Work and Other Measures of Precision. Professor Wright graduated from Toronto in 1863, and was at one time mathematical master in the Galt Collegiate Institute.

We lately called attention to the fact that Professor Loudon opposed the petition to the Minister of Education for increased graduate representation upon the Senate. The Professor appears to have been aggrieved by the publicity we gave to this action, and he does not seem to understand why his position on this important question should have met with the special disapproval of our graduates. We shall explain: Mr. Loudon sits on the Senate as one of the representatives of his fellow graduates. It is his duty in this capacity to further the wishes of his constituents. To oppose them is in effect to destroy the very ground upon which his title to the seat rests. A representative who does not represent is a contradiction in terms. If he cannot approve of the views of his constituents on great questions of University politics, then he is at liberty to resign, but until he does resign, it is not in good form for him to oppose them, either as an individual or in conjunction with an organized opposition body. But Mr. Loudon did not stop at opposing the will of the graduates, as shown by the resolutions unanimously adopted by Convocation, and embodied in the monster petition to the Legislature. He belittles the movement, and maligns those who took part in it. What does Mr. Loudon mean by calling Convocation "the machine"? It is certain that when Mr. Loudon seeks the suffrages of our graduates in the future it will be inconvenient for him to be called on to justify the expression. Mr. Kingsford, in his able letter to the city journals the other day, showed how utterly baseless were Mr. Loudon's insinuations. In any case, the epithet does not come with good grace from the gentleman who uses it, if ordinary university opinion is to be relied on. Mr. Loudon charges the graduates with exciting discord and fostering distrust within the walls of our national university. It seems to us that Mr. Loudon is on the wrong track here. It is only too evident that there is a feeling of distrust pervading our university at the present time, but the graduates did not originate it. In his reference to the deplorable state of affairs, Mr. Loudon ingeniously passes over the fact that the wishes of graduate representatives were entirely set aside in the recent creation of a new position in University College, and the further notorious fact that the quiet official delegation that waited on the Minister of Education, recently, did so for the very purpose of opposing the graduates. It ought not to be necessary to tell Mr. Loudon that such transactions as these are quite sufficient to excite among our graduates most positive fears regarding the future independence and welfare of our University, and to make them distrustful of any one who allies himself with their opponents at this critical juncture.

It is safe to say that in the history of the student organizations connected with our University, there was never an occasion which brought so many men together as the annual election of the officers of the Literary and Scientific Society on Friday, March 26th. The undergraduates were on hand in full force, and it is said that so large a graduate vote was never before polled. Notwithstanding the great interest which was taken in the course of the election, the most friendly feelings prevailed all round. Everybody seemed to recognize that it was simply a friendly struggle for positions which, after all, one set of candidates would fill as well as the other. The excitement was rather the natural outburst of repressed youthful spirits than the outcome of partisan feeling. Virtually the old

parties are broken up. This election produced what would have seemed to an old campaigner the most improbable alliances and divisions. The independent vote was large also, if we are to judge by the wide differences among the majorities. We congratulate Mr. T. C. Milligan and his associates upon their election to the honors and responsibilities of their offices. We feel sure that the highest interests of the Literary Society are safe in their hands. But the members of the society must remember that, however good may be the officers, they alone cannot make the society a success. The officers must have the sympathy and hearty support of all the members if a live society is to be maintained. Regarding the elections, some different plan ought to be taken for receiving votes in the future. Last Friday many members were unable to get their votes in even after waiting for hours for that purpose, and went home not at all pleased with the arrangements. One does not mind waiting a few hours, but waiting becomes exceedingly monotonous and wearisome long before six o'clock in the morning,—the hour at which the poll closed. There should be at least three or four polling-booths instead of one. The electorate could be divided alphabetically with a polling booth allotted to each of as many divisions as might be thought desirable. By this means the vote could be polled early and the results could be announced much sooner to the anxious candidates and party-leaders. We hope to see some measure of this nature adopted before another election. If it is necessary to change the constitution of the society for this purpose, the change should be made early in the year, while the memory of this last struggle is fresh in the crushed voter's mind.

## Leading Articles.

### OUR CRITIC CRITICISED.

One of our correspondents, Mr. Wrong, the Dean of Wycliffe College, calls us to account for our strictures on the authorities for the creation of the new chair in University College. Mr. Wrong's apparent justification of this proceeding compels us to go into details of the matter more fully than we have hitherto done. The university public will then be in a better position to judge between us and our censor. If Mr. Wrong can disprove in any substantial point the following facts he will then have some ground of complaint, if not, it would have been better if he had not been so hasty in his charges against us.

Since the University of Toronto and University College are practically maintained out of the same fund, which is all too small for their needs, it has been the custom for some years for the governing bodies of these institutions to come to a joint understanding upon any new project which entailed an increased expenditure. Thus when the new lectureships in Physics and in English, and the fellowships in other subjects were proposed, the Council and the Senate consulted on the advisability of the changes, and together decided upon them. And it was upon their joint recommendation that the decisions were carried into effect.

It was part of this same general scheme that the department of Romance languages should be put on a better footing. This change has been repeatedly postponed on the ground of a lack of money. An official statement was made to this effect, and yet, within a few weeks an entirely new position was created and a new salary voted, for which no one had publicly asked. Not only was the Senate not consulted on this matter, it was decided upon entirely without the knowledge of that body. The whole thing was done in the interval between two meetings of the Senate. It appears strange that the alleged need for an additional lecturer should be found out and acted upon so suddenly when other needs have had to be urged for years before anything was done.



Further, the new lectureship was ostensibly created as an assistance to the venerable professor who has filled the chair in Oriental Languages for so many years. But Mr. Hirschfelder did not ask for assistance, and the new position was created without his knowledge or advice.

The position, however, having been made, Mr. Hirschfelder recommended for it a distinguished graduate of our own University whose competency for the office can not be doubted. But Mr. Hirschfelder's recommendation was ignored and the Toronto graduate unceremoniously set aside. We hold that other things being equal, or nearly so, our own graduates should have the preference in all appointments.

Then, as to the relative needs of the various departments. Will any one say that an additional lecturer in Oriental Languages was required so badly when one unfortunate lecturer is compelled to carry the burden of all the English and Italian of the college with the recent addition of Gothic? Is this a fair or reasonable division of the subjects—two lecturers to the comparatively few students who take the optional subjects of Oriental Languages and only one to the multitudes who are compelled to take English! Then, what chance is there that Italian will receive due attention when only a paltry \$300 a year is granted for teaching it?

Touching the remainder of the letter we have a few words to say. It is quite idle for Mr. Wrong to speak of the "Ishmaelish propensities of the editor." We have found it necessary at times to deal in adverse criticisms, but our readers can judge if, when occasion offers, we are not readier with our eulogies than our censures. As VARSITY is the recognized organ of Convocation, it is our duty to inform the graduates all over the country, and in other countries, just exactly how matters are going in their University. If abuses exist we cannot help it, but we must expose them to those whose right it is to know them.

Yet the VARSITY is not a personal or party organ as we have often said. It is simply a medium for the expression of graduate and undergraduate opinion. Mr. Wrong differs from our opinions, and we publish his article as readily as our own. We do not know what more can be expected of us.

It is not true that the VARSITY has conducted a crusade against theological colleges. One of the editors, acting not in his official capacity, but simply as an individual, wrote a signed article which called forth considerable discussion. But Mr. Wrong cannot justly say that we did not give the fullest liberty of expression to those who opposed him. Even when that liberty degenerated into the license of personal abuse we did not attempt to restrain it.

Nor is it the case, as Mr. Wrong alleges, that we have criticized some of the lecturers of University College. Not a single line has been written on this subject by any person connected in any way with the VARSITY. The letter to which Mr. Wrong refers was the work of responsible undergraduates, and we made no editorial comment on it whatever. However, we assert our right to criticize any of the college officials if we feel called upon to do so.

But Mr. Wrong concludes by saying that our "utterances have not been politic." Granted, we have never tried to make them so. We do not conduct the VARSITY on that basis. It is enough for us if we have been truthful without being politic. It is "policy" that we have been fighting against, and against which we shall continue to fight to the end. If our opponents do not like the battle let them draw off their forces; we shall not draw off ours.

Another disease is the Didactic Disease—i.e., telling instead of teaching. Put shortly, this is an attempt to do everything for one's pupil—as if the teacher could digest for him. Dr. Arnold (Life I., 115), as a rule; did not give information except as a kind of reward for an answer; and often withheld it altogether, from a sense that those whom he was addressing had not sufficient interest or sympathy to entitle them to receive it.—*Rev. W. Hales, in "Evolution."*

## Literature.

### THE PHANTOM FLOCK.

(It was believed among the Indians that food must be buried with the dead, to sustain them in their long march over the barren and desolate region to be traversed before the happy hunting grounds were reached.)

By the margin of the river, where the moaning rushes quiver,  
Watching our decoys in silence, low lay Indian Joe and I,  
Watching while the flaming splendor, wondrous, solemn, melting, tender,  
Faded slowly, faded softly, from the cloud-rimmed sunset sky,  
As the angel of the twilight hovered, open-wing'd, on high.

Then, as told by Indian sages backward o'er successive ages,  
Indian Joe began to tell me, as we lay beside the shore,  
This old legend, dim and hoary, sad as ever told in story.  
As his fathers' fathers told it, thrice three hundred years before,  
So he told this sad and sombre tale of legendary lore.

Winter, winter cold and dreary! Ah, the village hearts are weary,  
Weary waiting for the spring-time, slowly dying one by one.  
As the spirit of starvation hovers o'er the desolation,  
All the days are dark, and night is darker; neither moon nor sun  
Pierce the shadow which will brood there till the ghastly work is done.

Deep the snow within the forest, deepest now their need is sorest,  
But the famine-stricken hunters bind the snowshoes on their feet,  
Roam the wo dlands, faint, despairing, bitter loads of sorrow bearing,  
Heaving in the wind the moan of loved ones they will never meet.  
Down they sink, the snow descending wraps them in a winding-sheet.

Lowly in his wigwam lying, Wondago the Great is dying,  
Wondago, their well-loved father, Wondago, the hero chief.  
And the remnant gather near him, broken-hearted come to hear him,  
And he speaks: "My children, weep not. Dry your eyes and calm  
your grief.

I am old; the Reaper comes to garner in the ripened sheaf.

"Ye are weeping. Calm your sorrow. When ye bury me to-morrow,  
Keep the food that ye would give me for my journey from the grave.  
Give me bow and well-filled quiver; 'tis enough beyond the river."  
Thus he died, and dying thought of how he might his people save.  
And they wailed their well-loved chieftain, Wondago, the good, the  
brave.

But they said: "Our noble-hearted father chieftain has departed,  
In his life he would not eat but gave to us; for us he died.  
That he may at no place tarry, to sustain him he must carry  
Through the black and barren region far upon the other side  
Food in plenty for his journey through that region bare and wide."

With his body, then, they laid it; for his wish, had they obeyed it,  
Would have troubled them full sorely, dread although their need might be.  
Then the weak died, and the stronger prayed for life a little longer  
Till the melting rain and sun would set the ice-locked rivers free,  
That their nets might sweep the rivers and their eyes salvation see.

But there came no gleam of gladness to dispel their cloud of sadness.  
Cruel leaden skies frowned o'er them; icy hands were on their hearts;  
Spectral shadows glided by them, moaning voices murmured nigh them—  
Shades and voices of their kindred, visions that the night imparts  
To the trembling, troubled dreamer when he wakes from sleep, and starts.

All forgotten with each other were the ties of friend and brother.  
Wolfishly they gazed and waited, waited in their savage greed  
For the horrid feast that Death would yield them when the straining  
breath would

Leave each hunger-worn and tortured body, that the rest might feed  
At the grim and ghostly banquet in their grim and ghastly need.



Why this sudden, startled peering in the darkness, as if fearing  
 Presence of an unseen figure standing there amid their fears,  
 Presence of a guest unbidden, somewhere in the darkness hidden,  
 Some mysterious, dark browed stranger, who has whispered in their ears  
 Counsel which the boldest, hearing, shrinks and trembles as he hears.

"Why, my children, will ye perish? He, whose memory you cherish,  
 Journey done, last river traversed, out upon the margin bounds,  
 Even now I see him kneeling, his uplifted eyes revealing  
 Love and thanks to the Good Spirit, while the summerland resounds  
 With ten thousand shouts of welcome to the happy hunting grounds.

"Therefore say I now unto you, take what rightfully is due ye.  
 Brief his journey was, and game he found in plenty on his way.  
 When ye laid the food beside him that no hunger might beside him,  
 Nobly was your love and duty proven on that heavy day.  
 Now the need is not, I counsel, take and eat without delay."

Then they question each the other, question wildly one another,  
 Hope and fear contending, mingling on each haggard visage there.  
 "Who has spoken? who has spoken? who the dark despair has  
 broken?"

Question all, and each the query answers with an ashen stare,  
 Then they shudder as they whisper "'Tis the Evil One; beware!"

"Two days since our chief departed, only two days since he started;  
 Many days have yet to meet him ere his toilsome march be done,  
 These their thoughts, yet, as they ponder, what they heard grows truer,  
 fonder,

Truer, fonder, grows the counsel, and their weakened wills are won,  
 And the Tempter has completed what the famine had begun.

Then, by one wild impulse banded, food and life they all demanded,  
 Forth they stagger, and the weaker, crawling, perish by the way—  
 Maddened half and raging, fighting, wolf-like snatching tearing, biting,  
 While the gaunt survivors fiercely battle for the buried prey.  
 Horrid peals of mocking laughter ring above the grim affray.

Lorn and lost, and anguish-riven, onward Wandago has striven,  
 Blindly, bravely bearing onward through the void and arid land,  
 Shapes of terror round him thronging, while his noble heart is longing  
 To relieve the sad souls' sorrow with a loving, gentle hand,  
 Though the pangs of thirst and hunger scorch him like a burning brand.

Till, on these infernal spaces, darksome, demon-haunted places,  
 Fell the eye of the Great Spirit, and the barrens were aglow;  
 Then majestically pealing—pity, justice, love revealing,  
 Came the voice of the Great Spirit "Hearken! noble Wondago!  
 For thine own thy life thou gavest—Lo! I raise thee from below.

"But ye people of the village by your sacrilegious pillage  
 Have aroused my wrath, and merit punishment severe and long.  
 As ye yielded to temptation, an eternal expiation  
 I inflict, and ye shall suffer for this great and grievous wrong,  
 And your tearful fate be chanted in the legendary song.

"Ye are doomed to wander ever as a flock of ducks, and never  
 Shall your tired wings be rested, for ye never shall alight  
 Where your happy kind are breeding and in summer marshes feeding.  
 Under sun and under moon, through bright day and sombre night,  
 Shall the beating of your pinions measure out unending flight.

"Once an hundred years a journey to the earth your fate shall turn ye;  
 And the interlude, embittered by remembrance of the rest  
 And the feeding of thy fellows on the lakes and marshy shallows,  
 Shall be spent in haunted regions on a joyless, hopeless quest,  
 Ever flying, ever hungered, doomed, abandoned, and unblest."

As I marvelled o'er the legend,  
 Wonderingly dreaming there,  
 Lo, there came a sudden beat of  
 Pinions on the parted air.

My hand went out to reach my gun,  
 But a spell was o'er me thrown,

Enchantedly, in rapt surprise,  
 I gazed with staring, startled eyes  
 On a sight I saw alone,  
 For in the bottom of the boat  
 The Indian lay prone.

Like to a prostrate worshipper  
 Before a pagan shrine,  
 He lay as people lie when dead,  
 He lay and made no sign.

Once only did he speak, and then  
 His voice it was so sad and strange  
 I scarce believed so brief a time  
 Could work so wonderful a change.

It seemed a voice from out the grave  
 That fell upon my ears,  
 In mute response I felt my eyes  
 Suffused with rising tears,  
 So sadly was the voice intoned,  
 "It is the Phantom Flock," he moaned.

A flock of ducks they were, and yet  
 Although in form and flight the same  
 As those of earth, never were met  
 The like on earth; methought they came  
 From out a land of dreams to show  
 That dreams are truer than we know.

Their plumage it was rich and rare,  
 Rare and rich as the pearly glow  
 At the setting of the sun,  
 On a mountain peak of snow.  
 Ah, never I ween  
 Was ever seen  
 Plumage of such celestial sheen.

With a long, long sweep and a sudden whirl,  
 Down over the mute decoys they hurl,  
 And there they poise with fluttering wings,  
 With fluttering wings and plaintive cries,  
 And helplessly they seem to hang  
 Suspended from the skies.  
 Vain, vain their effort to alight,  
 Away they flash in upward flight.

Again and yet again they come,  
 And hover over the carven flock  
 So tristfully,  
 So wistfully,  
 That pitiless it were to mock  
 The plight of these poor weary things,  
 Ah, pitiless indeed to lock  
 The heart whence pity springs.

And then a burden fell on the air,  
 A burden of sorrowful cries.  
 Ah, surely the like was never heard  
 By mortal ears from any bird  
 That moves beneath the skies.

It sounded in an unknown tongue,  
 A tongue no boy will ever know,  
 It was like human voices wrung  
 With years of woe.

It followed the vanishing flock that sprang  
 Up into the starry profound above,  
 Where the pitiful, penitent voices rang  
 In a wild appeal for mercy and love.

I prayed to the God that is over us all,  
 Through my tears and my grief,

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**Di-Varsities.****AN ELECTION BALLAD.**

It was a merry candidate,  
With a voter from afar;  
Like western grizzly-hunters, they  
Were "admitted t' the b'ar;"  
And the voter, sampling various things,  
Lighted a fresh cigar.

He smole the while a knowing smile,  
And eke a wink wunk he.  
As to the merry candidate  
He spake quite pleasantly,  
"By the great horn spoon I ask thee why  
Thou buttonholdest me?"

"Oh, nothing," said the candidate,  
He said it carelessly,  
"You'll keep my name in mind, of course,  
F. Tompkins L. atherby;  
Just vote the yellow ticket straight,  
And—have another with me?"

"The ballot is," the voter quoth,  
When he had wiped his chin,  
"The ballot is the means by which,  
That is to say, we win  
Er,"—"yes, just so of course, ahem!"  
The candidate chipped in.

The other said, "the way I vote,  
Of course you want to know,  
Why, opposite the names I put  
A cross, you see, just so!  
And then I fold the paper up,  
And then outside I go,

"And then I don't tell every one  
About my vote, but wait  
And take in all the fun, you know,  
And never ope my pate,  
Except to"—"Take another drink!"  
Up spake the candidate.

And having filled the flowing bowl,  
They straightway emptied it;  
Now for an empty flowing bowl  
No sane man cares a whit,  
And so they filled it up again,  
And straightway, as was fit,

They drank it off, The voter seemed  
To have almost a skinful;  
The candidate looked on his friend,  
Thinking it all quite sinful;  
Besides, when going in to vote,  
His friend might stagger in full!

And lest the voter should get worse,  
He said, "It's rather late,  
You'd better get your vote in now,  
For if you longer wait,  
You'll,"—"Thass all ri'," the voter then  
Assured the candidate.

"Whass the use, olefeller', ye know,  
O' botherin' yerself 'bout me?  
I voted more'n' an hour ago,  
'Rah fur ouside—we!  
Thassallri', I did'n' vote,  
Fur Tomp-p-kinson-l-leather er-by!"

H.

One of our brother journalists went into a  
barber shop the other day to have his hair  
cut, and fell asleep during the operation.  
The barber, who awoke him when he had  
finished, said to him: "You are tired. I un-  
derstand it. It's the same way with me when  
evening comes. Ah, this head work is some-  
thing terrible!"



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
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
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
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# 245 VARSITY

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY THOUGHT AND EVENTS.

Vol. VI.

University of Toronto, April 10, 1886.

No. 21.

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## THE VARSITY.

THE VARSITY is published in the University of Toronto every Saturday during the Academic Year, October to May inclusive.

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All communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

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## Topics of the Hour.

The regular election for the three vacancies on the Senate will this year be more than usually interesting. Two of the retiring members, Messrs. Foster and Falconbridge, are again among the candidates. The Brantford graduates are bringing out Dr. Kelly, and there is no doubt that he would prove an able member if elected. The medical vote, though scattered in regard to the other candidates, will probably go solid for Dr. Adam Wright, who well deserves the confidence of his fellow professionals. Then, in another column, will be found a well-signed requisition to Messrs. Culham and Edwards. So that altogether it seems that the election will be the liveliest that has taken place for many years.

As has been already announced, the present number of the VARSITY is the last of the regular issue for the current academical year. Our thanks are due and are herewith heartily tendered to our many able contributors during the year and to all others who have extended to us their encouragement and sympathy. The special number, which is to be issued on Commencement Day in June, already promises to be unusually interesting and attractive. Contributions may be expected from Charles Whetham, W. H. Blake, J. H. Burnham, T. B. Phillips-Stewart, J. O. Miller, F. H. Sykes, R. Balmer, A. MacMechan, F. B. Hodgins, Thomas F. Watson, Agnes E. Wetherald, Martin J. Griffin, H. L. Dunn, G. Mercer Adam, W. J. Healy and others. Articles intended for this number should be in the editor's hands before the 3rd of June. Applications for extra copies may be made in advance to Mr. W. H. Irving.

While not approving of scholarships in their general effects, we yet must gratefully acknowledge the spirit of helpfulness and kind sympathy that prompted those who gave them. The desire and the intention merit our highest respect. But it must always be borne in mind that our university and college have many benefactors whose names are not announced with the scholarships on Commencement Day. So quietly they do their beneficent deeds that scarcely any one ever hears of them. But there are students now in our halls, and there are graduates in the first positions in the country, who owe their education to the helping hands of comparatively obscure citizens. It may be a merchant, it may be a plain old farmer, or a retired school teacher or minister who has had confidence enough in the ability and honesty of some of our men to do them this kindness, but, whoever they are, our University owes much to them. All honour to those who feel that the future must be better than the past and who thus nobly strive to make it so.

In the last number of the *Educational Weekly* the editor makes an earnest appeal for a higher degree of art cultivation throughout Canada. He very pointedly asks if we have not arrived at that stage of advancement where all the labor of a man need not be for his mouth, and he commends the timely action of the Department of Education in the recent establishment of art classes in our Normal School. There is no doubt that the refining and elevating influence of a love of the beautiful, both in nature and in art, is never properly recognized in new countries like ours. The fight for food at first and then for money afterwards occupies the time and energy of the earlier generations, and after such a stunting process as this the æsthetic faculties are slow in developing. But as a people our struggle for mere physical existence is now happily over and the feelings of our higher natures crave satisfaction. Nor will those studies which appeal chiefly to the intellect meet all these demands. We cannot live by bread alone either as a physical or an intellectual diet. We may not starve our emotional nature if our mental growth is to be healthy and symmetrical.



Mathematics and science and language are very well for the most part, but there are times when the soul is wearied even with  $x$  and  $y$ , and when protoplasm and paradigms yield no satisfaction. How gladly then do we yield ourselves to the soothing influences of music or poetry or painting, and the tired soul is once more renewed and life seems brighter again.

With our correspondent, Mr. Sykes, we think the time has now certainly come when the claims of the department of Modern Languages should receive a greater measure of recognition in University College than has hitherto been accorded to it. The only rational basis upon which any State university or college can now satisfactorily rest is the equal recognition of its several departments and the fullest liberty to the student in the choice of studies. The question of options has been discussed by us before. We refer now only to the serious discrimination which is made against the Modern Language Department in our college. It is now too late in the day to speak slightly of the study of the modern languages and literature. As a means of intellectual cultivation they hold their own with any other subjects. One of the first things to be done, then, is to give the department proper representation on the College Council. It is puzzling to know why the natural sciences should have three representatives on that Board while modern languages are not represented at all. It is a mere quibble to state that because the instructors in the latter department happen to be called lecturers instead of professors they are not entitled to have a voice in the general control. There is no sacredness in the statute that makes this provision. The disability is due only to a legal fiction. Then the instructors in this department are but very inadequately recompensed for their services. It is never good policy in the highest fields of labour to keep the salaries at the starvation point. Nor is it fair that equal work and equal ability should be so unequally rewarded as is the case in our college. Altogether, the present state of things is a disadvantage not only to this department, but to the whole college. It is to be expected that the Council will recognize this fact and lose no time in instituting the required reform.

A common phenomenon is the persistence of customs long after the necessity that originated them has passed away. An illustration of this fact may be seen in the methods of instruction ordinarily pursued in our colleges. Formerly, when books were scarce and dear and when professors were the only available embodiment of knowledge, then lectures of a purely instructive purpose and nature were necessary to education. But now almost all needful information on facts can be obtained from the infinite variety of books accessible to the student himself, and his mental faculties are best developed in looking for it there. We have too much instructing and too little educating. The value of the Socratic method is still as great as ever. Instead of mechanical lectures and bored audiences, there should be conversation and discussion. Professors should no longer be mere fact-mongers. They have other work to do in giving needful assistance when difficulties arise and training the mind in proper methods of study and research. Yet their highest mission seems to be one which is too often entirely lost sight of. It is to inspire enthusiasm and love for intellectual pursuits and to cultivate the moral and the aesthetic sensibilities. This implies a change in the relations of professors and students. More direct contact and personal sympathy should exist between them if the highest results are to be attained. It has hitherto been the case too often that college professors, like the gods of Epicurus, dwelt apart in the interstellar spaces, and the perplexities and doubts of mortal men vexed not their serene souls. Such a state of things naturally leads to feelings of dissatisfaction and unrest among the students, who feel that they have not derived the beneficial results from their college training which might reasonably be expected from it. The letter from

Professor Hutton, however, which appears in another column, is sufficient indication that in the classical department at least the instructors are in the fullest sympathy with the enthusiasm and aspirations of their students. The professor evidently does not think it beneath his dignity to discuss matters freely with his class even in print, and the mutual confidence and respect which such a discussion must bring about, will necessarily be highly beneficial in the cause of education. Let us hope that this spirit which also exists in some other departments, may soon become universal throughout our college.

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## Literature.

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### ON THE STREET.

Soft hair, sweet lips and eyes of dew,  
A face that love would ne'er forget !  
I passed her once upon the street,  
I wonder why our eyes have met.

I know her not and never since  
Have seen or heard of her. But yet,  
Soft hair, sweet lips and eyes of dew  
The face love never *can* forget !

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### "KING SOLOMON'S MINES."\*

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There are two sorts of unreality in books. Let the reader suppose himself taking up one of those novels, the main interest of which lies in the men and women whose various experiences are recorded ; will he not require that these shall be such as he can imagine in real living and breathing humanity, if he is to sympathize with their joys and sorrows, hopes and fears ? If the characters and situations in which they are placed are overdrawn and obviously improbable, will he not resent it as if he were being imposed on ? I think he will, unless, perhaps, his taste for the sensational has reached a high state of development. But when what calls for our attention is not the characters, but the experiences they pass through, the farther these experiences are removed from every-day events, usually the more fascinating is the book. It is in part this sort of interest that attaches itself to fairy tales even when we have outgrown our childish belief in them, and it is this interest that gives us one form of the pleasure we derive from books such as the one whose title heads this sketch.

"King's Solomon's Mines" is an account of a journey taken by three Englishmen across desert and mountains in South Africa, in search of the mines of Ophir, reputed to be in the Suliman Mountains, their discovery of Kukuanaaland, and their sojourn and adventures there. Lovers of the marvellous will here find gratification for that taste to no small extent. Those for whom the horrible has a fascination will find plenty to make the blood run cold. Indeed, this feature would spoil the book, in the estimation of one, at least, were it not largely compensated for by the power of description that raises even the most horrible into the sublime. I said that the departure from ordinary experience was one source of pleasure in the book, but it is by no means the only one. No one, I think, will fail to see the poetry in the following extract, which, by the way, is put into the mouth of a Zulu, or rather a Kukuana :

"What is life ? Tell me, O white men, who are wise, who know the secrets of the world, and the world of stars, and the world that lies above and around the stars ; who flash their words from afar without a voice ; tell me, white men, the secret of our life—whither it goes and whence it comes !

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\*"King Solomon's Mines," by H. Rider Haggard. Cassell & Co. (Limited), London ; Williamson & Co., Toronto.



southern portion of the peninsula, from its eastern end to the place where our journey commenced, is not without its charms. The coast-line keeps the characteristics of the other side. It is low and broken—a series of alternating stubby projections of rock, and sandy coves.

Heavy winds from the south-west throw up before us a sea that is too much for our little craft and which compels us to alter our hours of sailing and make the night take the place of the day. Here came in the pleasantest part of such an excursion as this: To leave as night comes on, and the wind comes back, as it were, from across the land, a little patch perchance of shelterless beach—the close acquaintance of which in our wind-bound helplessness we have been making during the dreary length of a sultry day, and with a brisk land breeze abeam of us, and to follow in and out the twists and turns of the shore-line. The last hours of the twenty-four slip quietly past as we dart in and out skirting the dusky shore, bringing midnight supper on some pretty stretch of beach. No camp-fire ever looked half so glorious as that we quickly kindle. No camp supper ever tasted half so well. And when with, "incense kindled," we follow on our track, now silver strewn as the moon begins its downward course towards the west before us, it is with one more added to our store of pleasant recollections.

With a few words on the well-known natural phenomenon of this shore, the Sand Banks, we will close:—

Commencing about two miles from the town of Wellington, they extend for another three miles in the southward line. The strip of shore on which they are divides the waters of Lake Ontario from the water and marsh of West Lake, a familiar spot to sportsmen all over the country. The sand has been piled in ridges, drifting with the wind. At places these ridges rise to a height of seventy or eighty feet, and form a curious and pleasing spectacle. Here and there, where the wind has drifted away the surface sand, tops of dead, branchless pine trees come to view, apparently at first the barriers of the drifting sand against which it piled itself, but now and for a long time its victims. These mountains of sand are a curious and novel sight, and are well worth a visit, especially in the afternoon, when the sun, striking full upon them, dries them to a uniform whiteness and causes the sand to glisten and sparkle as they reflect its light and heat.

Two days after the sand banks fade from our view we bid farewell to Prince Edward County, and leaving the snugest of the half-dozen fishermen's huts that line the Consecon shore, into which, by an art in which we were fast becoming proficient, we had gained an entrance, and appropriated to our use; scribble our compliments and thanks to its owner over a square foot or two of pine board, cross Weller's Bay once more, and commence our homeward journey.

From start to finish, from the time of the commencement of it up to the time when we kindled our last fire and consumed our larder's remnants on the point of Toronto Island, our voyage was without a drawback. Four weeks, not an hour of which was without its pleasures, and not a day of which, even in our present recollections, was without its quota of happy incidents.

W. H. IRVING.

#### A SUMMER DAY.

The stars are shining clear overhead, and clear in the still dark water below. The anchor-chain of our little pilot boat is taut, and her bows divide the rapid ebb-tide that laps and gurgles along her sides, in its broad swift stream towards the Gulf. Black, to the northward, lie the Laurentians,—their giant mysterious shadows stretching out into the mid-stream of the river, vaguely suggesting immeasurable distance. Here and there, over the silent expanse, a light-house sends a steady beam, a beam that, broken by no ripple, is reflected ruddier than the pale stars. The hour of night

when everything, but the unwearying tide in endless ebb and flow, sleeps. The soft breath of the night-wind, that bore us gently on our way, is hushed, and brings no longer the sound of the water's flow over shallowing reef and bar.

Ere midnight has passed two hours, the sway of night weakens in the east, and the low stars tremble and disappear in the lightening background. Down the river the vague shore lines take form, and the heavy blackness of their shadows grows less dark. Still to the Westward reigns the night, and contests the slow advance of day. The pale light spreads upward, curtaining the stars one by one, and darkness rolls sullenly away. Up from the pallid East comes a salty breath, twining the night mist into fantastic shapes, and bringing a smell of sea-weed and shores at low tide. Swings our boat uneasily at her cable as the slack water feels the returning flood, and now she heads down stream and the morning breeze steadies. Cheerily the chain rattles in and the sails fill, while her bows are turned from the golden streak in the East.

Borne on the broad bosom of the flood-tide we glide past sweeping beach and point of rock and reef brown with seaweed. Suddenly the sail is dyed with red, for the great Sun is rising from his ocean bath, and long shadows of mast and cordage stretch far away before us. This first air of the morning, blown from the rising sun, fades in his warmer beams and has passed away, no one knows whither, before the world has opened its eyes on another day. Then comes another time of calm, when the sails hang in idle folds and the current alone floats us onward. No ripple on the surface of the great river disturbs the deep-sunk reflection of cliff and rugged promontory, or plashes against the water-worn granite. Lovingly does it encircle the old gray rocks, and with gentle fingers lay the sea-weed, the dead men's hair, smoothly over their weather-beaten sides. Willingly would it live at peace with them, and forever pass quietly on its course. And yet when the North-Easter in its whirling mantle of ragged storm-cloud rules the heavens, will it fling itself high on the iron shore and bellow forth the fierceness of its wrath, or mourn resurgent the hopeless fate that urges on to never-ending strife.

Now in the infinite stillness of the morning air, the sea-gulls' harsh notes come mellowed by miles of distance, and their wings flash snow-white as, driven by the deepening water, they circle from bar to bar. Far over towards the low South shore a nearing line of steel-blue shows that the day-wind is coming, and slack sheets are hauled down as its first breath swells the sail. Sure and steady it blows, ever freshening and veering with the sun till the heat of the mid-summer day is past. Our little boat careens and dances merrily through the ripple. Tiny waves begin to try their strength against the bows and are tossed back in foam that hisses to the wake. Moment by moment the shore changes. Now escarped rocks, bare and white, the bleached bones of this mighty range; now a ravine, with a stream flashing down through the dark hemlocks, opens a vista to the darker distant mountains cut clear against the sky; now a slope clad with silver birch and thick with moss and fern, skirted with smooth white sand on which the sea breaks rhythmically.

But the tide has run its appointed course, and braver ships than ours must wait its time. The anchor drops in the shelter of a point of rock where we shall rest secure until the down-tide has swirled and eddied away its strength. Here to us, lying in peaceful harbor, comes the sound of breaking waves, and the voice of the wind in the trees—the ever-melancholy sigh of the pines, the light rustle of birch and aspen, and the fragrant sigh of the cedar. Sandlarks and plover pipe cheerily as they dance along the wet marge, and the lonely call of the Northern diver drifts down the wind as he steers his solitary way against sea and tide. High up in the blue float a few downy clouds, and their shadows trail a darker shade over the river and the mountains.

Bare black rocks, stretches of wet sand, and the slackening eddy show that the ebb is nearly spent, and on the young flood we venture forth again and trim the sails. In the struggle of wind and water the



waves are capped with white, and the boat, after their sturdy charge, staggers down into the trough. Her blunt bows pound into the dancing green, and flinging away a white sheaf of foam, rise quivering.

With the Westering sun the breeze fails, and the sails fill only on the crests of the waves. The white-caps disappear, and the dark track of the wind fades from the river's face. Soon the friendly tide alone aids, and rock and cliff take a softer outline in the liquid air of evening. The low rays of the sun floating down a gorge tinge the dark boles of the trees with red and gold. Distant sails shine white as sea-birds' wings. The clouds in a glory of color fade away, and a soft haze bathes mountain and islet. From the darkening shore lightly comes the land-breeze, its breath warm with the smell of trees and flowers. Through and across the ripple the early moon throws a silvery quivering shaft, while the red of the west fades to pink and the pink to a transparent opal. The leaders of the star-battalions come forth and marshal their followers one by one. The shores recede once more into vagueness and immensity, and a Summer's day is done.

W. H. BLAKE.

## University and College News.

### A REQUISITION FROM TORONTO.

To Messrs. J. A. Culham, M.A., Hamilton, and E. B. Edwards, M.A., Peterborough.

GENTLEMEN,—Understanding from VARSITY that the graduates of the Hamilton and Peterborough associations have suggested your names as candidates in the elections about to be held for the University Senate, we have much pleasure in seconding their request that you should offer yourselves.

We feel that since the adoption of the recent resolution requiring the meetings of the Senate to be held at fixed periods, there is no reason why the representation of graduates outside of Toronto should not be much increased upon the Senate, and as you have both taken a warm interest in University affairs and are familiar with our present needs, we shall have much pleasure in doing what we can to promote your election.

Signed—J. C. Hamilton, LL.B.; John A. Paterson, M.A.; C. R. W. Biggar, M.A.; Thomas Langton, M.A., LL.B.; R. E. Kingsford, M.A., LL.B.; D. A. O'Sullivan, M.A., LL.B.; S. C. Smoke, B.A.; J. M. Clark, M.A.; W. H. Blake, B.A.; W. F. Maclean, B.A.; Geo. Acheson, M.A.; W. W. Ferguson, B.A., M.B.; A. McD. Haig, B.A.; J. Mackay, B.A.; W. F. W. Creelman, B.A., LL.B., and thirty-two others.

### HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The last meeting of this society was one of unusual interest. After routine business Mr. Houston gave a brief address on the relation of the Canadian constitution to the constitutions of England and the United States.

Of the three functions of government, the legislative, the executive, and the judicial, he omitted the last from the comparison, as not closely connected with the object in view, which was to show that the constitution of the United States was based largely on that of England, and that the constitution of Canada was based on the other two alike. In the English legislature there are three bodies, the King, the House of Lords, and the House of Commons. The consent of each separately is necessary in order to give any act the force of law, but all three are not equally influential. The influence of the House of Lords has declined and is declining, largely on account of the hereditary element in its membership. The power of the King in legislation has almost disappeared, as the result of the growth of responsible government, under which system the monarch must find advisers who are willing to be responsible for his acts,

and who, at the same time, are able to secure a majority of the House of Commons favorable to their policy. "The King can do no wrong," simply because for all he does his advisers, the Ministry of the day, are held to account. Nominally the King's advisers are the members of his Privy Council, but this body never meets for business. In reality, his advisers are the members of a section of the Privy Council unknown to the law, called the Cabinet, the membership of which varies according to circumstances. The Cabinet ministers are usually heads of Departments of State, but sometimes ministers have no portfolios, and sometimes heads of Departments are in the Ministry without being in the Cabinet. For instance, Joseph Chamberlain, who resigned recently the portfolio of the President of the Local Government Board, was a member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, but Mr. Stansfield, who succeeds him, is not a Cabinet Minister. The Cabinet is intermediary between King and Parliament, and through the Cabinet the House of Commons imposes its will on the King. This is done by granting the money to carry on the public service for only a year at a time and by passing the Mutiny Act for only the same interval. At the end of the year, if the Supply Bill and Mutiny Act were not renewed, the collection of revenue would become illegal, and all soldiers and marines would cease to be subject to discipline. One peculiarity of the English Cabinet is its solidarity. Each member is responsible for the policy of the whole, and no minister can separate himself from his colleagues except by resignation. Another is the presence of its members in Parliament, where they are liable to be questioned and attacked, not merely with respect to their general policy but also with respect to the administration of their individual departments, down to the minutest details. The effect of these two peculiarities on the general legislation of Parliament, and even more on the financial policy of the Government, is easily perceived.

In spite of the fact that the constitution of the United States was as close a copy as circumstances permitted of that of England, there are very instructive differences between them. The three bodies in the Legislature are more nearly on a par in respect of influence. The President can put his personal veto on the acts of the Senate and the House of Representatives, though they may pass acts over his veto by a two-thirds majority in each House. The Senate is as influential a chamber as the House is in legislation, and shares important executive powers with the President, while the Supreme Court has the power of deciding in the last resort whether acts passed by Congress are or are not in accordance with the constitution. The Cabinet differs from the English Cabinet in several respects. The members are chosen by the President at his own will; each of them is the head of a department of state but has no seat in either House of Congress; and there is no necessity for solidarity of opinion. The President is himself responsible for his policy, and his secretaries may differ from each other in their views as to matters of importance.

The most striking feature of the English constitution is the system of Cabinet government, and the rapidity with which, by means of it, effect is given to the popular will. The most striking feature of the United States constitution is its federal character, and the arbitral function of the Supreme Court. Each of these features is to be found in the Canadian constitution, which in outward form closely resembles that of the United States, and in its inner working closely resembles that of England. The federal character given to it in 1867 was avowedly modelled on the general character of the United States constitution; the system of responsible or Cabinet government was introduced as the result of the rebellion of 1837, and the subsequent recommendations of Lord Durham.

The lecturer concluded with an expression of opinion that no subject should receive more attention in any Canadian University than the Canadian system of government; that since the Canadian constitution is modelled largely on that of the United States, a



knowledge of the constitutional history and law of that country is necessary to an intelligent study of Canadian constitutional history and law; and that an acquaintance with the history and working of the English constitution is an essential condition to a useful knowledge of either of the others.

#### MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the above Society was held in Lecture Room No. 8, Tuesday evening, the President, Mr. J. M. Clark, M.A., in the chair. Several changes were made in the constitution, among which were the removing of the office of "Representative of the School of Practical Science," the engineers having organized a society in their own interests and withdrawn from the Mathematical and Physical Society, and the changing of the hour of meeting from 8 to 3 o'clock, which change it is hoped will encroach less upon the time of the individual student and bring about increased attendance of those not actually pursuing an Honor Course in Mathematics or Physics. No papers were handed to the secretary competing for the medal to be awarded by the Society. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, T. J. Mulvey, B.A.; vice-President, J. A. Duff; Sec.-Treas., J. McGowan; Corresponding Secretary, A. F. Hunter; Registrar, W. Montgomery; 3rd year Councillor, J. A. McMillan; 2nd year Councillor, H. K. Moore.

A vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Clarke for the very great interest which he had evinced both for the advancement of the Society and in the welfare of the individual members, to which he replied very much regretting his inability to preside during the coming year, but assuring them that he would continue to regard the Society as a bond of union between him and the undergraduates, and hoping that the same success would attend all its proceedings as had characterized it in the past. Short speeches were given by Messrs. Martin and Stephens, as members of the graduating class of '86.

The meeting then adjourned for the session, to meet the third Tuesday in October.

#### THE MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The following is the programme for '86-'87:—

##### ENGLISH.

1. Burns :  
(a) Lyrics; (b) Burns as a satirist; (c) His longer poems.
2. Ruskin :  
(a) Modern Painters; (b) Seven Lamps of Architecture; (c) Sesame and Lilies.
3. Lowell :  
(a) Biglow Papers; (b) Sir Launfal; (c) Sonnets and other poems.
4. Address on Canadian Literature.
5. Byron :  
(a) English Bards and Scotch Reviewers; (b) Oriental Tales; (c) Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.
6. Matthew Arnold :  
(a) Poems; (b) Critical Essays; (c) Culture and Anarchy.
7. Edgar Allan Poe :  
(a) Poems; (b) Police Stories (A. G. Pym); (c) Pseudo-scientific Tales.

##### FRENCH.

1. Hugo :  
(a) L'Homme qui rit (Lib.); (b) Marion Delorme.
2. Merimee :  
(a) Mosaique; (b) Theatre de Clara Gazul.
3. Gautier :  
(a) Le Capitaine Fracasse (Lib.); (b) Emaux et Camees (Lib.)
4. Daudet :  
(a) Siege de Berlin et d'autres Contes (Jenkins); (b) Le Nabab.
5. Labiche :  
(a) Le Voyage de M. Perrichon (Jenkins); (b) La Grammaire (Jenkins); (c) Le Gendre de M. Poirier, by Sandeau et Angier (Jenkins).
6. De Musset :  
(a) Contes Charpentier (Lib.); (b) Les Nuits (Lib.); (c) Les Caprices de Marianne (Lib.)

#### 7. French-Canadian Works :

- (a) Jean Rivard; (b) Le Chien d'Or; (c) Les Fleurs Boreales (Frechette.)

##### GERMAN.

1. Heine :  
(a) Reisebilder; (b) Poems.
2. Richter :  
(a) Das Leben des vergnügten Schulmeisterleins Wuz; (b) Ehestand, Tod, und Hochzeit des Armenaelvokatin Liebenkas.
3. Schiller :  
(a) Die Räuber; (b) Kabale und Liebe.
4. Schiller :  
(a) Fiesco; (b) Don Karlos.
5. Schiller :  
(a) Die Jungfrau von Orleans; (b) Die Brant von Messina.
6. Heyse :  
(a) L'Arrabiata; (b) Gedichte.
7. Ruckert :  
(a) Lyrics; (b) Longer Poems.

NOTE.—It is hoped that members will, as far as possible, read the works prescribed. As a guide to those who wish to buy the books, it may be said that those marked "Jenkins" are published by Jenkins, of New York, at 25 cents. Some of the city dealers have them, and would perhaps send for those not marked. All those marked "Lib." are in the University Library. French-Canadian works, and perhaps others, may be had of Rivard, of Montreal. Most of the German works are in either the Public Library or the University Library. Steiger, of New York, has cheap editions of Schiller.

#### NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

On Tuesday evening the Association held its annual meeting, the first vice-president in the chair. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Prof. Pike, Ph. D.; first vice-president, Mr. Clark; second vice-president, Mr. Wait; Secretary, Mr. Miller; Treasurer, Mr. Hill; Curator, Mr. Boyd; fourth year representative, Mr. Hamilton; third year representative, Mr. Giffin.

The society thus concludes the most successful year of its existence, whether we judge from the attendance and interest taken in its meetings, or from the character of the papers read before it. Two of these, "Chacun pour soi," by Mr. Brent, and "German Universities," by Prof. Wright, B. Sc., have appeared in the VARSITY, and had space been obtainable a number more equally interesting would have been published.

At this meeting a scheme was proposed to encourage undergraduates and recent graduates to work up the fauna of the different sections of the country where they may happen to be stationed and a committee was appointed to receive and arrange all information sent in by those engaged in the work. The object is to have the results published when the finances of the society will warrant it.

There will be a special meeting next Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock, to receive the report of the McMurrich Medal Committee.

#### UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SPORTS.

A meeting of those interested in University College sports was held in Moss Hall, Wednesday, April 7th, at 5 p.m. After various speeches it was unanimously decided that sports be held in connection with the College on Convocation Day. The following officers were appointed:—President, J. N. McKendrick; Treasurer, F. H. Moss; Secretary, F. B. Hodgins. Committee—Third year, H. McLaren, J. S. McLean, W. T. Jackson; Second year, D. Ferguson, E. C. Senkler, H. B. Fraser; First year, F. M. Robertson, J. S. Johnston, J. H. Senkler.

#### THE GYMNASIUM.

The annual elections of the officers of the University College Gymnasium Association were held in Moss Hall on Wednesday, April 7th. After a very satisfactory account of the finances of the in-



stitution had been given, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year :—Hon. President, Prof. Pike ; President, H. McLaren ; Secretary, E. S. Hogarth ; Treasurer, J. H. Senkler. Committee—Fourth year, A. Crozier, W. T. White ; Third year, G. H. Richardson, W. Malcolm ; Second year, F. M. Robertson, F. H. Moss.

#### ANNUAL MEETING OF THE TORONTO UNIVERSITY CRICKET CLUB.

The annual meeting of this Club was held in Moss Hall on Friday afternoon at 5 p.m., the captain, Mr. W. W. Vickers, in the chair. The attendance was very large and the interest taken in the proceedings by those present certainly augurs well for a continuation of that success which has attended the Club in previous years. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year :—President, Dr. Wilson ; 1st vice-President, Prof. Pike ; 2nd vice-President, R. O. McCulloch, B.A. ; Captain, R. G. McDonald ; Sec.-Treas., J. J. Hughes ; Curator, E. C. Senkler. Committee—Fourth year, W. P. Mustard ; third year, A. G. Smith ; second year, S. D. Schultz ; first year, W. Snetsinger ; occasional, J. D. Thorburn.

### Communications.

#### REPRESENTATION FOR THE MODERN LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT.

*To the Editor of the VARSITY.*

SIR,—It is but a few years ago that modern languages attained anything like the important position in the educational world they now hold. The rise of modern languages from an unesteemed subordinate to a recognized equal of the other great branches of a liberal education, we may date from the publication of the essay of Charles F. Adams on "A College Fetish." In University College it is only within the last three or four years that they have gained the prominence and popularity they deserve.

But, while great efficiency in the teaching in this department in the College has been attained, while the number of students in the department is surpassed by that in the department of Mental and Moral Science, Modern Languages still continue without any representation on the College Council. With the retirement of Dr. Wilson from his honourable labours in English, disappeared the only trace of representation the department ever had.

As the Constitution of the Council now stands, it is impossible to think that in all the measures affecting the department it has strict and accurate justice done it. The Professors in the Council are specialists with the specialist's ardor for their department.

This is not as it should be. A representation that was satisfactory ten years ago is no longer satisfactory. The educational world does not stand to-day in the place it stood ten years ago. As there has been a change in the importance of the subject so should there be a change in the College government to recognize this importance.

There are gentlemen connected with the department whom the University has delighted to honour, able and deserving of reward. That it should be any longer left without representation is inexpedient and unjust.

Faithfully yours, F. H. SYKES.

#### INDEPENDENT COLLEGE JOURNALISM.

*To the Editor of the VARSITY.*

SIR,—In a recent letter to the Toronto daily papers, Prof. Loudon insinuates that I exercise a controlling influence over the Editorial management of the VARSITY. I prefer to reply to the charge in your own columns, as this is a matter which does not particularly concern the outside public.

For the information of my fellow-members of the University, undergraduate and graduate, I have to state that the insinuation is entirely baseless. The VARSITY is, I believe, the property of a joint-stock company. I cannot at this moment name a single shareholder or a single director, and I do not know even the names of all the members of the Editorial staff. All I know about the history of the paper is that it was started some years ago by a few public-spirited members of the University, that at the earnest request of the management I have from time to time contributed to its columns, that it has been as often opposed as favorable to my views of University and College policy, and that I have never allowed differences of opinion between the management and myself to prevent me from giving the enterprise all the assistance I was in a position to give it.

So far as I know, the VARSITY is just as free from the control of other members of Senate as it is free from mine. I believe it to be strictly independent, and to be worthy of even more cordial support than it receives. It is a good thing for the University and College to have a journal in which matters of policy, and even of administration, can be freely discussed from every point of view. I have an abiding conviction that nothing but error will suffer any injury from publicity, and therefore the more any change I propose in the Senate is discussed the better I am pleased.

Prof. Loudon's letter contains many of the points that invite reply, but I am willing that the discussion of them should be relegated to the Senate chamber, where we can settle our disputes without taking up either your space or the time of your readers. I have only to say, in conclusion, that I am pleased to see that he has mustered courage to append his name to his recent attacks on me. It is more satisfactory to deal with charges which an opponent makes over his own signature than it is to deal with slanders which he circulates by word-of-mouth or publishes anonymously.

WM. HOUSTON.

Toronto, April 5th, 1886.

#### ELECTIONS TO THE SENATE.

*To the Editor of the VARSITY.*

SIR,—I take the liberty of writing you a brief note in connection with the approaching elections to the Senate of the University. As I may be a comparative stranger to you, I may say that I am a graduate, (1875), am a resident of Brantford, am at present on the Board of University examiners, and have always taken a deep interest in University matters ; and I rejoice to see that the graduates generally are taking more interest in University questions than they did some years ago.

My chief object in writing however, is to say that the Brant Co. Association of Convocation is bringing out as a candidate for the Senate M. J. Kelly, Esq., M.D., LL.B., inspector of public schools for this county. His nomination, which has already been sent in was signed not only by Brantford men, but by a number of leading graduates in Hamilton and Toronto. He is in every way a capital man, and is so situated that he could attend the meetings of Senate without any difficulty. He is well acquainted with our educational system, and has always kept himself posted on the interests of the University. I may add that he favors your position in regard to increased representation of the graduates in the Senate, and that he took a good deal of interest in getting the petition to that effect signed here, and his own name appears on that petition. By the way, what happened that the names of the members of the Brant Co. Association of Convocation signing that petition did not appear in your columns a week ago, when you published the others from Toronto, Peterboro, &c. ?

I am asked by the Association here, which maintains its organization and meetings, to solicit your favorable notice of the candidature of Dr. Kelly and the Brant Co. Association. We feel confident of your support when we can assure you that we are in

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THEN.

A flirting Irishman I,  
A thing of cheek and mashes,  
Whom sternness ne'er abashes,  
Or "Maidens' glances sly."

Among "ye gods" for long,  
Mid wicked "sophs" and juniors  
And proudly conscious seniors,  
I've howled my College song.

For "tony" Monday Pops  
I've spent my "filthy lucre,"  
Or at progressive euchre,  
At Conversat's or "hops."

In short, I've done the town,  
In skating, coasting, talking  
With damsels pretty, walking  
King street up and down.

BUT NOW.

A pallid Freshman I,  
A thing of cribs and coaches,  
For cramming now approaches  
Exams are drawing nigh.

Are you in penitential mood,  
I'll weep with you  
O, willow, willow;  
O'er mystic science do you brood,  
I'll do so too,  
O, willow, willow.

I groan o'er German prosz,  
I cope with classic foes,  
I see what Shakespeare knows,  
But "entre nous"  
O, willow, willow.

GRETA.

The University at Heidelberg will cele-  
brate the 500th anniversary of its existence  
next August.

President Adams, of Cornell, entered upon  
his college course at Michigan University, at  
the age of twenty-five.

Harvard College announces an additional  
course of instruction in political economy,  
consisting of lectures on Socialism.

The Emperor Don Pedro of Brazil is plan-  
ning the erection of an Academy of Arts,  
will be the first of its kind in South America.

President Holden, of the University of  
California, receives a salary of \$8,000, the  
largest salary paid to any college president  
in America.

At the University of Virginia there is said  
to be no regular prescribed course of study,  
no entrance examinations, no vacations, ex-  
cept the summer one, and but six holidays.  
—Ex.

Mrs. Muldoon: "Mrs. Mulcahey, have  
you heard the new rimidy for hydrophoby?"  
Mrs. Mulcahey: "No, faith. Phat is it?"  
Mrs. Muldoon: "Plasteur of Paris!"

Michigan University has been presented  
with all the exhibits of the Chinese Govern-  
ment in the New Orleans Exposition.



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All friendly ones whose lengthy calls we hardly dare resist,  
They'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed.

A good college paper is worth more for the moral and gentlemanly tone of the college life than a whole array of by-laws and faculty spies.—*Ex.*

In German army circles a soldier is obliged to write home to his wife once every month. An old bachelor says this explains why so many Germans come to this country to escape military duty.

The Musical Scholarship, founded last year by Sir George Stephen and Hon. D. A. Smith, and open to students of Montreal and vicinity, will be competed for in April next. The successful competitor will be entitled to free tuition, and residence for three years at the Royal College of Music, London.

An unrepaled law of New Jersey, passed while the State was a British colony, reads as follows: "That all women of whatever age, whether virgins, maids or widows, who shall, after this act, impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of his majesty's subjects, by virtue of scents, cosmetics, washes, paints, artificial teeth, false hair or high-heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors."

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
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

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
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# VARSITY

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY THOUGHT AND EVENTS.

Vol. VI.

University of Toronto, June 9, 1886.

No. 22.

## AT PARTING.

Good-by, good-by! my soul goes after thee :  
 Quick as a bird that quickens on the wing,  
 Softly as winter softens into spring,  
 And as the moon sways to the swaying sea,  
 So is my spirit drawn resistlessly ;  
 Good-by! yet closer round my life shall cling  
 Thy tenderness—the priceless offering  
 That drifts through distance daily unto me.  
 O eager soul of mine fly fast, fly fast !  
 Take with thee hope and courage, thoughts that thrill  
 The heart with gladness, under sombre skies ;  
 O living tenderness that no sharp blast  
 Of bitter fate or circumstance can chill,  
 My life with thine grows strong, or fails, or dies.

AGNES E. WETHERALD.

## JOHNS HOPKINS.

The dreamy and æsthetic student who has associated architectural grandeur and the tranquil beauty of nature with his conception of a university must experience a strange shock at the first glimpse of Johns Hopkins.

Four square, red-brick buildings in a row, of the plainest possible interior, and with duly sufficient space intervening to make the over-crowding painfully apparent, certainly do not awaken in the stranger an irresistible desire to linger forever near them. Nor do the numerous neglected dwellings, which from front parlor on the ground floor to back bed-chamber on the third flat, aspire to the rank of lecture-halls and class-rooms, present a more inviting aspect. Yet in justice to the institution it must be confessed that its projectors have never regarded a magnificent display of masonry as a first requisite of a great university. Whether they have ever fully recognized the advantages of a location removed from the constant noise and bustle of city life, is doubtful. In any case they have found the balance in favor of the city with its convenient boarding-houses, lecture and concert halls, extensive public libraries, and—perhaps not less worthy of consideration than all these—its cultured citizens who claim the right to participate in many portions of the University program ; and notwithstanding the fact that the trustees have at their disposal a spacious and beautiful park within easy reach of the city, it may be safely predicted that Johns Hopkins will cling to its present site for generations to come, and that the smells and din of which the unsewered and bouldered streets of Baltimore alone are capable will continue among the external features of the institution,

But let us pass within the buildings, beginning with the office, and glance at the university itself in its practical working.

The officers of the institution, as the visitor very soon discovers, possess unmistakably two qualities rarely combined in college servants ; gentlemanliness and business-aptitude, and as all students can testify, the exercise of neither quality is intermittent or reserved for special occasions. The president is an ideal college head, active, wide-awake, perfectly at home wherever thrown, with a kind word for the humblest student or visitor at his busiest moment, and with sympathies broad enough to recognize that one department of study is as important as another, providing all are pursued in the proper spirit. With a marvellous capacity for work himself, he has the reputation of getting more work out of instructors and students under him than any other college president in America. The head of each department is apparently perfectly free to prescribe his own courses and conduct them as he thinks best, but he must have faith in them and conduct them with energy and determination. Whatever charges may be brought against any instructor in Johns Hopkins, indolence is not one of them.

One very striking feature of the University is that it is almost impossible to draw a definite line between instructors and students. Every instructor is a student in the strictest sense of the word, and if he finds that he may be aided in his work by attending the lectures of a fellow-instructor, (frequently younger than himself,) he does not hesitate to walk into the class-room and recite side by side with graduates or undergraduates just commencing the subject. Among the younger instructors this practice is so general that it scarcely excites a word of comment here. Classes are not arranged exclusively for students of certain years, graduate or undergraduate, but for students with certain definite wants, whether first-year men or professors. In the library, too, professors, fellows, graduates and undergraduates all meet on the same footing. For the convenience of the various departments the library is distributed in sundry rooms of different sizes, which also serve as reading rooms, and through these the student roams and reads at will. If he chooses to remove a book or *any number* of books for home-reading, he may do so at any hour between 9 a.m. and 10 p.m., provided only that such books are not required for daily reference, and if not specially recalled for class-reference they may be retained for one month, at the expiration of which the loan may be renewed if in the meantime no other applicant for the books has presented himself. The library is particularly well supplied with journals, scientific, critical and literary—nearly 900 in all—and these, with the exception of the latest No. of each, are subject to the same rules as ordinary books.

In addition to the regular lecture courses in Johns Hopkins, liberal provision is made for courses of general interest, usually open to the public. During the past session ten such courses have



been given, comprising upwards of ninety lectures in all. A very interesting course each year is given by members of the Faculty on educational topics of their own selection. This is intended as an auxiliary to the regular work in the department of pedagogics, which is taken by a very large proportion of the graduate students. Deserving of mention here is the department of Physical Training, in charge of a medical and arts graduate, who, as a regular member of the university faculty, devotes his whole time to the physical side of the students' education. Every undergraduate is required to take such courses as may be prescribed for him by the instructor after careful determination of his bodily condition.

Johns Hopkins, as is generally known, devotes its best energies to post-graduate work. During the past year 184 students were enrolled as graduates of various colleges and universities; and of these institutions, it may be remarked, Toronto stands fourth in order of numerical graduate representation, and if we exclude the University of Maryland and Johns Hopkins itself, Harvard alone stands above Toronto—and that by one man only. The graduates, almost without exception, are no longer boys in years or in experience. Almost all are thrown on their own resources, and, consequently, appreciate the value of time. If ability is sometimes wanting, the spirit of industry is ever active, and it is very doubtful whether any other university in the world could muster such a uniformly serious and hard-working body of students.

Regarding the quality of work done, one might perhaps be tempted to say that in some instances thoroughness is sacrificed for breadth, and that in other instances great care is taken to rear and adorn the superstructure while the foundation is still very insecure. But this condition of things will be perhaps inevitable so long as the feeders of Johns Hopkins are of such unequal merit. Toronto is fortunate in having an unusually substantial undergraduate course, and especially is it fortunate in having for its feeders a hundred high schools whose equals—belonging to a single system—it would be difficult to find in any State in the Union. From an educational standpoint, Ontario's strength is in its secondary schools. In the secondary schools of the United States is to be found their weakness. With ample equipment, there is no reason why Toronto should not do more thorough post-graduate work than any university in America.

I cannot here attempt to discuss the merits of the faculty of Johns Hopkins. A faculty, as every student knows, is not like an apple, of the same degree of mellowness and similarly flavored throughout, but rather like a bunch of uncultivated grapes, varying in size and ripeness—a few beautiful specimens standing out in strong contrast with their less-favored fellows, others of good promise but too early plucked, others ripe and of good flavor but very small, and others still both small and immature, while not a few perhaps are shriveling with blight and premature decay.

The most enthusiastic student of Johns Hopkins will not venture to assert that all members of its faculty are great or brilliant, though he will undoubtedly claim that greatness is more apparent there than in any other American faculty, and no student will be so dissatisfied as to deny the justness of his claim. But here, as elsewhere, each department must be considered apart, and each instructor apart, before any sweeping opinions are uttered regarding the university as a whole. Each student is entitled to an opinion regarding the one or more courses which he has specially followed, but, whether his opinion is favourable or unfavourable, it must be accepted as a criterion of those departments only with which he has been associated. So far as my own acquaintance with the institution has extended, I have no hesitation in saying that Toronto graduates will never regret having spent one or two years in the atmosphere of Johns Hopkins, which is in many respects so utterly different from that of University College, and which, moreover, must be breathed in before its nature can be understood.

Baltimore, Md.

J. MCW.

#### A MEROVINGIAN LEGEND.

There is a dim old tale of beauty,  
Told in the land of Gaul,  
And the tender light of love and duty,  
It streameth through it all.

To serve the good Mayor Archambaud,  
There stood a Saxon slave:  
Her looks so fair, her voice so low,  
Sweeten'd the cup she gave.

Cried he, "A lonely lot I rue;  
My wife is laid in grave;  
Be thou my bride, in honour true,  
My lovely Saxon slave."

A tender sorrow in her face  
Spoke in the tears that fell;  
It said, "I may not fill her place  
Whom once I served so well."

With steadfast but averted look,  
Back from the halls he turn'd;  
And he whom silent she forsook,  
Long years her absence mourn'd.

Where sad she wander'd none may know,—  
Where pass'd her sainted life.  
At last, the good Mayor Archambaud  
He took another wife.

When high in hall the feast was laid  
Before the wedded pair,  
Behold, the faithful Saxon maid,  
She stood beside his chair!

To that same feast, as Heaven would will,  
There came King Clovis brave;  
Who should the royal goblet fill,—  
Who but the Saxon slave?

He gazed, and, with a sudden start,  
The king the cup let fall!  
There ran sweet music through his heart,  
And silence through the hall.

Soon, low before the Saxon maid,  
Down bow'd his soul of pride:  
"Wilt be my queen?" he softly said;  
And softly she replied:

"Thou lov'st me with no common love;  
So, Clovis, let it be;  
And help me, Heaven, as I shall prove  
Helpmeet for France and thee!"

Low on the footsteps of her throne  
She vow'd a vow of truth,  
To crush the serfdom that had thrown  
Its blight upon her youth.

Right royally her vow she kept,  
And strove with heart and hand;  
Nor rested till her power had swept  
That scourge from off the land.

When famine dogg'd the peasant's way,  
And hunger watch'd his door,  
Her jewell'd robes she tore away,  
And gave them to the poor.

When widowhood and sorrow came,  
A cloister'd cell she trod;  
To France she left a deathless name  
Her soul she gave to God

Berlin.

JOHN KING,

## JUNE.

Queen of the fairies, laughing-browed Rose Queen !  
 Sunny enchantress, dimpled, warm and fair !  
 Sweet witch on whom young maidens shyly lean,  
 Wreathing star pansies in thy golden hair—  
 Pansies for thoughts lips dare not speak aloud,  
 But mystically whisper in a flower ;  
 While stands the shadowy Future, pale and bowed,  
 Drawing the emblem-lots that shall them dower :  
 Nightshade to one, to one a red, red bloom,  
 Fresh gathered with the dew in its warm heart ;  
 Wild woodbine, briars, grey moss pluck'd from a tomb,  
 Balm flowers, sweet balsam, stinging-nettle smart—  
 Prophetic oracles that glad and grieve,  
 Given in Elfin Court Midsummer eve.

Berlin.

JOHN KING.

## RE—FEU KING'S COLL., TORONTO.

"FEU: Ital. *fu*; Nouv. Provençal *fu, fue*, adj. = defunt, du Lat. *fuit* = il fut."—Auguste Scheler.

No one will be sorry when the large cut-stone building in the Queen's Park, Toronto, used not long since as a receptacle for female lunatics, shall be utterly demolished and its materials conveyed away ; for certainly that edifice, though on a nearer view evidently of great cost and imposing to some extent by reason of the massive Doric pilasters of its front, has yet no charm about it arising from general gracefulness of outline, nor any that I know of springing out of agreeableness of association. It is, in fact, a standing reminder of a great public blunder committed years ago, and the sooner all traces of its existence are obliterated the better. Let us hope that a site so peculiarly eligible for a range of fine architectural objects will speedily be occupied by the legislative halls of the Province of Ontario, or some other worthy structure of acknowledged utility and importance.

King's College, for the accommodation of which the pile in question was erected, was the outcome of a non-perception of changed and changing times in the direction of education as in a hundred other directions, wonderful to contemplate but excusable on grounds which it would be tedious now to detail. We who are very wise only after the event may not boast. It is, however, curious to read of the form in which the institution of King's College was expected to exist amongst us, and that "for ever," as its charter ran. One interest was to continue paramount, while those not of the protected class, though deeming themselves at least its peers, were to stand on a footing of sufferance and dispensation, and remain content and thankful. I suppose there is no one now who does not see that it would have been much more politic in those who were most eager for the creation of such an institution to have aimed at its foundation as an independent and quasi-private enterprise, and not as an integral part of the State, and on that account to be provided for out of the public domain. It is certain that the ancient colleges and universities of Europe were for the most part results of individual exertion and liberality. If kings and queens took part in their foundation they did so as citizens for the time being, giving royally of possessions which were their own personally.

From the very first acquisition of Canada by Great Britain, visions of colleges and universities therein, modelled after patterns in the mother country, began to loom up. Thus we have one in 1760 forecasting thus :

"The time may come when Peace,  
 Diffusing wide her blessings on thy banks,  
 Romantic Erie, or Ontario's meads,  
 Where Nature revels most, may build a Fane  
 To Science sacred ; snatch the murderous knife

From the grim savage, tame his stubborn heart  
 With arts and manners mild, and gently bind  
 In true Religion's golden bands the States  
 Of lawless, hapless wanderers, There may rise  
 Another Oxford on the Atlantic shores,  
 Still fond, a thousand ages hence, to chaunt  
 Some future hero born of Brunswick's line."

The vision of the versifier might have been realized years ago with ease if at the outset of the Province of Upper Canada it had entered into the minds of a few leading individuals to devise some comprehensive plan for bringing about such a result. Lands in any quantity were then to be had for the asking, and for any number of future colleges and universities endowments could have been secured to which there would have been demur in no quarter, and with which there would never have been any meddling. Had the idea been suggested to him, what a bagatelle it might have seemed to the Hon. Peter Russell, for example, to have willed or donated for educational purposes that portion of "Ontario's meads" known as the Peterfield farm lot adjacent to the town plot of York, and what a respectable source of income for the sustentation of a university might that one gift alone have become by this time. (A like regretful remark is obvious to be made in regard to ecclesiastical as well as educational endowments. How much better off, so far as worldly wealth derived from lands is concerned, would the Anglican communion in Ontario probably, have been to-day had its reliance from the outset been, not on the State, but on the liberality and goodwill of individuals : while the amount of heart-burning and strife which the community at large would have been spared is incalculable.) I have written the foregoing with some compunction, for time was when these matters were not so clear to me ; and I may then have given expression to sentiments seeming to favor different theories. So far as my slight influence extended I certainly urged forward by pen and word of mouth the putting of King's College in actual operation in 1842. I was then yet fresh from one of the old universities, where I had found the life wonderfully in harmony with my tastes, and I was overjoyed at the thought of seeing it set up here, at all events in some degree. It was this that weighed with me at the time more than the particular system proposed to be adopted in the new institution. With regard to that, I had even then, so far as I had any competency to judge of such a matter, great misgivings as to its judiciousness and practicability. During the whole of my stay in Cambridge, an agitation had been going on in regard to university reform and educational reform generally, involving the very questions which the charter of King's College brought up here in our Canadian community ; and my mind had been considerably affected by the discussions to which one could not be deaf. Prime leaders on the spot in this movement were Adam Sedgwick, Airy, Connop Thirlwall, Henslow, Whewell, Bowstead, Peacock, Romilly, Smythe, Lee, Hind, et al., all of them familiar figures in the streets, in the senate house, and on the platform at public meetings occasionally ; and all were regarded as of the heroic class in the university, not alone on account of their distinguished ability, but also because it was understood that their views and proceedings were rather frowned upon by the "Heads," the highest authorities of the place, two of whom, however, the Masters of Caius and Corpus, Drs. Davy and Lamb, had gone over. The utterances of these men of renown, though at first heard with prejudice and inadequately apprehended, yet began soon to fascinate ; so at least it happened in my case, in an obscure and quiet way. At the same time the famous, or as some styled it, notorious Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, set up by Lord Brougham and Lord John Russell, was beginning to put its publications in circulation, all of them having a tone and drift similar to those of the educational reformers ; as likewise had the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, issuing from the press of Charles Knight, with other important books, biographies and so



on, published by him. Being cheap these were all accessible, even to those whose means were small; and I bestowed on them more time than probably it was prudent to devote to such literature, when the claims of other studies were so urgent; but I can see now in the retrospect that here was an element in the curious compound of elements which went to shape one's views and principles, exceedingly influential, and not unprofitable in the aftertime; helping one to discern what was and what was not possible to be transplanted with prospect of permanence to communities such as ours; and leading one to entertain, even then, however vaguely and dimly—

——“The golden dream  
Of knowledge fusing class with class,  
Of Civic Strife no more to be,  
Of Love to leaven all the mass  
Till every soul be free.”

It was chiefly through elation at the near prospect of seeing some of the old University life introduced here, that I cordially went in for putting King's College in operation, and took my place in that memorable, but as the issue proved, very illusory pageant, which formed in front of Upper Canada College on St. George's Day, 1842, and then, with colors flying and bands playing, moved forward out on to King street and deployed round by Simcoe street, up to Queen street, and so on up through the whole length of the College Avenue, and some way further northward, to where in the College Park an amphitheatre of seats had been erected, and a large assemblage had gathered together round the exact spot where the corner stone was to be laid. The sky was cloudless and the young horse-chestnut trees, then mere saplings, were bursting into tender leaf along the whole route, under the influence of an unusually early spring. In the procession was the Governor-General of the day, Sir Charles Bagot himself, marching on foot with the rest, having journeyed from Kingston to Toronto expressly for the purpose of laying the corner stone; a noble presence, coming well up to preconceived ideas of a statesman and courtier who had played a conspicuous part on the wide European stage, representing Great Britain at St. Petersburg, at Paris, and at the Hague, on important occasions. It is probable if Lord Sydenham had survived he would not have permitted the proposed Upper Canadian University to be started under its original charter in any shape, but would still have held the institution in abeyance for a few years longer, and then have insisted on its being a reproduction of the London University, as it afterwards became virtually. But Sir Charles Bagot was a man of old-fashioned public school and university predilections, and readily assented to the commencement of the long-contemplated college, on the lines of the charter as modified by local statute. Lord Metcalfe also, Sir Charles' successor within a year or so, who, though not a university man, was a worthy Etonian, heartily supported the scheme.

Until the new edifice should be ready for occupation the work of King's College began in the Parliament Buildings, which, at the time, under the Union Act of 1840, were not wanted. It was at one time proposed to utilize the buildings of Upper Canada College for university purposes, and to make that institution develop out into the university proper, of which it had been the temporary substitute and precursor. This was an idea favoured, I think, by Dr. M'Caul, who had been appointed the virtual head of the new institution, and who, as head of Upper Canada College, had already pushed forward the studies pursued in its higher forms quite into the university region. The suggestion, however, was not adopted, and the Parliament Buildings were fitted up for university purposes at considerable cost. The Chamber of the Lower House became a Convocation Hall, provided with a dais and a boldly designed row of chairs of state for the president and professors, while the Chamber of the Upper House, the present Parliamentary library, was transformed into a handsome chapel, with stalls in black walnut on three of its sides, and descending seats running longitudinally, as in the collegiate chapels in Cambridge and Oxford; at

the south side an altar was railed off in the usual way, having above it an oil painting rather finely conceived, showing a cluster of dense clouds with a vista through them, as when, to use the Laureate's version of Homer's words—

“The immeasurable heavens  
Break open to their highest, and the stars  
Shine.”

Behind the two great chambers of the centre building, the president, Dr. M'Caul, the Divinity professor, Dr. Beaven, and the professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, Mr. Potter, had their lecture rooms, and Dr. Boys, Bursar and Registrar, his office, for a time at least. Here was also an apartment fitted up for the reception of a modest collection of books, chiefly theological, presented years previously by well-disposed persons in England. In the west wing was the laboratory of the professor of Chemistry, Mr. Croft, and a lecture-room for the Medical professors, Drs. Gwynne, King, Herrick, Beaumont and Nicol, and the Anatomical Demonstrator, Dr. Henry Sullivan. The east wing could not be made use of for educational purposes, as it was occupied at the time temporarily by an overflow from the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, giving rise, of course, now and then, to a variety of facetious observations, and rejoinders: “Great wit to madness nearly is allied,” “Lunatic escaped from the adjoining asylum,” etc.

Set at liberty by his translation from the headship of Upper Canada College to the headship of the new institution, Dr. M'Caul at once found scope for the fruitful employment of his vast stores of high scholarship and other accomplishments; and many a receptive mind began to share in his enthusiasm for the Greek and Roman poets, orators, historians and philosophers, and occasions arose more frequently for the exercise of his happy gift of eloquence, which, as it used to be thought, was after the type of Burke, and marked by erudition, felicity of illustration, and chasteness. His inaugural address as president was a comprehensive survey, in masterly style, of what a university course should embrace: it will always repay perusal. In his capacity as professor, Dr. M'Caul undertook the congenial subjects of Rhetoric, Belles Lettres and Logic, in addition to “Classics.” His eminence in Greek and Latin Epigraphy became more pronounced at a later period, when questions relating to the decipherment of difficult Greek and Roman inscriptions were frequently referred to him from abroad for decision, his thorough acquaintance with the minutiae of classical custom and idiom enabling him often to make a masterly conjecture which would never have occurred to an epigraphist less versed in such niceties. His book, entitled “Britanno-Roman Inscriptions, with Critical Notes,” was printed in Toronto in 1873, and quickly became an authority on the other side of the Atlantic. To Dr. M'Caul is due the beautiful device on the prize medals of the University: Victory descending, surrounded by the Euripidean legend, “Μὴ λήγοι στεφανόυσα,” as also the graceful Horatian motto, “Dulce Lenimen,” that used to be seen over a lyre on cards issued by an amateur musical association at Toronto, for it is to be added that in him also every class of scientific music found an ardent patron and practical promoter. The terse inscription under the Russian guns in the Park is also his: “Victoria Regina E Spoliis Qvae Britannii Gallique Conivincti Sebastopoli Expvgnata Victores Cepervnt Torontonensibvs D.D. A.D. MDCCCLIX”—Latin a Tacitus would approve.

The Rev. Dr. Beaven, Professor of Divinity while the Royal Charter was in force, and afterwards Professor of Metaphysics and Ethics, was a graduate of Oxford, and in very many points a typical representative of that university; an accomplished, patristic theologian, skilled in ecclesiastical music and architecture; an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, and a master of pure English of the modern lucid Oxford style; before his arrival widely known as an authority on the Catechetical method of instruction; an able interpreter of Irenæus, and a divine who had broken a lance not unworthily with Isaac Taylor, of Ongar, in relation to that writer's



work on Primitive Christianity. Here in Canada the rev. professor made his mark far and wide in the community, not merely by the accuracy and extent of his knowledge in his special departments, but by virtue likewise of his individual personality, characterized as it was by a sterling simplicity; a rare guilelessness in every word and act. While here Dr. Beaven also published an edition of the "De Natura Deorum" of Cicero and a work entitled "Recreations of a Long Vacation," containing much information in regard to Canadian life and the condition and customs of our modern Indians. Dr. Beaven died at Niagara some years since, and it is to be regretted that the spot in St. Mark's churchyard in that town where his remains were deposited is so inadequately marked.

The professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy was Richard Potter, a typical Cambridge man, a late fellow of Queen's and intimate friend of Philip Kelland, the distinguished Edinburgh professor, also a fellow of Queen's; a well-proportioned, blond-complexioned Englishman, with smoothly shaven face, but flowing locks of light-coloured hair; of few words, but these rapid and incisive, and uttered in a high key, with a touch of the north country in them. He very happily carried on the Cambridge mathematical traditions in respect of style, parlance and text books, already familiar to a large circle of Canadian youth through admirable initiation at the hands of Mr. Dade, first Mathematical Master at Upper Canada College, who was another fellow of a college at Cambridge, namely Caius. The early preponderance of Cambridge traditions in Classics and Mathematics in these parts is remarkable. Dr. Harris, the first Principal of Upper Canada College, was of that university, as were also Dr. Phillips and Mr. Mathews. It may be said even that the traditions introduced by Dr. M'Caul himself were those of Cambridge likewise, for Trinity College, Dublin, was a *colonia deducta* from Cambridge, and its statutes and customs were essentially those of Trinity College in that University. Mr. Potter, it may be added, was afterwards a professor in the University of London.

Professor Croft, whose subjects were Chemistry and Experimental Philosophy, was an enthusiast in his department, and very many of the Western Canadians, who afterwards became adepts in minute scientific investigation, dated their first acquaintance with such matters—complete novelties to the generality in Canada at the time—from their attendance on his lectures. Though thoroughly English at heart, Professor Croft was to all intents and purposes German, having, at the University of Berlin, become learned in all the wisdom of that people, and as much at home in their language as a native. Soon after his arrival here, he identified himself with the country by marrying the granddaughter of Major-General Æneas Shaw, of Oakhill, whose name is honourably distinguished in the early annals of Western Canada. During the Fenian trouble in 1866, Professor Croft was one of the officers in command of the University Volunteer Corps who went to the front. He was one of the earliest students of our Canadian Mineral Springs, on which and many other favorite topics, papers of his were printed in the "Canadian Journal of Science, Literature and History." After his retirement, he removed with his family to California, where he died only a few years since. A striking likeness in oil, preserved at the University, perpetuates the memory of the Professor's very striking physique.

Under the direction of such men the work of King's College began and was carried on at first, as we have seen, in the Parliament Buildings, and afterwards in the structure at the head of College Avenue, whither the professors and their classes were transferred in due time, together with the costly fittings which had been provided. The building now taken possession of, was itself arranged within only after a temporary fashion, as it was but a fractional part of a vast group expected sometime to cover sporadically the whole of the park; its ultimate destination being quarters for students. Dr. Beaven was put in charge of the new establishment and its permanent residents, as Dean. For the accommodation of

the medical department a separate "School" was erected some distance to the west.

For six years and a half the work of tuition went on with considerable success. Students to the number of three hundred attended lectures; seventy-five degrees of various kinds were conferred, and a number of well-grounded scholars were sent forth into the Canadian world, one of these being the late Hon. Adam Crooks, Minister of Public Instruction.

On the 1st of January, 1850, King's College passed off the scene when "12 Victoria, chap. 28" came into force. The Legislature, in all its proceedings, took pains to show that its action by no means indicated a wish to discourage the propagation of religious influences in the Canadian community, but was simply a candid avowal of the fact that a necessity had come upon it to confine itself henceforward to its secular duties and to leave the propagation of such influences to the organizations which existed expressly for the purpose, giving them every facility for the exercise of their function. Cavour's famous dictum was in effect "a free Christianity in a free State," and this already had been affirmed as a principle by the Legislature in Western Canada when the long-vexed question of ecclesiastical endowment was settled. The Act of 1849 was just a rounding off of the policy then adopted. A university as a department of State on the basis proposed in the original charter of King's College had become an anachronism. In communities such as ours had developed into, politically and socially, such an institution could not be upheld. The preamble of the Act just referred to set forth the conviction of the Legislature that "a university for the advancement of learning in that division of the province called Upper Canada, established upon principles calculated to conciliate the confidence and ensure the support of all classes and denominations of Her Majesty's subjects, would, under the blessing of Divine Providence, encourage the pursuit of Literature, Science and Art, and thereby greatly tend to promote the best interests, religious, moral and intellectual, of the people at large"; and clause thirty-four of the same Act provided that "every facility should be given for the religious instruction of the students by their respective ministers or religious teachers."

Surely non sine Numine do such revolutions in the intellectual and moral world occur, as those through which Canada, in common with other countries, has been called to pass. They are, as we may reasonably believe, and as human experience in the past goes to prove, movements of the wheels within wheels whereon human progress advances, and which work together for the general good in the ultimate issue. As Guicciardini has put it (Max. 125): "The things of this world stand not still: rather they are always making towards that path towards which by their nature they must necessarily go; yet they often tarry longer than thou thinkest; because we measure them by our Life, which is short, and not according to their Time, which is long; and therefore their steps be slower than ours be; and so slow by their nature that, though they move, we are not aware of their motion; and for this reason the judgments which we make are often false."

By way of conclusion this may be said: if the present University College, Toronto, which is the concrete presentment of the somewhat abstract entity, the University of Toronto, had never passed through that preliminary stage of being, to which I have been adverting in this paper; if it had never undergone its brief transitory avatar as King's College, it is quite possible that the Genius loci which now "breathes enchantment" all around it might not at this moment have been so prepossessing; internally in its economy, and externally in its form, it might have presented fewer of those many points of resemblance to one of the grand old colleges of Great Britain or Ireland, which it does to-day, which beget so much pride and affection in its alumni and British Canadians generally, and render it altogether, as an edifice and an institution, a sight always recalled by visitors from a distance with especial pleasure.

HENRY SCADDING,



## THE PIPES OF PAN.

Ring'd with the flocking of hills, within shepherding watch of Olympus,  
 Tempe, vale of the gods, lies in green quiet withdrawn.  
 Tempe, vale of the gods, deep-couch'd amid woodland and woodland,  
 Threaded with amber of brooks, mirrored in azure of pools,  
 All day drows'd with the sun, charm-drunken with moonlight at mid-  
 night,

Walled from the world forever under a vapor of dreams,—  
 Hid by the shadows of dreams, not found by the curious footstep,  
 Sacred and secret forever. Tempe, vale of the gods!

How thro' the cleft of its bosom, goes sweetly the water Peneüs!  
 How by Peneüs the sward breaks into saffron and blue!  
 How the long, slope-floored beach-glades mount to the wind wakened  
 uplands,

Where thro' flame-berried ash troop the hoofed centaurs at morn!  
 Nowhere greens a copse but the eye-beams of Artemis pierce it.  
 Breathes no laurel her balm, but Phœbus' fingers caress.  
 Springs no bed of wild blossom, but limbs of Dryad have pressed it.  
 Sparkle the nymphs, and the brooks chime with shy laughter and calls.

Here is a nook. Two rivulets fall to mix with Peneüs,  
 Loiter a space, and sleep, checked and choked by the reeds.  
 Long grass waves in the windless water, strown with the lote-leaf;  
 Twist through dripping soil great alder-roots, and the air  
 Grooms with dripping tangle of leaf-thick branches, and stillness  
 Keeps in the strange-coiled stems, ferns and wet-loving weeds.

Hither comes Pan, to this pregnant earthy spot, when his piping  
 Flags, and his pipes out-worn breaking and casting away,  
 Fits new reeds to his mouth with the wierd earth-melody in them,  
 Piercing, alive with a life able to mix with the god's.  
 Then as he blows, and the searching sequence delights him, the goat-  
 feet

Furtive withdraw; and a bird stirs and flutes in the gloom  
 Answering; float with the stream the out-worn pipes, with a whisper,  
 "What the god breathes on, the god never can wholly evade!"  
 God-breath lurks in each fragment forever. Dispersed by Peneüs,  
 Wandering, caught in the ripples, wind blown hither and there,  
 Over the whole green earth and globe of sea they are scattered,  
 Coming to secret spots, where in a visible form  
 Comes not the god,—though he comes declared in his workings! And  
 mortals

Straying in cool of morn, or bodeful hasting at eve.  
 Or, in the depth of noon-day, p'unged to shadiest coverts,  
 Spy them, and set to their lips, blow, and fling them away.

Ay, they cast them away,—but never wholly. Thereafter  
 Creeps strange fire in their veins, speak strange tongues in their brain,  
 Sweetly evasive; a secret madness takes them: a charm-struck  
 Passion for woods and wild life, the solitude of the hills.  
 Therefore they fly the heedless throngs and traffic of cities;  
 Haunt mossed caverns, and wells bubbling ice-cool; and their sou's  
 Gather a magical gleam of the secret of earth, and the god's voice  
 Calls to them, not from afar, teaching them wonderful things.

King's College, Windsor.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

## A SPRING PARABLE.

The Spirit of the Woods mourned over the dying herbage and  
 the fading verdure that betokened the coming reign of a great  
 Destroyer. She wept over the swift departure of the rich hues of  
 gold and crimson and amber, that had seemed to crown the wood-  
 land with an aureole of glory, just before this mournful darkening  
 of her hopes. Her tears, as they fell, were caught and crystallised  
 by the frost-spirit into an exquisite sparkling hoar-frost, which at  
 least beautified the desolation, though it could not retard it. Day  
 by day, as the wind blew and the rain fell, the dying leaves dropped  
 off the trees and sank sodden at their feet. The last flowers that

had struggled to bloom, drooped limp and blackened under the  
 tread of the frost-spirit, and as she looked sadly over her desolated  
 and disfigured realm, but lately so smiling and beautiful, the Spirit  
 of the Woods could see nothing to console her. But while she sat  
 disconsolate among the brown and sere remains of what had been  
 rich masses of verdure,—lo! there glided softly up to her, the beau-  
 tiful, clear-eyed Spirit of Hope, and whispered, in sweetest tones,  
 that before long there would appear a great and powerful Restorer,  
 stronger even than the destroying power who had wrought such  
 evil and havoc; and that this Restoring spirit would bring back to  
 her desolated realm a new and fairer beauty that would make her  
 forget what she had lost.

So the Spirit of the Woods waited, watching always for the pro-  
 mised approach of this wonder-working Power. One night there  
 arose the loud wailing of a great and mighty wind, and as it rushed  
 through the leafless arches of the forest, bending and swaying  
 mighty trunks and branches, and—as it seemed—driving everything  
 before its resistless strength, the expectant Spirit looked to see  
 whether this might prove to be the mighty power of which so much  
 had been promised. But its strength seemed only for destruction,  
 as it uprooted even large trees, that were not very securely estab-  
 lished in the ground, and snapped asunder with a loud crash some  
 stout trunks, while it ground and crushed the tender twigs, and  
 left the forest as bare and unlovely as before.

The Spirit waited a while longer, sad at heart, for her children,  
 yet hoping for the wonderful Restorer that was to come and do so  
 much more than she now could believe possible. But she had faith  
 in the Promiser, Hope, and where she could not see she trusted.  
 One clear night, when everything was very still, something told  
 her of the presence of a great and terrible Power. The swiftly  
 rushing water, that nothing could hold back, became suddenly still  
 and lifeless, then solid and dark like a piece of dead matter. The  
 soft brown earth became hard and rugged like iron. No one could  
 ever have imagined her the gentle mother of so many living things.  
 "This is a power even mightier than the wind," thought the Spirit.  
 "The wind could only lash and toss the water into a rage. This  
 holds it in chains and fetters. But this also is the power of Death,  
 not of Life, and Death reigns ever, and ever seems more hideous."  
 And the Spirit sighed, but patiently watched and waited still.

By-and-bye, without a sound, or the rustling of a leaf, a strange,  
 soft, white, feathery mist descended on all the scarred and black-  
 ened forests. Before long, it had enshrouded them in a strange,  
 unearthly, though beautiful garment, that seemed to be an ethereal-  
 ized semblance of what it had been in its summer bloom. Tenderly  
 the Spirit of the Snow wrapped its soft, fleecy drapery about the  
 bare, brown branches, till each spray and twig seemed to stand out  
 in a lovely tracery of the purest white, which, when the sun shone  
 out, glittered with a more dazzling lustre than pearls and diamonds.  
 The Spirit looked and wondered whether indeed this could be the  
 new restoration of beauty that had been promised, but she shivered  
 as she thought that, though beautiful, it was cold and deathlike, and  
 that even its beauty was not the beauty of life but of death. And,  
 so thinking, the Spirit yielded to the spell that seemed to have  
 come over all things, and fell asleep.

When she awoke, it seemed to her that she had been aroused  
 by a kiss so soft and warm that it sent a thrill through all her be-  
 ing. As she looked up, she forgot even to think; so lost was she  
 in an encompassing exquisite sense of awakening life. The trees  
 still rose bare against the sky, but there was about them a magical  
 presentiment of quickened vitality, a faint feathering out of swell-  
 ing buds, which exhaled the most exquisite fragrance, an air as soft  
 as the down on the swan's breast. The ground was still brown,  
 and strewn with sodden leaves, but the "unbound earth" shed  
 forth a moist, sweet odour, and myriads of tiny green shoots were  
 rising and unfurling themselves in every direction. And as the  
 delighted Spirit glanced at the foot of some grey rocks near, she  
 started in an ecstasy, for there grew a cluster of lovely snowy

cups, gleaming like stars out of a nest of deep green leaves. And she recognized them as the legacy left by the departed Spirit of the Snow, to show the purifying effect of its temporary sway. And as she raised her delighted eyes to the woodland around her, she saw it studded with snow-white plumes, as if the wreaths of snow were still clinging to the brown shrubs, only this was living snow, and had the fragrance and the tenderness of opening life, blended with the dazzling purity of what had been the inanimate and soul-less snow.

Everywhere that the rejoicing spirit looked, her eye was gladdened by bursting buds and opening flowers, nearly all of the same dazzling purity, though, here and there, their fair whiteness was just tinted by some exquisitely delicate colouring, and occasionally a deep blood-red blossom reminded her of the beautiful but sad glory of the time of death and destruction that had brought upon her so much sorrow and despair. But now the air was full of an undying hope; the sun shone through some magic medium of soft sympathetic power, that made its warm kiss a very touch of life, the music of a thousand silvery streamlets filled the air, and the song-birds, which had fled before the reign of destruction, were carolling joyously from every bough; and the Spirit of the Woods exclaimed: "Now I know that the power of Love and Life is forever stronger than the dead force of death and destruction."

Kingston.

FIDELIS.

## FULFILMENT.

*"—and they seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her."*

He watched the cattle, ring-straked, speckled, white;  
Drove them from cote to pastures green and rank,  
Where the clear runnels sparkle from the rock,  
All through the yellow hotness of the day.  
At night he brought them to the fold again,  
And on the open hills afar, he saw,  
Across dim plains, the sun die swiftly down  
And the swift Dark shut him up fast with God.  
Beside the flock upon the ground he lay:  
But e'er he slept he prayed the wonted prayer,  
"God of my fathers, guard my love this night,  
Shield her and keep her till the morn appear."  
And drew long breaths from toil-faint, wearied chest,  
And mused in resting—

"Now 'tis past, this day.  
And was it long and hot? I know not now.  
This one blest day brings me more near to her,  
Nearer and ever nearer."

And he slept,  
His last thoughts passing into dreams of her.

At early dawn the flock began to stray,  
And waked him to renewing of his toil,  
To drive, to guide, to track o'er devious ways  
Of mountain paths, the wandering, silly sheep:  
The day was often hot and long the road,  
But then the thought came, "'Tis for her, for her."  
Like some sweet echo ringing in the brain;  
And rough and long the way appeared no more.

And all day long the small birds sang her name.  
The fair, wild prowler in the swaying grass,  
Had her light step. The little mountain spring  
That gurgled clear and cold, the whole day through,  
In happy trebles to the praise of God,  
Was Rachel's voice. Was she indeed afar,  
In those brown huts, low-pitched against the sky,  
Beside the spreading palm-trees of the well?  
Was she not with him as he moved or stood?  
The aromatic thicket of wild spice,  
On fire with scarlet flowers, through and through,

Seemed Rachel's presence breathed upon the air.  
The blue transparence of clear skies at morn,  
Was round him like her young life's purity.  
And the dark mirror of the mountain pool  
Was Rachel's soul to him in depth and peace.

And all his many happy thoughts of her  
Nourished his soul's strength, steeling him to toil,  
To patient toiling to be worthy of her.  
Did seasons wane? did winter change to spring  
When time passed sweetly as a happy dream?

And now that it was gone, could it have been  
The full told tale of seven waiting years,  
Since first he stood beside the desert well,  
The great stone on its mouth, and all the flocks  
Of the three shepherds lying there till she,  
The daughter and the shepherdess, should come?  
'Twas but as yesterday he raised his eyes  
And saw his one love coming straight to him  
Across the white glare of the sands at noon,  
The desert girl, free as the desert wind.  
Strangely he thinks she did not then seem fair.  
He saw not then as now he knows by heart,  
Her every loveliness; and knowing loves  
The fairness of the dove's eyes in the locks,  
The warm flush striking through the soft brown skin,  
Tender and fleckless as the white grape's peel,  
The darkling glories of the flowing hair,  
The archness and the sweetness of the lips,  
Red as the clefting of a pomegranate;  
The smile that ravished ere he was aware,  
The voice like music, ever grown more dear,  
In every cadence. This alone he knew  
"Without this woman, life is naught to me."  
And rolled away the stone in courteous haste  
And served his maiden, lowly, as was meet.

At last has come the time for his reward.  
Suffering and heat and cold and weariness  
Were overpast, as they had never been.  
Through all these years his love had been but his.  
He only knows he holds her in his arms,  
And feels her warm heart beat against his own;  
And in the deep eyes smiling up to his,  
Tender through tears, he reads with wordless joy,  
The full "I love you" of the chosen wife.

BOHEMIEN.

## A CREDO FOR ALL.

Among the many useful things done by Ruskin there is one that ought to be more widely known. In a very quiet part of the smoky manufacturing town of Sheffield, up on a steep hill-side where few carts or carriages climb, there is a plain little house with an entrance through a small conservatory, and an exit into a little garden behind. Under this modest shelter is a treasury of objects of art, a collection begun by Ruskin for the use of the Guild of St. George, which was organized by him a few years ago, and the objects of which are set forth in his "Fors Clavigera," Letter 27. Meantime I quote his words from another source, as better suiting the present purpose: "This Guild was originally founded with the intention of showing how much food-producing land might be recovered by well-applied labor from the barren or well-neglected districts of nominally cultivated countries. With this primary aim, two ultimate objects of wider range were connected; the leading one, to show what tone and degree of refined cultivation could be given to persons maintaining themselves by agricultural labor; and the last, to convince some portion of the upper classes of society that such



occupation was more honorable and consistent with higher thoughts and nobler pleasures than their at present favorite profession of war ; and that the course of social movement must ultimately compel many to adopt it." Further on he says : " The promise to be honest, industrious, and helpful (that is to say, in the broadest sense charitable), is required from all persons entering the Guild, and as, on the one hand, I trust that the prejudices of sectarian religion may turn aside from us none who have learned in their hearts that " Christ is all and in all," so, on the other hand, I trust that the cause of true religion may be, even yet by modern sciolists, so far identified with that of useful learning, as to justify me in taking the 'first article of the Apostle's Creed for the beginning, the bond, and the end of our own." This Guild Creed is the following, and I leave readers to judge whether, among the useful and beautiful things Ruskin has made, this ought not to be one of the last forgotten, and, what is still more needed, to judge whether in creeds or articles there can be found very much that is better to believe and practise :

" I. I trust in the Living God, Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things and creatures visible and invisible. I trust in the kindness of His law and the goodness of His work, and I will strive to love Him, and keep His law, and see His work while I live.

" II. I trust in the nobleness of human nature, in the majesty of its faculties, the fulness of its mercy, and the joy of its love. And I will strive to love my neighbour as myself, and, even if I cannot, will act as if I did.

" III. I will labor, with such strength and opportunity as God gives me, for my own daily bread ; and all that my hand finds to do, I will do with my might.

" IV. I will not deceive, or cause to be deceived, any human being for my gain or pleasure ; nor hurt, or cause to be hurt, any human being for my gain or pleasure ; nor rob, or cause to be robbed, any human being for my gain or pleasure.

" V. I will not kill or hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing, but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all natural beauty, upon the earth.

" VI. I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into higher powers of duty and happiness ; not in rivalry or contention with others, but for the help, delight, and honor of others, and for the joy and peace of my own life.

" VII. I will obey all the laws of my own country faithfully ; and the orders of its monarch, and of all persons appointed to be in authority under its monarch, so far as such laws or commands are consistent with what I suppose to be the law of God ; and when they are not, or seem in anywise to need change, I will oppose them loyally and deliberately, not with malicious, concealed, or disorderly violence.

" VIII. And with the same faithfulness, and under the limits of the same obedience . . . I will obey the laws of the Society called of St. George," etc., etc.

KUKUK.

#### A BETTER ARRANGEMENT.

Surely Providence might have arranged our human knowledge on a far more comfortable plan. For instance, it might have been consistent, unbroken, to its utmost circumference, by any crevices and gaps of nothingness. Why isn't our old craft, small as it is, at least well-caulked and mystery-tight ? We're floating in an ocean of mystery on a paltry raft that's leaking all over. To those who don't take the precaution of flooring the whole range of their knowledge with that most impenetrable of substances, intellectual indifference, life is a continual series of catastrophes. Have you ever tried to cross a raft of loose logs ? Strain every nerve as you may,

and splutter and fume unceasingly, down you go at almost every step to the knee and hip and at times almost inextricably lost in a confusion of logs and drowned in the mysterious liquid beneath. And so it is with every day to the intellectually acute. The simple operation of waking, for instance, cannot be performed without plunging perilously deep into mystery. What is sleep, that state out of which we have come ? What is the substance in those phantoms that moved with seeming life in the strange scenery of my dreams ? What have I to do with them ? What is my soul doing in this strange interval in waking activity ? What a mad spectacle is this of the millions of bodies lying down in their weariness, warm and living, and yet abandoned by the souls !

The pilots on the Mississippi steamboats could regularly run their boats up against the shore, tie them there, leave them to the engineer and crew to be victualled, and then go ashore for a loaf round and a spree. They could take short excursions through the scenery of the neighborhood, associate with other chance pilots and land-lubbers and hold improving dialogues on religion, politics and the universe in general. Altogether, they had a most enjoyable time and returned to the boat well-primed for the next short stretch towards the ocean. Now, though I'm a pilot, too, downstream to the ocean, I can't, for the life of me, recollect what I do and where I go during these periodical stoppages. Boozy recollections, muddled reminiscences are all that remain of the high old time I must have been having somewhere.

Well, here we've stumbled into a very bottomless-pit of mystery. And we thread our way through the day in the midst of intricate multitudes of similar pits, guided mostly by a blessed blindness. So I think a more comfortable arrangement by Providence would have been to have given us a good unbroken area of certain knowledge in which to disport ourselves, with no fear of these black mystery-pits.

To change the figure, every branch of knowledge resembles a tiny rope pendant over bottomless abysses. Down we go, hand over hand, till soon we find ourselves hanging suspended with a loosening grasp, over infinite nothingness. At such times a horror, exquisite beyond parallel, seizes upon the mind and produces an absolute paralysis of thought.

R. BALMER.

#### IN JUNE.

How sweet to lie in soft recumbent ease,  
Upon the moss-clad brink of some pure stream,  
While listless zephyrs lurk among the trees  
And rude reality becomes a dream !  
The brow is fanned with fragrant breath of flowers  
That bloom in sun-bathed mellowness of air ;  
The bees hum, drowsily, away the hours,  
No longer burdened with the weight of care ;  
Across the limpid vastness of the sky,  
With scarce a cloud to fleck th' unfathomed blue,  
In lazy languor roams the musing eye,  
And Thought itself is tinged with Fancy's hue ;  
The distant murmurs, o'er the meadows borne,  
Like purling music, steal into the ear,  
The birds hie homeward to their mates forlorn,  
That warble welcome with a note sincere ;  
The downward sun his ruddy splendour sheds,  
And gilds in glory all the radiant West ;  
The folding flowers now droop their gentle heads,  
And all the world sinks, peacefully, to rest ;  
The tall pines cast a dim, uncertain shade,  
The stars ascend and deck the deep'ning sky ;  
The robe of darkness o'er fair Nature's laid  
And pensive Night now hymns her lullaby.

J. HAMPDEN BURNHAM.



## OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

To be thoroughly satisfied with ourselves and our doings is very seldom a proof of excellence. Those who are aiming at the highest standards are usually most conscious of their short-comings. Those who come nearest to their ideal are most sensitive to their deflections. These are probably trite and commonplace remarks, yet we doubt whether they are as much considered as they ought to be. Let us give some heed to one application of these platitudes. Undoubtedly, we Canadians are, as a rule, very well satisfied with our public educational system. Speak to a Canadian on some points of difference between "the old country" and this its energetic child, and he will answer with hesitation, with doubt; perhaps he will even confess that in some respects he is behind his European parent or brother. But turn the conversation to the subject of education, and the cloud passes away, his countenance is radiant with self complacency, for here at least there can be no difference of opinion; our educational system is of supreme excellence. So most of us believe. Are we right in so believing? Is not our education susceptible of improvement? Is it not burdened with serious faults? However unpalatable such questions may be, they should not be ignored.

Now, it is certain that there is one considerable class among us who are not perfectly satisfied with the condition of educational affairs. We mean the professors in our colleges and the masters in our public schools and high schools. The masters in our elementary and preparatory schools complain that they are *forced* to cram the children rather than educate them. In other words they are forced to prepare them for examination more than for the business of life. They say—or many of them do—that the children have to be stuffed full of a number of things which can be held together until the examination is past, and which are then forgotten as quickly as possible. It is clear, that in such cases, there is no real *education*. A certain amount of information (more or less) may be retained, but there is no real discipline of the mind.

Quite recently complaints have appeared of the amount of copying which took place at an examination of pupil teachers. Not a year ago a person acting as a teacher in a public school was dismissed from a University examination for systematic and continuous copying. What do these things mean? One thing we quite believe that they mean, namely, that the nature of the examination was such as to facilitate—perhaps even almost to necessitate—this method of answering the questions. Is our method of examination satisfactory? Are our requirements reasonable?

With respect to our method of examination, it appears to the present writer that it is susceptible of improvement. It seems to be too stiff and technical, requiring too much dependence on mere memory. In saying this, it is not forgotten that all examinations must be more or less of this character. It is impossible to do away with examinations, however unsatisfactory we may think them; and so long as they exist they will tax the memory. Can nothing be done to make them increasingly a test of real intelligence and cultivation, and not merely a means of discovering how much a candidate can cram? Would not the introduction of *viva voce*, as at least supplementary to the written examinations, be some help towards this end?

Then, again, are those who are best acquainted with the results of our teaching quite satisfied with the subjects of our examinations? Are they not too numerous, much too numerous? At least they have very greatly increased of late years. If we compare the requirements of our modern universities with those of fifty years ago, we shall be startled at the change which has taken place. The London University has been the chief offender in this respect, if offence it be. It is appalling to contemplate the list of subjects that it requires of its matriculants and graduates. And the universities of this country have been profoundly affected by this influence. And the disease spreads. When one university has put forth

a capacious list of requirements, the others dare not lag behind. Anxious parents who know very little of education judge of the quality of a university very much as a novice does of the quality of a *table d'hôte*, by the number of dishes in the bill of fare. Does this constitute education? Does it help towards education? We greatly doubt it. The actual things that a boy or a young man learns at school or at college are seldom of much use to him in after life. What is of use is the training, the mental discipline that he has gained in the course of his education. Of course, there are certain things which he has actually to learn, the orthography, etymology, and syntax of his own language, reading, writing, arithmetic, and some other things which are actually used in the business of life. But what he has chiefly to acquire, if his education is to be of any real use to him, is the habit of careful and accurate work, of exact thinking, the power of taking hold of a thing by its right end, so to speak, and of going through with it in a thoughtful, intelligent, and systematic manner. An old French writer remarks that we need few books in order to be learned, and still fewer in order to be wise. And we fancy that we may assert, in like manner, that the best educated man is not always the man who has studied most subjects.

It is not in Canada alone that the system of examination and the consequent system of cramming are being carried to injurious lengths. We hear of little children in England being stricken with brain fever in consequence of the amount of work they are required to get through for examinations. We hear of successful candidates for the Indian Civil Service being so worked out by the labors incident to preparation for their examinations that they are fit for nothing for a year or two after their election. But we are perhaps better contented with the state of things here than they are with theirs in the old country. At any rate remonstrances on this subject are not wanting in the leading English journals, but we do not remember to have seen such protest in any of our excellent educational publications in this country.

It may not unreasonably be required of the writer to mention the subjects that can be dispensed with in examinations at our schools and colleges. He admits beforehand the justice of the claim. But the answer would be too long. Moreover, it would involve a careful consideration of the various subjects of study in regard to their comparative value as means of education; there we might find ourselves at variance with popular opinion. Be that as it may, the task cannot be attempted here at present; and we venture to believe that even one who is not competent to attempt that task may yet do service to the cause of education by bringing to the notice of those who are more able than himself some of the real and pressing difficulties of our present mode of education.

Trinity College.

WILLIAM CLARK.

## OLD JOHN.

In the fall of '80 I went "up the line" with the paymaster on one of his monthly trips to pay the men on Section A of the Canadian Pacific Railway,—that is, from Prince Arthur's Landing, now Port Arthur, on Thunder Bay, to Eagle River. Thunder Bay is forty miles in length from the mountainous islands in the west to the long range that rolls around it in the east; and from the town you look across twenty-three miles to the Cape with the lighthouse nestling at its foot. Further than this, however, I shall make no attempt to describe the Bay, or to tell of the wild beauty of that rugged desolate land to the north of the greatest of the lakes. It is a country in which the student of geology knows no weariness in his long jaunts, his climbings and windings about the cliffs,

"Hammering and clinking, chattering stony names,  
Of shale and hornblende, rag and trap and tuff,  
Amygdaloid and trachyte."



But as for myself, I picked up a few agates and amethysts, and gave no thought to the presence of grey dolomites (weathering red), "pre-silurian what-d'ye-call-'ems," and the occurrence of interstratified trap beds; for as yet I knew not of Professor Chapman.

The power of a Bret Harte were needed,—power to which I, gentle reader, can of course lay no claim,—to paint the rude, large frontier life of the time. We will liken it to the advance of the sea upon a lonely coast; and though it has been said, with more or less of truth, that the first waves bear on but scum and floating ruff-raff, let us suppose that they have cast you and me down in Taché at nightfall. At this spot in the wilderness, nearly two hundred miles from Port Arthur, there is now, I have no doubt, a gathering of broken, weather-beaten log-cabins; but Taché, though nameless now, was then a noisy "camp" of three or four hundred men, for at that time the principal gravel pit was there, with its three steam shovels. But to our story.

Jack Harkness, the driver, had been telling me on the way up of the feats of Dave King and Freeman, who were achieving greatness as accomplished liars,—not a few of the men having devoted themselves to the art, as a relaxation from their toils in aiding to develop the railroad interests of the Dominion. I was to go to the Company's "store" in the evening, to witness the exploits of these *Arcades ambo*.

When we went into the store, we found a number of the men seated in various easy attitudes about the small stove; neither Dave King nor his rival had yet come in. The most remarkable figure in the assemblage was that of a tall, grizzly bearded man, known all along the line as Old John, who was smoking meditatively, with his chair tilted back between two barrels. He was yet a strong man, and though as coarsely clad as the men around him, he seemed a little above them; for age, which had made gaunt his powerful frame, had clothed him in some way with an uncouth sense of the dignity of labor. His wanderings had been as those of a second Ulysses, and he spoke at times with a humored melancholy. His sayings and doings were often unaccountable; but we will turn our attention to the small events in the store at Taché that night.

When Harkness, who had brought with him his dog "Brakesman"—so named from his owner's story that just before the accident to No. 5 at Sunshine, the dog, standing upon his hind feet, had made every effort to put on the brakes,—when Jack nodded furtively to me, I knew that the lanky, red-haired man, who was just seating himself on a soap-box, was Dave King. After some desultory talk about dogs, Harkness said, "Ever hear what Brakesman did when I was bringin' up the first load of iron last spring?"

Somebody said "No."

"Well, ye see, we were gettin' along pretty fast down grade this side of Savanne, 'n a box caught fire. Off jumps Brakesman, 'n when I looked to see what was up, he was runnin' along on three legs 'n' kickin' snow on' the burnin' box with the other."

"Good dog," said Dave King, patting his head; "got him frum Sandy McKenzie, didn't ye?"

"Yes," said Harkness. McKenzie lived down near the Landing.

King, slowly filling a short clay pipe, drawled out, "The pup ain't worth nothin' t'wut the old one wuz. D' I ever tell ye what she done when I wuz down at Sandy's one Sunday?"

Harkness said "No," and looked towards me. Old John tilted back farther between the barrels and yawned.

"I kem down t' see Sandy's pigs," said King, with an uneasy glance toward the barrels, "and there wuz nobody at home; all gone to church. Well, I knocked, 'n' that shepherd she kem out o' the shed 'n' looked at me a minute, 'n' then started off fer the barn. I follered her down, 'n' she went clear 'round to the back door that opens into the barn suller. She scratched 't the door, 'n' I opened it, 'n' she took me over to the further pen where them pigs wuz 'n' barked twice. Then she kem out 'n' took me up t' the shed, 'n' showed

me her litter er pups, 'n' barked three times. Done just 's well 's if Sandy had a' been thar himself!"

The narrator scratched a match and began to smoke.

"What did she bark for?" asked Harkness, after a pause.

"T' tell me the price of 'em," said King, looking scornfully at Freeman, a shuffling, hesitating little man, who had entered shortly before. "Pigs two dollars 'n' pups three dollars!"

Harkness was surprised into a profane exclamation indicative of great interest. Freeman, however, said easily,

"Shepherds is good dogs, but they ain't nothing to a dog I—"

"Look here, Freeman," broke in one of the men, "You kin know all 'bout Californy, 'n' minin', 'n' faro, 'n' Chinamen, 'n' mules, 'n' Injuns, 'n' stage-drivin', 'n' Dakoty wheat fields, but let Dave know a little 'bout dogs!"

Freeman was about to answer excitedly, when Old John, who had hitched his chair a little out of the shadow of the barrels, took the pipe from his mouth, and said quietly, with the air of merely carrying on the talk,

"I hed a dog out West thet I used t' send 'round t' do all my shoppin'. One day I gev him a ten dollar gold piece, 'n' told him t' git three pounds o' beefsteak 'n' a hand o' t'backer down at Riley's, 'n' take the change 'round t' Maguire's saloon 'n' pay up Maguire what I owed him."

A suppressed groan came from the red-haired liar.

"Wal, he got a fiver 'n' some change b'sides, 'n' what d'ye think he done with it?"

"Took it t' Maguire," said King, sarcastically, "'n' asked whut the 'count wuz, I s'pose."

"Naw," said Old John, with the manner of one whose thoughts are with the past. "Naw, he didn't. He jus' went an' hunted up deppity sheriff Jack Green, 'n' gev Jack a chew 'n' took one himseif, 'n' then showed up the bill. I'm dam if 'twuzn't counterfeit," the old man chuckled, "an' Jack Green nabbed the whole gang 'n' run in Riley 't the head of 'em!"

Dave King arose from his soap box and went out into the night, alone.

W. J. HEALY.

## THE BACON SHAKESPERE MYTH.

The predisposition to discover points of contact in the lives of illustrious men of the same era is a well-known source of error. On taking a bird's-eye view of any period, a few great names stand forth prominent, around these, as nuclei, do aggregate the various events that history deems worthy of record. If some thread of connection be found, it assists the mind to grasp the manifoldness of human existence—an unconscious reduction to the great chain of cause and effect. Then and then only does history seem intelligible when it can give the why and wherefore of the generation and growth of the characters regarded as typical of that stage of development. Such predisposition is strengthened by the charms that the marvellous has for us. The human mind never rests content with the tangible, but ever fancies that some sweet mystery lurking behind the face of things may be seen darkly as through a screen. Rarely do men penetrate to the holy of holies where truth enshrines her most sacred arcana, they are stopped at the very threshold; imagination must then fill in the blank.

It might have been supposed that the testimonies of his contemporaries, the circumstantial details of his life, the belief of succeeding generations, would, in spite of the obscurity that veils the true being of Shakespere from our longing gaze, have counteracted any tendency of this kind. But no, it is found that Shakespere's plays have that peculiar fascination of all things grand in themselves and therefore mysterious. Dazzled by the synchronous lustre of the two great lights of that and after ages, some have sought by uniting them to reduce their incomprehensibility, not aware that by their cure they make the difficulty incomparably greater.







Where led of Heaven, the strong tides come and go,  
And storm clouds, rent by thunderbolt and wind,  
Leave, free of mist, the permanent stars behind.

“Ἐν δέ.”

With one strong end in view,  
Your daily tasks pursue,—  
Let all your actions aim at one fixed goal;  
Stern duty ever heed,  
Go where her footsteps lead,  
And you shall find, as years upon you roll,  
That life is made more sweet than words can tell  
By choosing pleasures that from duty well.

Chatham, N.B.

THOMAS G. MARQUIS.

# “WHAT SHALL WE EAT AND WHEREWITHAL SHALL WE BE CLOTHED?” \*

“Rye and Indian meal without yeast, potatoes, rice, very little salt pork, molasses, and salt, and my drink-water,”—these, with beans and green corn of his own raising, answered the first question for a college-bred man who lived in Concord, Massachusetts, some years ago. For covering he had plain home-woven cloth, a straw hat and stout shoes, with how little paraphernalia of white shirt and collar may be inferred from the rest: and for overmost coat a tight house, 10 x 15, built by his own hands for less than \$30. Such in food and raiment was Henry David Thoreau, whose “Walden” describes his two years’ life in the woods near Concord, where he cultivated a plot of ground.

To some the book will be the crazy scribbling of a “crank”—such, dear reader, is our pet name for all men of an earnestness we are not accustomed to. To others it will be a curiosity only because people have talked about it; and of them it will be duly understood in the fashion to be expected. But there are yet others, who will see in it the strivings of a man to get to the heart of things—to his own heart above all, and keep it clean, and they will love him the more they understand him. To an honest student it will be encouragement, and may be a light in the place he most needs it, not simply because it proves how few physical needs a man has, if he has resources within; but, furthermore, because it must help him to see that the only properly wise life is that in which wants, and especially corporeal wants, are contracted by a steady approximation to the limits of the absolutely indispensable. We are far less in danger of Asceticism than of Voluptuousness. Our civilization has more of the Sybarite in it than of the Anchorite; and in these days of pauperism and starvation, of eight-hour movements and strikes, we need a few examples to show how a man may live on 27 cents a day plus what he produces on less than an acre of ordinary soil. There is then really no absolute need of so much as the “three acres and a cow.”

And there have been a few men in the world who have kindly demonstrated the thing to us in one way or another;—a certain Diogenes, and one Socrates too will be counted among them, if history may be trusted. In our own day no one has preached it louder or longer than Ruskin, who, in this matter at least, knows whereof he affirms, and even has founded a guild to help practice it.

“Walden” is no new book. It was written by a man who died in 1862 at forty-five, but it can scarcely be called well-known. An English edition, with a preface by W. H. Dircks, can now be had for a shilling in “Camelot Classics,” the most beautiful of all the cheap series so far. One may hope for some help in taking up this little story of the plainest living and the highest thinking.

\* “Thoreau,” London: Walter Scott; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

## SIGNS AND SEASONS. (1)

“To him who, in the love of Nature, holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language.”

Bryant’s “Thanatopsis” embodies the scholar’s admiration for nature in chaste intellectual language directed towards the expression of the poet’s idyllic conception of her beauty and meaning. Burroughs’ “Signs and Seasons” speaks out the rough-hewn language of nature, and breathes her inherent grace and tenderness, with a fidelity that discovers her true disciple, and with an unstudied charm that is peculiarly her own. Bryant looked at nature as if to discover what was poetical in her; he read delicious and divine poetry into nature. Burroughs, turning up the fragrant sod, as it were, reveals unconsciously this ever-present characteristic. He walks the fields and meadows, and speaks with the knowledge and sympathy of an intimate friend. Herein lies the difference between the two.

Perhaps a sentence or two from Burroughs may serve to indicate the difference between him and Bryant. In his chapter on “A Salt Breeze,” speaking of the poet’s treatment of the sea, he says:

“Bryant’s hymn to the sea is noble and stately, but it is only his forest hymn shifted to the shore. . . . It has no marine quality or atmosphere. . . . The poet wings his lofty flight above sea and shore alike.”

The last sentence expresses the difference exactly,—“The poet wings his lofty flight above sea and shore alike.” He treats nature ideally, whereas Burroughs takes nature as it is, and reads her secrets for us, catching that indescribable something which imparts such a tonic to her sea breezes and such a raciness to her soil.

“Signs and Seasons” is the seventh of Mr. Burroughs’ delightful little out-door books. It is a series of sketches of Nature in her various moods; a happy combination of poetry, romance and truth. It is filled with a genuine love of fields and meadows, and birds and flowers. In these days, when a premium seems to be placed on artificiality and conventionality, it is a veritable revelation. To the dweller in the heat and noise of the modern city, the book comes as a refreshing April shower, and is like the shadow of a rock in a weary land. It breathes the air of the primeval forest, it sparkles with the cool crystal of the mountain streamlet, and seems to bathe one in the glorious sunlight that brings life and refreshment to the weary and expectant earth.

## ORION AND OTHER POEMS. (2)

It is announced that Messrs. Dawson, of Montreal, will shortly issue a volume of nature sketches in prose and verse by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts. They will open with the fresh and graphic poem “Birch and Paddle,” which appeared a few months since in our columns, and from this poem the book will take its title. Those who read Mr. Roberts’ entertaining sketches on “Old Acadia,” in the *Current*, will look forward with interest to the appearance of the new volume.

This seems to us a fitting time to refer to Mr. Roberts’ earlier writings. “Orion and Other Poems” has gained for its author a reputation much beyond the provincial. The pure imagination, the delicacy and scholarly grace which he displays there have won for him in certain literary circles of Boston the designation of the American Keats. But Mr. Roberts is a Canadian, born in this country and living here, and we do not propose to surrender him to his American admirers. The poetic power and skill of versifica-

(1) “Signs and Seasons.” By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: Williamson & Co.

(2) “Orion and Other Poems,” by Charles G. D. Roberts. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co.



tion which he possesses in treating of classical themes are well shown in "Orion," "Ariadne," and no less perhaps in "The Pipes of Pan," Mr. Roberts' last poem, which he contributes to the present number of the VARSITY. "Love-Days" and "Iterumne?" are poems of passion and pathos such as would alone approve their author divinely gifted with the sweet attribute of song. Still, none of the poems which we have mentioned will make Mr. Roberts a popular poet. They speak of a life beyond and apart from the work-a-day world, and their gentle music will fall unheeded on many ears. Of quite another nature are "The Maple" and some of Mr. Roberts' more recent contributions to the magazines. These appeal directly to provincial tastes and feelings, and are sure to meet a fuller appreciation from Canadians.

#### THE MAPLE.

Oh, tenderly deepen the woodland glooms,  
And merrily sway the beeches,  
Breathe delicately the willow blooms,  
And the pines rehearse new speeches;  
The elms toss high till they brush the sky,  
Pale catkins the yellow birch launches,  
But the tree I love all the greenwood above,  
Is the maple of sunny branches.

Let who will sing of the hawthorn in spring,  
Or the late-leaved lindens in summer;  
There's a word may be for the locust-tree,  
That delicate strange new-comer;  
But the maple it glows with the tint of the rose,  
When pale are the spring time regions,  
And its towers of flame from afar proclaim  
The advance of Winter's legions.

And a greener shade there never was made  
Than its summer canopy sifted,  
And many a day, as beneath it I lay,  
Has my memory backward drifted  
To a pleasant lane I may not walk again,  
Leading over a fresh, green hill,  
Where a maple tree stood just clear of the wood—  
And, oh, to be near it still!

#### THE NORTHERN LAKES OF CANADA.\*

To those who desire a guide book, pure and simple, with no pretensions to literary merit but with the fullest information regarding the region denoted by the title, there is nothing to be found at all equal to Mr. Barlow Cumberland's book. The key note to the book is in the seductive phrase "A little farther on" with which the first chapter opens. And so the writer leads his reader pleasantly enough from Niagara Falls, where everybody goes, to the dream-haunted lakes of Muskoka, shadowy with islands, across the Georgian Bay and through the great archipelago of the North Channel, along the base of the La Cloche Mountains—"bare Laurentian billows of granite," up the St. Mary River and the Sault, and along the north shore of Lake Superior to Port Arthur and Duluth. There are numerous wood-cuts throughout the book—not of a very great degree of artistic excellence to be sure, but good enough to fairly illustrate the text and to render it more attractive and readable. There are also several useful sectional maps of the route, those of the various Muskoka Lakes being especially good. Recognizing that our interest in places is increased by historical associations, the writer relates many incidents of aboriginal days and of the old French and Indian wars. Finally, this book con-

tains a list of the necessities of a camping outfit, the names and addresses of local guides to the best sporting and fishing grounds and a synopsis of the game laws of Ontario.

#### ANOTHER YEAR'S WORK.

It will not perhaps, be uninteresting at the close of the academic year 1885-6 to review the course of the VARSITY, and see whether or not it has rightly discharged its important function as a university journal—viz., of endeavoring to mirror comprehensively and faithfully "university thought and events." Perhaps the reader may regard such a proceeding as his prerogative, and may resent any editorial comment as unbecoming and partial. But the misconception and misrepresentation from which the VARSITY has suffered during the past year affords a reasonable excuse for a few words of explanation at the present time.

There have been many theories advanced as to the true sphere of a College paper, and the subjects which it should and those which it should not discuss. The conductors of the VARSITY, having adopted the sub-title "A Weekly Journal of University Thought and Events," have deemed that definition comprehensive enough to permit of the introduction and discussion of topics of all kinds which could, or should, interest university men and university students.

We have striven to reach a high place in the field of college journalism, and to make our paper something more than a mere colorless and ephemeral school-boy effort. In this endeavor we should have received the sympathy and support, instead of the sneers and opposition of those to whom we most naturally look for help and encouragement. But the time has gone by when college journalism can be laughed out of existence. It is, and must be recognized as a powerful factor in university life. It is a serious undertaking, and is no child's play, as a few of our readers are prone to imagine. Instead of helping us there are not a few who are doing their best to fetter us, keep us down, and repress any effort at improvement and advancement.

The critics of the VARSITY appear to forget that the university exists for the students and not for the officials. A public office is a public trust. University College was founded for the instruction and education of the youth of the country who desired academic training, and not for the purpose of providing a comfortable livelihood for a number of estimable gentlemen who were to be entirely removed from the arena of criticism, and from the influence of public opinion. We venture to add that there are none more likely than the students to appreciate rightly and fairly the good work done by their instructors and governing officials; none more ready freely and thankfully to acknowledge it; and none more tolerant of indifferent and unsatisfactory work in the lecture room and Senate Chamber. But at the same time we, and they alike, reserve the right of free and open criticism when occasion demands it.

These, then, are some of the reasons why criticisms of the kind referred to have appeared in our columns. Their necessity was and is their *raison d'être*.

We have made no pretension of being oracular in our utterances, nor have we claimed for ourselves infallibility of judgment, but we believe that discussion and criticism are the indispensable conditions of intellectual life and the indications of academic progress.

The VARSITY does not desire to occupy a position of antagonism to the authorities of the University and University College. We have been anxious to uphold their dignity and authority when it was possible for us to do so. And a reference to our columns will show that we have not refrained from expressions of hearty and

\* "The Northern Lakes of Canada." By Barlow Cumberland. Toronto; Williamson and Co.



sincere praise and congratulation when the occasion and the act called for it.

Next let us turn and see whether we have maintained our position in the broader field of criticism. Among the subjects which have been discussed editorially this year have been the Reform of the Senate, the Curriculum, the Scholarship Question, the Study of English, Women at Universities, a Political Science Course, the Literary Society, a Students' Club, and the Relation of True Education to our Intellectual Life. All these are live issues, and the very mention of them is sufficient indication that we have endeavoured to fulfil the duty and maintain the responsibilities of our position. We have endeavoured to give to the discussion of every subject which has demanded attention, the result of our best judgment, and have invited the expression of opinions—favorable and otherwise—from our readers and subscribers. This has been our duty, and we have endeavoured to bring to its discharge no other feeling than that which should actuate every friend of the Provincial University—an earnest desire to see the best results obtained in the best way. In so doing, we have had no ulterior motives, no party to serve, no interest to represent, except that of the highest good of the University. We have spoken plainly and straightforwardly, have invited, encouraged, and given the utmost latitude to the expression of opinions widely differing from our own. We have endeavoured to get at the truth of every question, undistracted by any side issues, and uninfluenced by any desire for notoriety. As we have said before, we do not intend to be politic, when policy would dictate a weak and subservient course. This has been, and will continue to be, our policy.

As we announced at the outset, the VARSITY is not the organ of any party or set. It is a *medium of expression on any subject for any university man who may choose to write for it*. If a university journal does not stand for freedom of thought and expression we should like to know what it does stand for! Moreover, when we call the VARSITY "a journal of university thought," we mean by university thought all that our university men are thinking of, and not simply the few old and established opinions which they may happen to hold in common.

An attempt has been made by those who ought to know better to raise the anti-religious cry against us. Such critics confound religion with sectarianism as many no wiser than they have done before them. Like the University of Toronto, the VARSITY is non-denominational. We ignore denominational distinctions entirely and we endeavour to get at truth, not only as it is in the denominations, but also as it is beyond and outside of them. The denominations may have settled among themselves for all time what is truth and what is not, but being less confident than they our columns shall be open to the re-investigation and discussion of these topics no less than others. The truth can take care of itself, and the old days of sectarian intolerance cannot be revived.

There is no need now to re-open the discussion about such topics as the "New Protestantism." Our critics have but shown their ignorance of the commonest ethics of journalism, when they charge us with the opinions of our contributors and correspondents. This charge has been so repeatedly made by our critics that we can do no more than simply state that in the ordinary code of journalistic ethics, the sentiments and opinions of a paper are only judged from its editorial columns. The editor of a paper does not, by his assumption of editorial functions, thereby give up for ever his individuality. He has still as good a right to the expression of his individual opinion as any outside contributor or correspondent. And his opinion, when expressed as an individual, is not to be attributed to him as an editor. It is merely blind folly to deny this, as some have been pleased to do.

In the department of Literature we have not been unmindful of our duty, but have endeavoured to secure for our readers the best results of the culture and ability of our graduates and undergraduates. Contributions from some of the foremost writers in the Do-

minion have from time to time appeared in our columns, and the testimony of literary critics, both in Canada and the United States, has been one of almost uniform praise for the enterprise which has characterized this department of our paper. This must be as gratifying to our readers as it is to ourselves, and we acknowledge our debt to the critics for their indulgence and sympathy.

We have endeavoured, all through, to foster a healthy and vigorous national sentiment, believing that this lies at the root of our success as a nation. If we have no confidence in ourselves we can never succeed; and until Canadians recognize their own capabilities and resources, and those of their country, they will never develop into a nation.

To our contributors it is our pleasing duty to return our most grateful thanks. To their zeal, readiness, and ability we are indebted for the large measure of success which has attended the publication of THE VARSITY this year. We have made many new literary friends, and we trust to add to their number as years go on. We are not less indebted to those of our friends whose cordial sympathy and approval—expressed both in public and private—have encouraged us to continue our efforts to promote literary activity and university reform.

FREDERIC B. HODGINS.

## THE EXAMINATIONS.

### THE BROWNING OF THE SOPHOMORES.

"When the mourning stars sang together."

Well, I'll be— beg your pardon, sir! but see,  
Here by this morning's *World*, you know—good ged!  
Starred, plucked, and starred! 'Twas Tristram's singing sped  
"A star was my desire,"—eh? 'Seems to me  
He ne'er wore cap and gown. However, we...  
Ay, stars, and garters, too! When the poet said  
*Per inane micantes*, and so forth—pshaw! my head  
Is badly dezled,—muddled terribly!  
When it first hit me, it spun me round and round;  
But, Lord bless you! now, sir, I don't care.  
I was metagabolized, I couldn't act,—  
Why, starry fireworks seemed to fill the air,  
As when my sinciput smote hard the ground,  
I' the roller skating rink last summer. Fact!

W. J. H

The lists this year are certainly instructive and edifying to those who from *terra firma* have surveyed with interest our perils and dangers at sea. To vary the metaphor somewhat, the examinations have been not unlike the Homeric battles,—*plectuntur Achivi*. As gallantly as Blount lifted Marmion's fallen standard on Flodden Field, has Professor Chapman raised the standard of Mineralogy and Geology, and the ranks of the enemy are mowed down. By those whom he has not *jaculatus rubente dextra*, Professor Hutton's valor has also been greatly admired.

Before passing to the notices of the graduating class, we may remark that though the names in the honor classes in Fourth Year are arranged in alphabetical order in the newspaper lists, it seems that a medal is to be offered in each department; and that the charge of inconsistency is made away with by the fact that in each department it has happened that only one person has fulfilled the requirements.

### THE CLASS OF '86.

BALDWIN, WILLIAM W., was a sailor, and in his early days was no doubt, a somewhat literary man and contributed frequently to the *Atlantic*. But having at last thrown up his situation, he obtained his sea legs in his second year and has since made a straight run home.

ROCHE, FRANCIS JAMES DE LA, Marquis of Tipperary County, Ireland, has laid aside his ancestral pride and lineage, and has soiled his hands, not with trade, but with the chemicals of the S.P.S. He graduates with honors in Department III. of Natural Sciences,



PALMER, JOHN MILTON, is now at home when in Whitby. He matriculated in '80 but dropped out for two years at the end of his second year and taught Mathematics and things in general to the young men and maidens of the Fergus High School. He has always taken a good stand in his special department and during the last two years has distinguished himself as well in the study of Law. It is, however, in connection with athletics and field sports that he is best known. He has stood the brunt of many a hard-won game of foot-ball and lacrosse all over the Province, and is now the popular captain of the University Association foot-ball team. An all-round college man and good fellow, J. M. P. is worthy of success in his chosen profession and will attain it.

MORPHY, A. G.—commonly known as "Pat"—comes from the Forest City, whither he will return to study Medicine. Throughout he has taken a good stand in Classics. His chief glory is derived from his connection with the Glee Club, to whose brilliant successes during the past few years he has been the chief contributor. He plays the violin and executes pedal passages on the bicycle.

HARVIE, 'ORACE, 'ails from Haylmer. His course has been Metaphysics. He will study Law.

CLARK, CHARLES P., comes from St. Mary's. He has taken Natural Sciences. He is a cricketer and baseballist, and has reached the "home-plate" in safety with honors. He will study Medicine.

CROOKS, ALEX. D., a nephew of the late Hon. Adam Crooks, is a resident of Toronto. He has taken Metaphysics. Alexander wears a North-West medal, and is one of the crack shots of K Company. He has been a director of the VARSITY during his entire course. He will study Law.

McKAY, R. R., is a brother of "Sandy" McKay; comes from Toronto; has taken Metaphysics; will probably enter the ministry.

NEEDLER, GEORGE H., an honor Modern Language man, is a native of the quiet hamlet of Millbrook. He is a sergeant in "K" and a member of the Glee Club, being its secretary during the last year. Harry will become a disciple of Blackstone.

CAMERON, GEORGE ALEXANDER, a brother of the brilliant "J. D.," is the genial "Mufti" of the "Forty Immortals" who subsist upon the luxurious fare of the College Residence. "Cam," as he is familiarly known, is a Metaphysician and a tennis player of renown. He comes from Woodstock, and will study Law.

ROSS, J. A., has been a resident in Knox. James, we know not what path in life is to be yours; but be virtuous, James, and you will be happy!

COATES, D. H., of Bowmanville. His face is familiar in Varsity corridors; he graduates in Mathematics after an uneventful course. With "Freddie" he has ogled the girls in the gallery of the Metropolitan, Sunday evenings.

MACPHERSON, F. F. His departure from University College is a genuine relief to the Librarian's assistants, whose weary limbs have often climbed the gallery stairs and scraped the dust from neglected tomes that his eyes might feast thereon. For four years he has been a reading-room *habitué* and a model to some of its fitful occupants. He graduates with excellent honors in Moderns. He will embrace and ornament the teaching profession.

HAMILTON, ANDREW, from Chesterville. A hiatus in his Varsity career delayed his graduation till this year. Though a hard student of Metaphysics, he was a frequent attendant at the Literary Society debates.

FREEMAN, S. E., of Deer Park, survives the generous diet of the pass course.

BURKHOLDER, C. E., comes from the Ambitious City. He has taken Moderns.

BALDWIN, ROBERT, has pursued the even tenor of his way in the Arts course, as in the Glee Club, with a single break in the North-West last year. He will now become a disciple of Old Father Antic, the law.

MUSTARD, WILFRID PIET, entered from Uxbridge High School. He has stood first in Classics at the four examinations, and has been a tower of strength on the football field. As a back he is unsurpassed. He narrowly escaped being shot by proxy in the North-west. Will be Classical Fellow next year.

McMASTER, JOHN is from the village of Angus. He studied at the High School in Barrie and afterwards at St. Catharines. He has won honors throughout in the department of Mathematics and obtains this year an honor degree in Physics. His interest in other college matters has not been marked. He will be a successful teacher owing to ability and experience in that capacity.

PATTERSON, RICHARD ALLAN, from the neighborhood of Ingersoll, at which town he received his preparatory training, obtained honors in Mathematics at the Senior Matriculation of '83 and in the two following years, graduating with first-class honors in Physics. His course has been one of close application and success, and he has often been heard with interest in the debates of the Literary Society. He will probably teach.

NEEDHAM, G. is a Metaphysical man and a resident of Knox. A good fellow, but little known among his university fellows, on account of his modest and retiring disposition. He will enter the Ministry.

MOORE, ARTHUR H., was known at the Collegiate Institute of this city as a hard-working student of Mathematics. His rank in the class list of that department has always been high. In his fourth year he chose Physics in preference to Pure Mathematics and obtained his degree with honors. At present he purposes teaching.

BALMER, MISS ELIZA, resides in Toronto. Her university record is an exceedingly brilliant one, including as it does a double scholarship at each of the three first examinations of the course, the Lansdowne gold medal in the third year, and a first-class all around in the Modern Language department at graduation. The Modern Languages have been her special study throughout the course, but she has at times, by way of diversion, taken up Mathematics, Metaphysics, and the Blake work. She has also been an active officer in the Modern Language Club. It was not Miss Balmer's privilege to attend lectures in University College until her third year. She was one of the first to enter when the college was opened to women two years ago, and has been to some extent the representative of this reform among her fellow-students. Their well-wishes follow her.

WILSON, GILBERT D., prepared at St. Mary's, his native town, the pass work for the Junior Matriculation of '81. He has taken Honors in Classics, in which department he has always distinguished himself. He was interrupted by illness in the third examination. In the societies of the College he has been an active participator, especially in the Political Science Association. He will study law.

MACMURCHY, DUGALD JAMES, is a son of the Rector of the Collegiate Institute in this city. Laying aside the family tradition, "D. J." has followed the Classical course. He is of a decidedly literary turn, and has been the writer of several University and College Prize Essays. He filled the chair at the last University dinner with ability and tact. During the dog days "D. J." yachts on the pleasant waters of the lake. He will probably enter the Fourth Estate.

MACDONNELL, ALEXANDER McLEAN, affectionately known as "Nelly," is a resident of Toronto. He has been invaluable in the caucuses of the Inside Party, and is as intimately acquainted with the mysteries of "red hot brands and boiling tar" as any student around the college. He is a particular chum of our worthy Bedell. He is a pass man, and will study law.

HATTON, J. P., represents Owen Sound and St. Michael's College. Jim has kept up a speaking acquaintance with the Classics, and in the caucus claims to be rivalled by few and excelled by none. He will probably teach.



MARSHALL, THOMAS M., a native of the classic village of Dunnville, is a "K" man and a North-West veteran! A noted *bon vivant*, Tom believes in the efficacy of a virtuous pass course. He will follow commercial pursuits.

LOGIE, T. M., of Clinton, received his training in Brantford Collegiate, attended Manitoba College, and entered here (*ad eundem*) 3rd year. He graduates with high honors in Mental Science. He is the Benedict of his class. He has been appointed Fellow in Mental Science.

MARTIN, I. E., of Picton, studied at St. Catharines' Collegiate. He is of a mathematical turn of mind and rather proud of his inches. Though of a retiring disposition, Ivy has discharged the onerous duties of corresponding secretary of the Literary and Scientific Society. A very successful student, he graduates with highest honors in pure mathematics. He will teach.

DUNCAN, J. MCD., hails from Paisley in Bruce County. He has achieved distinction in the department of Metaphysics and in the Literary Society. Moss Hall has often been shaken with his eloquence. Mr. Duncan is a prominent member of the College Y. M. C. A., and will enter the ministry.

CLEMENT, R. V., came four years since from Trenton High School. A year of college lectures and college politics satisfied him. The shades of McCarthy & Co.'s law offices received him, and he is now, on the completion of his arts course, three years on towards the completion of his law course. He is a brother of W. H. P. Clement, a gold medallist in Law of Toronto University, and a member of the firm of McCarthy & Co.

CHAMBERS, S., of Currie's Crossings, Wayback; Cherry is well-known as a genial comrade. A double course in his earlier years and high honors in chemistry on his final evidence his studious bent. Like Socrates of old he will owe a debt to Esculapius.

WHITE, JAMES, is a popular member of the College Glee Club, a good singer, and paws the ivory artistically and effectively. He took the metaphysical course. We are not aware what profession he intends to follow. His home is in Whitby.

BRENT, CHARLES, is not so well known among his college fellows as he deserves to be. There is a rumour that he hails from London. His college course was somewhat broken. He spent a long period in the island of Trinidad and his able articles in the VARSITY on the flora of this region were read with interest by many. This year he won the McMurrich medal.

ROWAN, THOMAS A., is a native of the Queen City and matriculated from the Collegiate Institute here. He took the Modern Language course. His mild and persuasive eloquence has long ruled the destinies of the Modern Language Club. They say, however, that he was not successful in his application for admission to the Recluse Club. He is undecided whether to teach or enter law.

BRADFORD, S. Though of austere presence Sam is no anchorite. He had some oratorical ambition to shine in the forum, and he has taken a very prominent part in the L. & S. S. Sam surprised himself at his final, graduating with good honors in mental science. It is said that he aspires at some not far distant day to ornament the bench.

SHEARER, T. R., of Ottawa, graduates in Moderns, and will carry home with him a sheep skin of his own Shearing.

MACKENZIE, J. J., claims St. Thomas as his home. We will not dispute his claim here, but pass on to observe that he takes a first class in Biology, and will take a second class home.

STEVEN, W., from Anderson, graduates in Mathematics.

JOHNSTON, G. W., of Caledonia, has passed quietly through Varsity with good honors in his favorite Classics. A prospective pedagogue.

SIMPSON, NELSON, comes from Trenton. He graduates in Metaphysics, and has been a mild and inoffensive wearer of the cap and gown.

DEWAR, W., is a resident of Knox. He graduates with first class honors in Biology.

GARSDIE, ROBERT, lives at McMaster Hall when he is in Toronto. He studied in the Woodstock Literary Institute. He graduates in Metaphysics and is a Y. M. C. A. man. He will enter the ministry.

HIRD, W., from Uxbridge, has taken Classics, and as a violinist in his times of relaxation, has been Hird with anguish.

SHIELL, R., is at home when he is in Plattsville. He entered from the St. Catharines Collegiate Institute, taking the scholarship in Classics. He has stood high all through, and will probably struggle to master "the lawless science of the law."

MACDONALD, ROBERT G., has cultivated Classics and cricket during his course. "Bob" is captain of the cricket club and an enthusiast in its behalf. His future career is undecided.

GOURLAY, R., came from the Toronto Collegiate Institute with a well-fostered and insatiable appetite for first proficiencies. Baseball, euchre and study are his hobbies. His aftercourse remains for future announcement, as he has not as yet mapped it out with sufficient definiteness to take any one into his confidence regarding it.

OWEN, CECIL C., is a very decent fellow, and graduates as a pass man. He has been prominent in Y. M. C. A. and temperance matters, and also in the Football and Glee clubs. He will pursue the study of Theology in Wycliffe College.

REDDICK, D., hails from Uxbridge. He graduates in Metaphysics, and his intentions are to us a matter of conjecture.

YOUELL, JOHN HENRY GEORGE, comes from Port Burwell. He has taken Metaphysics, and has employed his leisure moments in riding the bicycle and learning the intricacies of tennis. He will probably study Medicine.

ELLIOTT, C., has made annual tours from Walkerton at examination times, and will return from this last to his home in peace with a sheepskin.

ELLIOTT, ANDY, the bulwark of Varsity forwards in many tough games of Rugby. Andy's exploits have been more in the muscular line than in the intellectual field of Metaphysics. Uncertainty shrouds his future career.

MORRICE, JAMES WILSON, comes from Montreal, and regards the fair Queen City and Upper Canadian art with that high and haughty disdain peculiar to the inhabitants of the Lower Province. He is himself quite an artist. He graduates in the Polymathic pass.

CRONYN, H. B., comes from London. He has always been one of the most prominent undergraduates. He is best known in connection with the Rugby Football Club and as a sergeant of "K," in which latter position he distinguished himself in the North-West. He graduates in Metaphysics and will study law in London.

BALDWIN, J. MACQUEEN, affectionately known as "Teddy" and the "oldest inhabitant." There is a Starr gold medal in Medicine, alas! that there is no gold medal for stars in Arts. We understand, however, that Mr. Baldwin is not yet going to desert us, but will apply for the position of Demonstrator of the Curriculum.

CHAMBERLAIN, A. F., is by birth and profession a Manchester Radical. He is known as "Dynamite," and, like Podunk township in election times, he has generally been heard from. He has taken a high stand in Moderns, a prize at graduation, and has been a prominent member of the M. L. C. We understand that he will rush dauntlessly into the battle of life.

SHAW, N., is from Rodney. He has been a quiet and unobtrusive member of the class of '86.

FYFE, J. A., is from Hastings, and graduates in Sciences. His voice was often heard in the old Forum.

BELL, G., seems to have come from Pembroke. He will study Medicine.

SMITH, A. A., who is from McMaster Hall, has a name which has given the laborious compilers of these obituaries great temptation to indulge in glittering generalities. Smith, Adieu!



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The remark made by the hypothetical Duke to the hypothetical Prince, and the reply of the latter, furnish some idea of the exceeding magnificence which is characteristic of the modern railroad conveyance which is destined to bear good Tory M.P.'s, and other wealthy and leisure pleasure-seeking persons across the continent from Quebec to Vancouver.

Not being an M.P., though having strong leanings to the Tory side in politics,—and not having too much leisure or pleasure in the dreary round of a wretched lecturo-examination existence to indulge in expensive railroad journeys across the face of this fair Dominion, the writer took a modest journey the other evening from the Union Station to North Toronto, and tried to fancy what his feelings would be if he had just purchased a ticket for British Columbia.

Having provided himself with a passport, the writer then betook himself to the train, and ascended the steps of a handsome sleeping-car—(one of four—bearing the names "Sydney," "Tokio," "Yokohama" and "HongKong.") "Ah," thought I, "surely these names are prophetic of the future development of the trade and commerce which will seek a hitherto unknown highway across our Dominion's wide expanse," and thus I indulged in some imaginings of a similar kind to those which a stockholder of the C.P.R. is wont to do in his wild estatic moments, when his dividend has just been declared.

The exterior of the car is remarkable enough. It is all of deep, rich mahogany, varnished; and decorated with arabesques and grotesques in gold, and bearing the magic name of that veritable "Colossus of the North," which now with one iron foot planted in the rock fortress of the Dominion in the east, stretches across the continent and boldly plants the other among the western mountains of Canada's *El Dorado*. Having examined outside of the car, I sought the inside. For a moment I thought I had made a mistake and entered a private drawing room. Pushing aside a velvet *portiere* I stood bewildered. Six double lamps shed a brilliant radiance upon soft sea-green plush seats and sofas. I passed in at length, and dazzled by the scene, I sank upon one of the luxurious cushioned seats and gazed around me. My feet rested upon a thick Turkey carpet. My head was supported by the back of the seat, which is continued up as high as an old-time church pew, but very unlike the aforesaid old time church-pew, it is lavishly upholstered. At my side was a mirror of plate glass in an antique brass frame, with the very appropriate and at the same time highly reassuring motto "*Tuum Est*."

Around me handsomely carved mahogany shone with its own natural polish, while above me bright satin wood with maple panels, studded with brass and mother-of-pearl, reflected the light, and made the car as bright as day. Handsome clerestory windows of stained venetian glass, graced the top of the cars and lent a mellow tone to the brightness of the scene. Everywhere luxury and elegance feasted and entranced the eye. The head lining of matting, stencilled with a neat Japanese pattern, in the dull colours so fashionable to-day, ran around the top of the berths, and had an appearance of delicious coolness, inviting to sleep.

Continuing my journey of investigation, I discovered the smoking compartment, with large windows in the sides and end of the car—for sight-seeing—and comfortable sofas instead of seats. Here again, as everywhere, a lavish display of carved mahogany and antique brass work was to be seen. Around the top of the compartment, at intervals, were placed imitations of old coins, in brass work, dark, as if bearing the rust of ages, with letters of some mystic cypher upon them.



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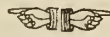
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
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
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
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# VARSITY

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